In the trenches of mediocrity - Ashes of fire Pt 3 of 4
Poetry collection
By Sean C Stucki

Foreword
July/26/2025

This book is the forerunner to what will become my life's work. 300 poems to hold you over. All spanning the last 20 years. So, where do all these poems come from?
A couple weeks ago while hiding in my car at work instead of doing my job; at the weird age of 36 I was screwing around with chatgpt. It's corny and borderline luciferian but I was curious. I wanted to know if it knew me.
I wrote my name in and asked what kind of things I write? It said something like 'Sean focuses his poems on the subject of reliving memories, pain and self-reflection. I was blown away. You'd think that by writing 12 books at this point in mid 2025 that I would know the behind-the-scenes of my own writing style. Memory? What does that even mean? I get the self-reflection part. All these poems you're about to read stem from the flower rooted in disconnected senseless childhood years and wasted teen years. This is the perfect recipe to cook up a man's lifetime as a drifter. Odd job after odd job within a life seldom worth living.
This has been a dull and striking summer of self-reflection. Fuckin' chatgbt. Anyways, a spring and summer of waiting alone. Laying on the guest bed at my inlaws house in the dead of night wondering what this all really means. Wondering if the Lord will restore the years back to me of which the locust have eaten.
Not since the days of my 3rd book being melded and crafted together in the long 24 hour jobless days and the heated lonely nights in Tucson. My child face was bleeding black tears all this year. I couldn't patch things up with drugs and drinking like I had been doing since the bowery days of 2013.
Drinking by myself in my father-in-law's guest room with paper thin walls just made me feel pathetic. I couldn't go along with the thought of it. I've watched other men and women throughout life do things like this and acted against it. I watched a man who ended up being handed a 32 year prison sentence bury a tequila bottle underground at the old flop house I use to live at and his junkie girlfriend would go in the back and suck at it from a dirty straw.
Lost Cruces, NM doesn't have a lot of options nor does the city pull any punches. I was quibbling with my wife, friends and even myself constantly in the car which is where I've spent all of my alone time.
3 months into living here and I've developed nocturnal panic attacks. My brother thought I was going to have a nervous breakdown. Due to God's grace it never happened. This cutthroat summer has felt like I served a white collar prison sentence.
Look... though it's true that schools, childhood friends and the family in your household all hold the keys to the door to your future it doesn't mean that because that door that was unlocked leads to broken relationships, homelessness and drug addiction it doesn't mean that you don't have a way out. There is a light at the end of the tunnel.
Exhibit A: What you're about to read.
The self-inflicted pain may always linger inside of you but so does the option to repent and seek Jesus's joy. Make sure to pray and study daily. Instead of becoming another one of the system's victims, put the pen to paper or join a free poetry website and strike down with lines of creative fire. You'll like that course of action.
Sincerely, you're favorite avant garde underground poet: Sean C. Stucki.

In the trenches of mediocrity - 300 new and old poems

300 new and old poems - The greatest hits Pt 3
2025 - Book 13
20 years of writing poetry

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227. Moths give off the gold dust during the flight of eternity
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I need to open that fuckin' church
I covered my mouth and began to laugh
Ghosts in the waves of morning
Unicorn's blood
Clothed in the mask of His grace
Darkness feeding darkness
Cut my sky out
It would make me comfortable if everyone was dead
Imaginary baseball with the depressed
Audience, give me a standing ovation, I showed up for work today
The buffalo with my short stories in it's watery jaws
Cockroaches and ladybugs
A moment thinking on the preservation and daybreak of saints
Hypocrisy
Kingdom temple priests
Slouching into a lilac evening
Diamonds hanging from my balcony
Teen titans
Unjustly fucked yet again
The cats as alarm clocks
Bob Newhart everybody!
On the wheat field fence
Razored spirit, wrath of the Mother-goddess
If my former life kept up in 2021
Grip the sand like a curtain
Squeezing water from stone - my paradise lab
They think I am a hero
She's a caregiver
The hour glass is a tick
I'd like to think the tomb
Pray you catch a whisper
The squirrels on Christmas morning
Faith, anger and purity
Julie
A condom frustration
Callous Rich
Check out
Moa off the lips of the landlord
Who the fuck like seattle?
The mad house is getting madder under the orange sun
Chary
East bay praying man

Pre-lude: Icy cowbell to the face

9/8/2016

Your brain has electrodes in the cement, sticking.
An addiction of screens in whatever age, clicking.
A heart outside the chest on the surgery table keeps kicking.
My girlfriend watches the exorcist with ice cream she's licking.

Now, God needs his messenger boy, this book, twisting.
But the Son hasn't returned so psychopaths and I are, coexisting.
And my mind is in the nomad state, like the wind I keep, drifting.
At the end, 10, 000 are saved and my craft is in Penguin's listing.

My dreamscape ghetto is in a fortified past tense.
Like the rest of the world, hatred is dispensed.

If you see my vanity it means I like you

May1/2017

Shake off the cancer like dust from the jacket covered in wolf hair and dirt.
Nothing changes just like the mind of one of Charles Darwin's disciples,
Everything changes from the bowl ridden guts of yesterday.
Don't try and fade me this book has to come out and
My haiku talent was left in Phoenix.
I ain't writing about kids drawings or that damn sun in 7/9/7
Stance for now. Got it, baby?
Last poem I wrote I talked about coming at anyone like a weedwacker
Of desolation but I got to drink and I got wasted and
The pupils of my eyes blacked out and I could
Laugh, leap, bash my friend in the head, dance as if no ones
Watching while everyone's watching and breath again.
I have to cool down and if you follow my style you'd know the
Microwave's my buddy and
the oven doesn't cool down in a flash.
That's me.
You can't turn my suicidal rage up and down like a light switch
If you turn my temperature to a fever of 450 degrees my organs
Will cook like rotisserie chicken and I will snap.
And if that happens all of Arizona will feel my chicken shit
Guts.
I'll turn this whole country into Damascus Syria.
I shook it off and we're all gonna be fine.
I may not have God's power of complete destruction but I think it would be better for
wrath not to be felt.
Don't test this theory and you know who you are if your reading this.
If you work at the unemployment office downtown or stand in the way with your
scooter chairs when I'm trying to get my soups or a woman that wouldn't accept my
double faced heart, you know who you are.
This message is for you when I feel like writing for the cardinals and blue birds.
I mainly write for myself so everything doesn't feel incorruptible blue flames.

I write to splash my spirit but not in a negative harsh way where I kill you then kill myself
More so I drain for you so you can splash around my a small river of me like a infant. To caress and regenerate you because the rest of the world doesn't give a shit and wants you dead.

Sick of living

Written: 3/3/2018

All the white blankets we're placed in the warmers &
all the capsules we're stacked nice & neatly so I had nothing but
time to think.
Jamison, my co-worker told me of the first heavy metal single from
the early 70's with
flying spit & air guitar hard enough to blow the crystal glass off the
tops of the OR doors.
Thought on a previous poem while I smiled.
Thinning out or more coiling back inwards.
There was a mountain top of heaven resting in the middle of my heart but now that
I've remained on the sniper spot for
the job and looking the other way from
the sermon pages on my desk I am
down again.
This isn't what I was meant to do with my life:
Assisting nurses & doctors by cleaning sterile crime scenes
before they wheel in for the next case.
I'm playing the lotto to hopefully win and live off the
winnings while the church lives on virtually nothing.
As I look up to a sweaty punch falling from the scaffolds.
Maurice, the woman I dated last week couldn't get the
100% out of me
when I was willing to give as much.
All children to women are more important than their
boyfriends.

Pandora's box exploded

Written: 5/5/2025

The ominous wind blew into my lungs again.
"Here's your crown, king of the call centers again!"
Las Cruces proclaims to this insubordinate ant,
as I reach back to Phoenix
with cold crackling hands.
We are blind, my wife & I
awaiting this fog to dissipate it's settings.
This civilization in distressing woes;
where locust moths here eat up all financial blessings.
But in our grief the future things bloom, as
I held in thought God's light on the
empty tomb.
Man-made hope comes in breakable triangles
and hangs on mortal suspense but in
lowest terms the call center pays the rent.

The Sheath

Written: 2/6/2019

The plane of the metaphysical, the hot fire pearl.
A black plane within a terrain of thieves that gets stopped
in the muck & mire of sovereignty.
This sheath may be the dead skeleton tick riding on the
large rat.
Possibly another demon inside the \.d' or the face of
malevolence, confusion,
like a ray of drugs.
We can work, as the curse was placed by God-Lord.
Men are to toil in the muck to eat.
To sweat in the coal pits until our bodies break down into soup.
We watch as the little finches fly over with straws in their beaks.
The little birds,
as Kierkegaard said: Cannot work.
They are worth by 2 pennies where as we are much more &
we have the hands to plow the fields of tomorrow.
They, the little ones, will not be coming with us.
We look into our reflections in the sheath with our animal companions
on our shoulders or held in our arms or standing next to us but
do not see
the reflection of the companion.
Expectations bring their own darkness.
Don't fret, God has the ability to recreate your furry companion once
again in eternity.
Most paths of most roads leads to Satan.
Do not ever forget this when listening to philosophical snakes.
In the accordance of the circle of baphomet & sophia.
In the group of psychopathic ideas, fear comes lurking.
Pray for the beam of radiation to bathe in and bathe in His luminary carefreeness.
inside the eternal jewel of paradise.

I hope I built treasure in that damn heaven

Written: 7/10/2017

When doing it doggie-style I shoved in hard.
My mouth watered, beams shot out and the bone dust
married the sun-dust.
This bone dust gathers during hot nights and attaches
to my skin.
The outer layered skin.
Beforehand, Autumn walked in with her friends and we
all looked at each other with uncomfortable
silence.
I pulled out my phone my father had been paying monthly
for and Virgilina says:
"Well... we will let you guys have some time alone."
then they all walked out the front door.

Raymond Carver was keeping me company on the small
shelf my ex forgot to take during the divorce.
Anyways, I pulled out after shoving in with one hard
thrust thinking to myself I had to go to
the urgent care center believing
I broke my cock inside of my girlfriend.

"That would have been so embarrassing!
I'll be known as cock destroyer Autumn."
"If that did happen it would make me celibate and
then I won't burn in Abraham's left bosom."

We watched some movie after that at the mall across
the street and driving there I was blasting drake and future
to pump up the mood that was
already 5 feet high.

I watched whatever it was without paying too much attention.
Most of the time when I go to a theatrical film I only attend
just to eat the popcorn swimming in sugary
butter and drink the cokes.

Then before the movie was about to end or felt it ending
I thought on heaven,
thought on Frida Kahlo,
thought on Raymond Carver's book my brother loaned out and how it got
knocked over during sex.
thought on my golden god age and the last time I saw
my ex fiance and how I gave her a movie about Kahlo.

Sometimes love comes in pills of E,
sometimes it comes as a ball & mace 2 inches from your nose.
The love expired as everything else except my desire for
the page and the
next line.
She did wear a wonderful orange dress that day.

The valley's golden triumph

Written: Feb/28/2023

They removed all the red armor and red shields
after laying waste to Nineveh.
Singing with the line of captives with
chains around their throats.
The sword power was granted.
Babylon dresses herself up well, victory
like a paintbrush painting heavenly jewels;
giving her chrysanthemum lipgloss.
Nineveh adorned herself with cursed
ornaments
and what transpires is a fond gathering
with campfires smoking from
the corpses;
setting the final stage for a wicked
eternity.
The vibe of gloom had sit in like a
newly coated paint on the house walls.
Used by an invisible hand;
like clockwork.
The sin in them causing sinful choices,
making idols, that
hand then smashes them apart then the hand strikes
midnight
and we do this all over again.
The Babylonians broke bread,
they gave thanks to Yahweh
and in unison reached their own hands
to the sun.
Israel allowed itself to get thrown into exile again
but when looking into the mountain

tops
in a few days the stem of a flower will
sprout
out of the smashed skill of one of the
Pagan soldiers.
That's the way God tells us that
redemption will never be
too late.

In Cody's mind

Written: 8/19/2020

"I'm the king of the call centers." I'd write that on my first 2 books which translated into having power in something no one sought out.

My ex fiancé & her druggie friend drove me to work, they we're high on dro.
"We need to talk about why your such an uncaring boyfriend once you get off of your shift!"
"Uhuh.." I muttered then shut the back door.

There was this guy named Cody in my class. He'd take a seat on the first day of the call center training right next to me:

"Let me tell you something Colonel... your dick, my mouth." He'd say as he'd stare at me with blank eyes.

I couldn't take a month more of that.

"I'm trying to save you from hell you stupid motherfucker." I said causally.
"Yeh?! Well Albert Camus said the bums will always lose." Cody responded with his nasally fish lookin' face.

He told me to be quiet any time I brought up Jesus or scripture. I never told him anything disrespectful but i'd have enough of Cody. Before lunch break one night I asked the instructor to use the restroom. I walked out & stood behind the wall where I planned to leap out and punch Cody in the face.

Realized that prison wouldn't be a fun place to live at so I stopped myself and instead walked over to the rest room.

Was this a mixture from a child's toy box with wizard's magic?
I guess I wasn't too concerned with his tempered heart since I wanted to strike him.

The time passed like minutes travelling backwards and I remember spilling soda on my mortification band shirt.

Anyways, I turned on the hand dryer to make noise then locked myself in the largest stall.
I proceeded to kick the stall wall until I realized how foolish that looked to any guy coming in to piss.
Flushed the toilet for some reason then walked into the cafeteria.

The mistress of the night was waiting outside for me with the engine purring. I punched out at 11:30 & flung the back door open.

My ex fiancé yelled as I kicked in the passenger door:
"What the fuck are you doing?!"

I couldn't stand to hear another 30 minute lecture like she gave me once almost every night on the way home.
"Get us home you fuckin' whore!" I yelled as we,
the children of the nocturnal, drove into the night.

Dear Patrice O' Neal

Written: 5/24/2017

2 eyes opened to the ceiling and his waist was buried deep down
then the sugar collapsed onto his organs like a 100 feet tall bank
of america building screaming it's tortured voice.
Your greatest talent was taken before you left, blinking for fear.

When my parents chair cushioned my back after hard days
you we're the biggest elephant in the room.
"Those people aren't laughing because the jokes are over
their heads. The smartest of smart comedy." Father said.

Spirit snow covered your cold wreath and dumb brain frying heat
covered your coffin and the redemption possibly sings in light
coming from a bird from such an ending everyone could see but like
John Fante no one could imagen seeing it.

Your a man me, Bill Burr, and the world are still waiting for.
Not like Jesus in the prism of salvation but in the glass of laughter.
Mr. O'Neal you're the provider of the ones that can't cry like myself
and I pray for your fans to send or bring your favorite heart killing
foods to your grave.

The hot winds beat against my car (Haiku)

Written: 3/27/2016

Road trip ends in sadness
Tomorrow is another work in blood poison
six months until rejuvenation

Me as Johnny Ace

Re-write / remastered from 3/5/2014
Written: 4/27/2020

I haven't gotten to travel on tour,
well, not yet.
Lean against the back ally bars with my 3 bandmates,
the zephyr of stinky restaurants.
All while touring with my acid jazz band 'Joust Central'
there was nothing to wait on at home so I get lost in writing these poems in-between calls.
Hear on npr while hugging the highway route traveling to my bullshit work shift,
the jazz bands that would tour in pairs back in the 1950's.
I would love to live the fast life of those musicians.
Walk in 5 hours before our set carrying rifles and pistols in our gym bags.
I'd preach to the bar fly's from the book of Ecclesiastes,
preach from that good book from my bar stool while a little tipsy on the purple cowboy or whatever the wine the bar tender pours.
The fans & the boys don't care as long as the wine isn't
past 50$ a cup.
I would love the other bands to include hot lounge singers.
Latin versions of Isabella Rossellini from Blue Velvet along with Indian gypsy belly dancers & fire swingers.
The trumpet's fire will pour forth so don't get downed about that.
Just maybe the band's trumpet will get some power from the angels of Revelation.
Baby, I ain't tryna come off as political but there are too many men making history.
I'll get on stage after the rounds with the bar hops & weirdos & got myself
ready to play the drums.
I should do that slow jams percussion style to keep the beat but I was heavily influenced by Pete "The Feet" Sandoval, so the audience is getting a whiff of a no-wave tornado of insanity.
The sand up comedian introduces us after the second intermission
'And now, all the way from the poor hater city of Tucson, AZ'

& like Johnny Ace I pulled a trigger out in the back but this time their we're no bullets in the chambers.
Once sitting down and beginning with a blast beat the audience would begin screaming and heckling, hurling insults and throwing theirs drinks at us.
That's when the other bands would rush from behind the curtain armed with rifles and pistols as if this was a set done in Nigeria.
They'd threatened to shoot the crowd if they didn't stop throwing chairs,
I'd throw the keyboard as I've seen Trent Reznor do on stage so many times before & fight against the audience,
feeling the bouncer's back to use him a human shield,
trying to grab the baton to have some kind of gleaming chance & watch before getting
knocked out myself the police storming in to break up
all the fist fights.

Growing up Stucki

Written: 9/3/2023

My brother sent me a texted message.
"I need to move out as soon as possible."
is what it said.
He had gotten back from doing his nightly
standup comedy and my father started bitching
and complaining about how hungry
he is.
Why?
He makes 6 figures.
He explained that when the night was young
that my mother couldn't come up with an idea for what they wanted
for dinner.
He made a bunch of suggestions but she didn't like the few
answers that he gave.
My father will only eat about 3 different meals and
that is it.
It drives my mother nuts but he's the one paying all the bills so
she can't say much.
He then told my brother that
'your mother will give me shit if she sees me eating.'
I told him
"I don't understand."
She couldn't come up with an idea for dinner then when my
dad said he'll get something for himself she got very upset and started
to try and make a fight.
He then began yelling that he wouldn't eat either so
there was no dinner.
He then snuck into the kitchen and made himself a PP&J
while my mother then snuck toast.
They were both pretending to not have eaten anything for dinner but
both snuck food without the other knowing.

I grew up in this household and is the reason why anything
remotely illogical drives me
absolutely
nuts.

Emma

Written: June / 9 / 2023

In middle school
she looked like Donna from
that 70's show.
Long red hair with freckles
blue pants, black shirt
she was the first crush I ever had.
High school with her started getting weird.
She cut her hair short
started dressing in a trendy rock-pop kind
of style.
Her magic was slowly seeping out of the
orb.
She said one time in algebra something about
how she became an anarchist and how
that was the best political ideology.
All the teens in class began making fun of her.
Saying things like 'we need rules'
'so if imma rob you that's ok den?'
'No! Everyone would just live in peace no one would
steal!' She yelled with her voice cracking.
Everyone in class erupted with laughter.
I sat there quietly and watched my crush
make an ass out of herself.
We only saw each other 1 more time a year
after graduation
and even with all those years
we never said a word to each other.
I needed a pair of glasses and Emma
happened to be the optometrist's assistant.
My mother was sitting next to me.
"You know, me and Sean use to go to school together."

She then looked at me with a weird smile
and I looked down at my shoes just like
that time in class and I sat there without
saying a
word.

Travelers in the area of Mot

Re-write / remastered from 2/20/2020
Written: 5/1/2020

Walking along paths with bits of sulfur on both sides.
I watch with careful eyes,
the hanging swords, hooks, the hanging gardens of walls of destroying angels &
whitish-purple orchids.
These grow to the base of the black cube,
where the Anti-Christ is frozen forever in ice.
Both bases want war just like every generation & peoples,
He gets all his power but can do nothing with it.
The longer I live the better I can see Christ's teachings,
on the narrow path to heaven.
This agreeable nature is the catapult set against your inner population.
It feels like I'm splitting & walking into 3 directions.
2 phantoms floating at my feet.
The walls with paintings of mouths & eyeballs.
The water ball in my hand,
the beer that tastes like the ashes of an angel dust'd graveyard.
My sanctimony with an octagon cage playing the songs of cupid
I feel like overtime I try screaming out prayers to God in forms of ocean energy they
come out as spit with no force and hits the cement 1 inch in front of my feet.
I see men wearing emblems as they walk door to door in hell with Mot playing
sickening games that mock evangelical work.
As I walk to my car after the shift, Devil, I'm too tired, go and have your way with me.
At times I become afraid when taking the melatonin & drinking an entire
bottle of red wine.
That I will come into contact with the Father of lights.
When I shake my head I feel all the nagging pains in my joints.
I can feel the deep seeded issues carved by the Talmud;
into my epicenter brain.
Inside these white page coffee stained blues I feel like
I'm one of El-chapo's dogs.

I've tried being the light stone my travelers can carry & let it be as easy
as possible, almost with no burden of weight but my
life's a carnival.
Do you think the holy ghost moves around the leaves inside the green
tea cups to show it's visions?
Still,
I grown to turn over on the bed.
I grown but no longer feeling that Satan is laughing at me,
I'm laughing at the river for taking me along wherever it wants to take me.
In the time of the dark realm, within wars of both:
The rough & only time, giving self-judgement,
dedicating this poem to the Anti-Christ himself.

Friends like anesthesia

Written: 10/7/2021

Once a teleprompter,
the stairway on the sanitorium's 4th floor.
Smiling down in grey scrubs.
Dr. Zorn is out on vacation under water with aphrodisia
cuz porn and fire signally melt together.

The Indian doctor with the laser is a scion,
a jewel from war torn reveries;
elevate up steps wet in sprinkles of bright star dust.

"I hope they don't build a gas station across the street."
The MA said as I thought on Dany Laferriere's observing of the
dead green fly spiraling down the sink drain;
as I smell smoke rising from my tooth.

Edvard Munch, remember that.
Don't posture with your ink brush when Moses did that with
style
before God.

"Sean, how was the surgery? In any pain?"
"no." I said as half my face was numb.
The wheel of unmutilated enemies lays in the misery index
where I dialed to be granted a
payment plan.

STD Class

Written: 1/31/2022

Middle school,
I ended up leaving on time to class 4 instead
of being late from sleeping at my desk.
Homogeneous pages of sickening diseases.
"Class, quietly read pgs 6-13." The nerdy looking woman told us.
"Why are the man's eyes all yellow?" Some girl asked.
"Teach! If I put on 2 condoms at once will that make me doubly safe?"
The intrigue & fear went thru me like a bright bolt.
10 years later school never had warnings for jagerbombs &
downing a 16 pack of strongbow hard cider.
The DARE program taught me in 3rd grade about drugs and booze
lightly.
The bell rang & I closed my biology book,
all the kids were talking about getting poisoned & dying from genital crabs.
This scare tactic worked well.
I never caught an STD in my life.
Threw my backpack over my shoulder & attempted to run
to world history while I stumbled over my shoe laces,
fell down & slid into the wall while a bunch of poor
kids laughed.

Clipped wings

Written: 11/25/2021

9AD, as for the fair & creeping things; all were washed under the thunderous foot
stomps, Universe's Monarch, I am the quiet, the promise of the most heavy dirt, the
force of the spear shot in opposite directions,
the shield's clipped wings as was thrown like a disc.
This time around covid19, it's slowly eating me, Lord of hosts, block & blot the hosts
that are attempting to squish us cockroaches, we as Kafka's metamorphosis, with a
big thumb by a big black spirit host.
The dogs after the battle walk out of the heat licking Job's wounds.
Without blame, jovial eyes streamed from the pipe of his God heart.
Angel of God, don't go to that Germanic warrior soldier with the yellow spear, come
to me instead.
Fighting for the ways of our original father Ishmael, murdered in broad daylight 100,
000 times.
The cherry blossom tree causes the light air for leaves for the fall, sprouting another
tree out of the mulch scooped up as a blinding weapon from a dead soldier's hand;
and then I write and then I write.

Crossbreed

Written: 8/1/2020

Security.
There ain't much to secure.
Was there a cross to die on?
The camera ain't telling me much.
Covered in sweat cuz the Phoenix summers suck
up all the water.
Who would breed here?
Who would I have to guard when the state
placed a lockdown?
They breed by the millions:
Animals, humans, bugs, sea creatures.
Pure & cross breeds but I don't get paid to
guard
them.

Did you ever want to knock down the statue of liberty?

written: April/25/2021
How about suffering from heart failure while on a treadmill?
Or dying from a broken heart on a bar chair while you write down a love poem
in between angry balls bombs?
I wanted to do a lot with my life but instead of living out the dream of being a
pro-wrestler or fighting in the UFC I lay awake staring at the ceiling at 1
in the afternoon while my wife barges in yelling: "MEOW! MEOW! YOU LIKE THAT?!"
The cat woke both of us up at 7 am.
My joke about him being our little alarm clock has warn thin.
I'm no longer trying to get people to donate their precious blood & haven't done
that in 6 years.
I'm now a security officer at a psych hospital.
You think these patients ever think about knocking me down?
Last night during a 'code grey' one of the adult patients kicked a tech in his head.
Just rough stuff.
The kick where attempted to kick so hard he'd break a bunch of bones &
some more
He wanted to throw old cats off the roof.
This is a throwback 2014 kind of poem for those of you that remember the
"Circus of pain & the flailing body parts" poetry collection.
& you'd think that after the patient & I have written so many poems
that we solved all of life's problems.
You'd think that.
I'm thinking that while sitting here after getting a call that a stranger is breaking
into staff's cars.
When I ran outside the mystery man was leaning against a yellow wall charging his
phone, looking how my wife described me as during the big argument: Coy.
The name of my death is on the abandoned hospital's doorstep.
Death on the soiled mattress & radio plugged into the wall my co-worker smashed
into a thousand pieces.
The statue of liberty stands over my country as the whore of babylon & she holds
steadfast over junk city where I work.
Painted with the bodies of junkies that cover the streets, garbage spills and broken

glass that scattered across the pavement.
As I see all this with my head upside down, with infant eyes, cradled by an adult meth addict,
sickly,
looking at a vision of my mother with a decapitated face that looks like the moon.
I stormed out of the house earlier as I slammed the door with my shitty lunch and cold-ish water I drink from a wine bottle.
I forgot to tell her that 2 hours prior I put her as a beneficiary just in case of my inevitable demise for 100% so at-least
someone's getting paid.

Split

Written: 4/11/2022

we got the call on the walkie-talkie:
'security, code grey in AP4 pediatric unit!'
While walking to a separate call we stopped mid walk
turned then power-walked to the code.
1 nurse and 1 tech were asking intake to let us in.
A nurse was standing next to the door with a cell phone against
his ear and he was making horse galloping sounds.
'dunaladunta dunaladunta dunaladunta'
Opened the door with our special master key,
I was let in by a new nurse with a slim figure and shoulder length blonde hair.
She had that look on her face I see every monday when they
have new hires orientation: pure fear.
We walked in and I already have the purple gloves on slid onto my hands.
A new little light skinned black girl with curly hair is screaming
her head off while she is foaming at the mouth.
She is in sheer terror but not hitting the staff or the other little kids.
One tall boy is standing in his door way smiling while being silent.
She is helped to her feet and as she is crying and screaming random words I see
that her right ear has a gigantic balloon growth.
She is shaking violently as she walks to the
'padded room'
An old woman who's been a nurse here for a couple years talks to her and gets her
to calm down.
She has dead eyes and is yelling over and over.
I fist bump the chief nurse of the entire hospital and ask
'what happened'?
'I have no fuckin' idea man.' he said then walked over to the padded room.
'split' a voice said.
I looked over and saw a different nurse had said that to us.
'she has a split brain, dissociative something or other..'
'dissociative identity disorder.' I said.

'yeah, she is fine one minute then she flips out in a rage and begins foaming at the mouth yelling non-sense... the rages are pretty bad. No memory of it then when she comes to she's happy as if nothing ever happened.'
I just stared at her.
'alright, if you need anything please don't hesitate to call us.' my co-worker told the nurse.
We stuck the key in the wall then walked out of the kids ward.
'yo, i thought she had rabies.'
RAW! RAW!
I suggested we should walk to the teen unit and make sure no one is destroying the walls again.

I'm beginning to understand who the real genius was

Written: 2/8/2020

Odd snide remarks from the one who shaped my first 4 books.
Sitting against the backboard like the spiritually 'rich' Buddha he made
so many people think
including the real God of the short story:
R. Carver.

I've learned that the whole stick:
'I'll bust this bottle against your face, baby.'
has gotten stale.

'There is only one poet possibly in this town or country tonight
And that's me.'
If I was in that college student audience I would've
patted R. Carver on the back & told him
how Jesus Christ with His blood saved me from hell
& Carver, with his blood saved the short story
lineage.

From the supposed greatest writer of the streets since
Walt Whitman to really being some somewhat talented
perverted jackass who couldn't make it anywhere but the
page.
Forever torment in hell Buk.

Entombed nothing flesh of a god becoming

June/1/2017

Searching with wisdom,
guidance to a friction clutch.
Wrapped in gauze within Pharaoh Cobra's tomb
with a strangled toxic touch.
Poets painting with kindles symbolizing with
radiant starfish shells,
but in reality we live within inhumane dry cells,
Tucson is my ninth circle of hell.
Torment's clapping of hooves heaves to melt
cacti, dahlia, hyacinth,
My car stalls needing oxygen in this city's
labyrinth.
Lamenting weather's crossroads,
rewriting torrid's ode.

Screaming inside her

Written: 2/24/2019

The passion faded right out of the phone.
'Oh I'm so sick!' to 'But I'm happily single'
But it was just fine & dandy for me to drive my car right down into the dirt?
2 hours for a date that went nowhere?
Then 'I miss you too' to 'I wouldn't consider us dating back then'
I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry.
No your not.
Stop lying.
She would try to keep on the mask of good angels & sanity with a picture perfect nature.
'I'm not trying to hurt anyone' with shrugged shoulders;
WELL YOU DID!
She ruined my 2018, made me feel like I was a kid again.
Back in that weird 1 horse town I drove to for our first date.
Made me feel like I was on the couch watching snick in 1999.
What tamished the argument from that guttural wench isn't so much that she didn't want me but how she wouldn't get loud about it.

I threw my face into the silence

Written: 6/10/2025

Hello you, ethereal bloody madness sitting wet on starry steps.
Hello you, makeshift position of walls made of mirrors and clay
Within the terrain of my brain's walls.
"Hello vermilion bull." I say
As it sits in the barn with black eyes with his
2 am shadows.
Bull, you know who you are when stepping into
You're own realm of acceptance.
But who am i?
A man with or without an island.
Where sirens and seahawks blankly stare.
I'm a foreign man in a foreign land,
Stepping among carcasses eaten by seagulls.
Bull, the bleakest night broke my super-ego;
And Hamson's 'Hunger' is being re-written
With the shattered pieces of my life.
I blaze with white heat to
Sever you with the sword of the spirit
But then comes the black background and
Threatened by you to get gored, standing surrounded
By thick grey smoke.
How forever are red crosses in my eyes.
You're just like my uncle too proud to meet me, throwing
A grenade in whichever war I was told stories about
Like he was throwing a pound of his flesh.
And as I was on all 4's in the shower praying
With tears that my severing depression; making a god
Out of all termination, isolation, abandonment, frustration:
Won't split my conscience and I get thrown
Into the padded room I use to throw patients in.
I ripped it clean off and

Threw my face into the silence.
Pick myself up and eat again the humans smaller than men.
Close the door with escapes
Of screams from the sounds of hell
And sit back in a chair in the guest room to wait
As I breathe heavily.

It's a hard grave to grow

Written: 10/18/2024

I never visited my aunt's grave.
I know it's there in California within a garden
of hundreds of Mormon bones.
When I worked at McDonald's or the library
as a volunteer or the backbreaking
carwash I
never thought about her.
When becoming a born-again I
remember the time that I first met her.
I would be sweeping the parking lot
at Peter Piper thinking about Ninea
while the dusk was setting in.
She was placed in the ICU that night but
she didn't die until 6 months later after I quit
and went to sell Verizon products at a call center.
It bothers me at times.
That feeling that I won't see or feel my aunt in the afterlife.
But I have to keep in my mind that although the
terrace of death has no zest, no consideration but only annihilation;
God promises that there will be so many of His kids
walking from the green mountain from all of history
that the number will be as the sands on the seashore.
For the sinners and the sinner religious
the cemetery is bountiful
but for the saved in Christ
knowing what we know about God's saving grace on us?
That's a hard grave to grow.
Well, she's been in the abyss for 15 years now and
I have no clue as to how the funeral service went.
I heard my younger cousin was walking around
telling the mourners that he's a member of

the "Mormons against pornography coalition".
I guess I agree with the 2nd part.

Her curse that wept into the wild wind

written: June / 12 / 2023

Fears of the unknown due to caffeine,
the call shoots my mind to things dark and obscene,
a skitzo patient and a nurse I got in between.

She pulled the curse from her throat,
lobbed it once she felt they wouldn't give her free housing or a donation
of a bank note,
as she walked away from the hospital she thought she smote,
the wind kept her tangled thoughts afloat.

My entire life has been one long poem

Written: 9/12/2021

The hot evening was hanging in dispelled glory.
"I'm gonna punch you in the face then put flowers
on a soldier's grave."
Continued staring at me.
I stood between this vet & the front door of
the hospital.
"Sir, please turn around and leave."
"I'm not leaving."
As I stood there with 2 other security officers
I saw that a moth had flown around one of the
florescent lights.
The air stood still.
Hands together, I said inside my head:
"My life has been one long poem."
The police came quickly.

Chuckin' it with Mr. Urchin

Written: 10/24/2017

Last time I went to a bar,
it was that big one up in Phoenix supporting hundreds
of billiard tables.
We went with my ex,
the one I wrote about to end 'My child face' coming
over that sand hill.
My friends and I sat and watched her and her
friends sing to the stars:
Imploding those super novas & exploding
eardrums.
A man came up to us and tried getting the phone
numbers from all the gals at my table including
the one I previously discarded.
"Can I guess you're weight?" He asked.
"Shoot from the hip." My friend of the female variaty said.
"336"
"Excuse me? EXCUSE ME?!"
My ex gave the microphone back to the DJ and power
walked to our table.
She grabbed my shirt with an advertisement for a gym painted
on the front and said:
"Imma tell this boy to fuck off!"
I put my blue moon with an orange slice down
and poked the stranger.
"Pardon me sir, I don't mean to offend but your making the
ladies here uncomfortable."
He looked me in the eyes and adjusted his glasses.
"Do you know what an urchin is? Big boney spines, clicks, stingers. That's what they
call me in the ring round here."
Once he finished his puffing up Pantera came on.
"You don't say?" I responded.

My friend, the boyfriend to one of the girls slid his phone into his pocket then got up. I followed as I tried pulling my ex up by her inner arm.
"We can step outside if you'd like?!" My ex yelled.
"You don't wanna go 5 rounds with Mr. Urchin." I told her as I was nudging her towards the pool tables.
"I don't think you have anything to worry about. He's 50 pounds soaking wet with boots and he has fly eyes." My friend said as he closed his tab.
Kid Urchin grabbed a girl sitting near us by her wrist and sat her down in a booth for his date.
We got a table and smacked balls until I finished off my ex and her female friends with a trick shot that would make Chezka Centeno cry.

Frozen teenage blood

1/10/2011
She grabbed the knife.
She grabbed the bag.
Grabbed a wrap from a dirty freezer.
Taped on by a dirty mind.
My mind was racing, 16 years and all.
But should I have started dating?
I had 2 choices in girls but made the worst selection any boy in my position
Would've made.
Surprised I'm still alive today.
The cut ran deep as she licked up the blood.
Froze her arm to numb the pain.
She giggled and laughed as my heart swelled on the other side of the phone.
With that laugh she gave me her blessings and promises.
I grabbed onto the thought of her in grey desolation.
Warm bubbles could've been floating upward and popping against the ceiling back
then,
There was enough popcorn.
I waited every night for her phone call, especially on those Saturday nights.
4 years of demonic tricks, yule's treats in bags stuffed with bullet ants and red
wasps,
Suicide attempts and surprises at the end of long grey tunnels.
She grabbed the knife.
She grabbed my heart.
She grabbed my life.

Meetings in autumn's dusk

Written: 4/22/2019

This isn't a poem on intercessory love prayers where the beads
are gripped by hands for simpler times but unwilling to let go
of their own actions - their own deceit in the matter.
Choking the life out of the seed but letting the dangerous nature flourish.

But for once I am in love & the good kind of love this time.
Not the mortuary kind with the morbid florist.
We listened to 'sitting on the dock of the bay' & I would like to formally
apologize to the lawn blade for being so accurate previously.

I'm still drinking so don't worry but not a whole 30 foot hole.
& I'm not beating my head against the microwave anymore.
I'm letting the razor stay still instead of sliding it at the mythical
people I mentioned in the first 4 lines.

Keep this in mind reader:
God will direct your feet & always dance with a drink in your hand.
With no black berry sin wheat vines wrapped around you & yours &
you'll be as close to the divine as humanly possible.

Bad Seed

Written: 1/25/2024

The voice from my homemade Ouija said
"Walk into your mother's room and split her head open."
after they dug a hole from a portal under my house
and tunneled into my darkened room.
They connected my heart chord to the utensil drawer.
When I walked into the kitchen out of the garage I
picked up that knife out of that kitchen drawer.
The window was cold.
I saw the moonlight reflect off of the butcher's blade.
All the world's sacrifices for my old dad with his harvested
bodies left to melt on autopsy tables and
graveyards.
My soul was melting as I was about to become
another peg on father satan's clipboard.
With eyes filled with otherworldly wrath
I walked silently into her room and contemplated.
She rolled over and asked what I was doing in
her room at 2 am.
Just as Abraham lifted the blade to come down on Issac
as a righteous sacrifice to God;
I was willing to lift that blade and with a shadowy hand
for guidance
drop it down on her head.
This scene came back to me when a friend & I
we're looking at an old photo of myself from high school.
16 years old
with invisible friends making green clouds
above my head.
I looked at my mother and pledged to execute
the will of the lord of blood and abortions.
Put the butcher's knife back in the drawer after walking

out of my mother's room.
For whatever reason I didn't do what the voice told
me.
Without saying a word I walked back into
my room in the cold garage and I laid on that
fold-out couch
until I slipped into that
sleepy darkness.

K-mart realism

Written: July/28/2021

I'm looking at this painting
of a hare pushing a shopping cart with a pig in the basket
& I think of K-mart.
Looking back at all those days upon days at K-mart waiting,
wheeling & patiently looking at things I never cared for.
I wonder now-a-days if mother looked thru the eyes of a maniac.
Lay-a-ways where she'd keep paying in my Father's money
over & over
then put the entire lay-a-way back to keep all of my Father's
payout money without telling him.
My Father never saying a word until he'd have enough &
that point seemed like every other night which was him
yelling and screaming as I ran to hide in my room.
My mother grabbed the items, as she was the rabbit,
over & over
using K-mart as an excuse, her shopping addiction to hide from her
personal nightmares.
Maybe in her eyes she was grabbing the heads of her parents?
Her rebellion, a way of telling her father:
"I want to stop moving every 2 years, I want you to stop being a raging
alcoholic, I want you to take this family seriously.
I want I want I want."
Thrown into the steel shopping cart like a prison,
the cart basket,
the only place she had control of something.
She grabbed & grabbed & grabbed.
Which splashed onto my brother & I,
with out heads as swine.
Not knowing what to do with her life and traumas so she birthed us.
We're like when you buy bacon at the grocery store:
you really want it but don't mind if it sits in the fridge for months.

We we're... just there...
Sitting in the car with our pig heads, sitting & standing for hours
in
long long lines.
This was 25 years ago.
K-mart has now-a-days filed for bankruptcy & my mother had cancer
& she beat it last year though she has the hare head &
retreated from her issues farther down.
Now that i've written all of this down,
I can't stop thinking about that painting so i'll be walking
into my bedroom now & taking all of my paintings
down.

There's a bowerbird nest built in my hands

Written: 5/4/2020

There's a bowerbird in my heart.
He likes to strut the forest.
He has a big mind and always knows what he wants but
at times, he screws up the works.
He builds little nests that look like orchid vineyards in dystopian paintings.
He knows where the good is at and it's whatever bower female fly's the area.
He's got bright purple eyes and sounds like an old
computer booting up to get on the internet.
He shakes, he dances and with all hesitation he
doesn't give the female time to see the color and beauty he's built.
The politeness falls out the window like a baby.
I've become able to control him for the most part.
Some times I let him fly loose out of his cage to visit my mate.
Let him fly about when I'm on the edge of getting violently ill from the alcohol.
I'm going back to college to become a clinical psychologist,
So what? What of it?
The bird stomps in his little orchard and destroys it after he forcefully takes
from the female then destroys what he build.
Little bowerbird, you little prophecy of self destruction that fits in my palms,
Do you want chaos to continue to collimate with you?
Make it so I sell thousands of poetry little books over seas after my
death from the troubles of this life?
Maybe instead of the little house pet I think everyone sees you as,
the gentle old ladies that looks at my bible verses online and the
old ladies that have worked with me in the OR and write to other people things about me saying:
'he's such an exceptionally young man of God'
they think they see my little bowerbird that lives in my heart but
he's an evil symbol of sin.
He makes me even think sometimes I have a heart.
I shit on writers who I feel are not worthy and he laughs,

He wants the will of Genghis Khan and have all the bowerbirds,
Kinda makes you think what's the point of spending hours to find an array of rainbow objects of blue forks and red diamonds and to masterfully create a nest never seen.
There are times that he makes his little song that comes off as genuine
both me and you, reader, we know better.
Sometimes late at night or very early in the morning when my soul feels
the closest to the indwelling of the pre-dawn,
I let him out,
and thru the ceiling past the cheap stained white fan
Just before I get up to another begrudging day I allow him to
fly towards the sun.

Soul dictates the direction

Written: July / 27 / 2023

Happy birthday Buck.
You drove mom to another foot appointment she
didn't need to go to.
When I turned 30 I felt half way pathetic.
If I knew I could go to rehab for free on
homeless medicare then I would've
taken my chances back then at getting
sober.
The written word got me through times of purgatory
but working myself down to the bone as a functioning
alcoholic was slowly
killing my body.
If you spend over a decade with lousy job after lousy job
in Tucson, AZ
with parents too angry and codependent
then it's like accepting a kiss from a dying mistress.
I climbed out with the help of Lily
and moved out to downtown Phoenix, got married and
still not being stable but we've always had stable work.
Paul in the NT had a good reason by saying that the
shoes are the most important attire.
I remember to sit on my bed at night when I get off the shift,
and look at the souls of my feet to make sure I put a good
shield around it.
We have to be prepared by being content in all things
and wipe away the tears when dusting off the
rocks, blood, the crystals and broken glass before we
pull up the covers and
try to live through another
day.

It was quite a blueberry winter

Written: 10/22/2022

"Ya I shot up! Who the hell cares?!" She yelled
with a sympathetic far off look in her eyes.
It was as if she was cradling me like a baby with her right arm
as she stuck a glock in my back with the left.
It was midnight.
My gf picked me up in her brother's car that she
had stolen.
I couldn't look at her arms, there was some
kind of unconditional feeling there.
Until you got smartened up.
Her friends we're in the backseat with cigarettes
hanging off their lips discussing how Kurt
Cobain still hadn't had his talent surpassed.
She ran over a trash can ending our momentum which
landed on the side of a gothic industrial dance club
in downtown Seattle.
She walked through the backdoor showing the bouncer all
of our fake I.D's.
A whimsical pilled up girl she was.
Her friends walked off in some direction as they smiled and
I grabbed a table and sat by myself with a glass of water.
The floor music was bouncing off of was filled with guys
wearing pinned up trench coats;
adorning heavy boots and face paint.
One of them was dressed like a cowboy in all blue denim.
She swayed with them in a velvety motion,
like a tulip in a soft German breeze with wrists
covered in studded & black jellow bracelets.
They swam in her sweaty rainbow hair as the trance
of the beat engulfed her.
Some guy put his arm around her shoulder and she

blew me a kiss as they made their way to the bathroom.
She stumbled out around 20 minutes later as a syringe
fell out of her pocket.
I thought to myself as I walked out abandoning her:
'I wonder what's gonna be on t.v. tomorrow morning.'

There ain't no rest for the righteous

Written: 4/5/2024

Been sick with the flu for a week.
The flu shot I got at the children's hospital did nothing just like I tried
explaining to the receptionist.
I'm now halfway into EMT night school and I keep failing my tests
because I'm too tired to pay attention.
Working a full-time job as a security officer in the mornings again.
The coffee and energy drinks don't work.
I need harder drugs to actually focus and keep up with
the demands but so many before me have shown that
it'll lead to a road to addiction you might never
get off of.
So I'm writing this with burning eyes and dragging lungs
in a society that still isn't fixed.
I told my wife last night when getting home from the worst lecture I've attended so
far that I want to shoot myself in the head.
I almost began yelling in the car on the ride home how much I hate
this life and really things are just getting worse the older you get.
You have to continue with the rat race but you get slower and more tired and carry
more injuries.

Moonlighting

Written: July/13/2022

It's just me again,
7 months later;
with the moon's light shining on my mother's womb 33 years back,
getting born in the dark.

7 months ago my cat, who was one of my best friends, went to be
with Jesus.

When waking I heard a song from 'badbadnotgood' this morning
that filled me with the pain of his leaving all over again.
Like a greenish black thorn tweezers can't pluck out.
Paul had that.

I don't know if Paul hated the sun but to me back then at the moon job
the next morning's light was like an icon of mourning.
Squinting my eyes under a pillow as I heard
meow! meow! meow!

At least I can say I shared in Paul's little daily torments,
us both mirroring the Holy son of God,
they're dark block that they stood on,
wrapped uncomfortably like little dragons; or me
dancing in the moonlighting at 2 a.m. during the work shift the night before
when patrolling the condos and sidewalks,
slowly driving in the silence,
imagining when stepping out of my golf cart the sidewalk block lit up
like in the movie
'the wackness'

but it's just day shift me now.

In a 2000 year saga where Paul and his thorn ended up authoring the majority of the new testament;
me and my thorn in this 10 year saga encased with a little red dragon
mirrored him by authoring 10 books
for the dust to eat.

One of my best friend's remains is a small pile of dust.

Goodbye Presley the cat and goodbye scottsdale security job.
You've both sprinkled gloom & joy, seasoning my heart like cumin
from life's kitchen cabinets;
& normally that memory like a cat toy is the rage that plays with me inside
but this time I put his ashes back onto my bookshelf
and chose to willfully
mourn the night
instead.

I'm back baby, make way

Written: 9/6/2016

That big Spanish fly trap has me in its grasp again.
I see the suckers on the bottle walking the floor, the true hero's swallowing their pride and visions
Of paradise to get that donor in.
We gamble with our lie lives.
Throwing the dirty dice we crafted with our own sweaty finger prints.
The stars align in the Tucson weekly after wings and the crafty children doing the right
Thing and not buy my books.
The crossroads in the wash have brought me to the flaming circle pit of dust and the valley of the
Blue cooling moon giving mass comfort under the dark wind.
This is where I picked in between sitting at home, cleaning and drinking coffee at 6:30 p.m.
Or entering back in the work force.
This is where I am.
I was drenched in gas and mud then baptized on mental bat beatings by a screen and people's voices.
The calls that I begged for are beating into my skeleton then I pray for the fire that I try
To keep a spark of on the serum.
I tried bidding the demons and spicy freedoms goodbye but that's like having a salmon bid farewell
To the spatula smacks and awful body seasonings before that awe enlarging Mouth.
I see many prey on us and the scavengers of the air holding the flight path.
Sometimes they feast on us,
Sometimes they get sucked up in airplane turbines.
I spoke with my new co-worker, Nicole, about her taking her child to kindergarden.
I told her I'm still not sure if I should have kids.

The pain and lonesome beers that sit and laugh from the fridge as my eyes are sagging after a long long shift as I sit on the couch where my phantom child begs for attention.
No matter,
If someone wants to carry those boulders up the hill to the devil's mouth then go on and be my
Guest after I clock out for lunch.

Opposing sex walking out of me

Written: 8/13/2019

Thunderous tornadoes whipping in multiple directions,
When walking out of the republican red house
I got sucked into a tornado of biology.
Wrapped around hundreds of feet in the air of controllable dizzy spells after
Having my body slapped against fences, houses.

I flung around like a rag doll.
When coming to after the phone conversation the smell in my
Nostrils knocked me back a bit.
I had to tell one of my coworkers not to go into the
Biohazard room.
One of the patient's old blood sitting in a clear canister is so rancid it
Smells like broccoli.

The damocles sword hangs like low dangling fruit.
Like the vines from the garden of King David.
This sword slides in both directions on the temple floor and aims
In between both me & Lily.

The mongrel hatred,
The word infested mind of the mutt.
These are the blood infested tips of the inconsistencies that are
Entangled by society, the Vatican, our roles in nature & possibly the bible itself.
But, no breath will allow me to call that of any inconsistencies.

My girl is a pastor & has jokingly asked to wear the pants in the house which
Causes the existence of this poem.
There is something I pretend to hate, the house I stepped out of when walking

Into that tornado.
The fans want to avoid this low hanging damocles sword but
I'm ok with aiming to hit that ball to left field.

The procession with crucifixes and banners

Written: 2/14/2025

Traditions of mother he kept,
parades with banners as we keep lockstep.
Then the funeral processions; mourning with sorrowful streams,
but the sinner plunges where they're tears before God make a bitter spring.
It's stare is the death of things,
His sacrificial act gave our souls wings,
Phrases like 'we rise' & 'accept to overcome' repentance won't bring.
therapy saves when the unsaved need a savior,
religion's the ladder when they're baselines Freud's behavior.
By the chain breaker, He only makes man to elect for His amends,
though cultural Christians rinse and wash and do over again.
To give reverence and be thankful for salvation by His will and words,
as I walk in the blue shadows of red birds.
So realize or continue, in desolation or in bloom,
divine appointments and man's habits will continue with or without you.

Apprehension on Alvernon

written: 7/17/2016

No other
felt the dirt in my dried
out comcob state of
flowing consciousness.
When the crusty wheel chafes
on my
blisters
driving past the
power plant I
scream my lung out the
window:
"CAN I GET TO WORK?!"
with the sunset in the side
mirror,
catching any breath in QT's
dead lot.
Red,
yellow,
green and the mountains
behind it.
Another lost job.

Icebrand among the dirty badlands

Written: Feb-19-2017

William Shakespeare & Queen Elizabeth never worked at a call
center, they never did this.
Never thrown into the suburban high tech misery with bleeding
ear holes,
making hexes numb by pinching stars with the
thumb and index finger,
rubbing softly.
William & the Queen may have derailed once or twice but never been
swallowed whole by the factories.
Those writers bled while walking with slit wrists but I,
poet to you and for you,
dove head first.
A swan dive into the albatross.
A dive into the kids swimming pool filled with
ghosts & power drills all poised,
vooming and pointing to the grey
liquid sky.
Now,
love that I use to have is what's left.
To wake up half the week is like pulling my boots out of the bog.
The ecstasy filled hymn book which is my mind,
the complexities of relationships,
the staggering of the injured buck limping threw the
death breeze.
My drowning desert,
my frost bitten flesh giving into old feelings and hatreds.
My body rolls on the roulette wheel with a rainbow of energies.
Like hands,
fingers like hooks pulling in every direction.
Last year I wrote a poem about fading pedals.
I plucked most of the pedals when I should've given the

anger and the flower to the main gardener:
God.

Molten hot window

Written: 10/26/2022

The blazing end of summer.
Even hotter than the ovens in Tucson.
So bad not even Jack Kerouac knew how to
describe Phoenix in his book.
The heat is even hotter.
It is unforgiving.
I came home from doing laundry
and the sun bitch slapped me down.
Carrying those big lugs across the street.
You'd think by now how we live in the future that a robot
would carry my laundry bags for me.
My wife was home and she wanted to swim.
The pool is on the roof of the new building we moved into.
Inflation is so high that good apts
now mix in with the bad at the same prices.
We could seldom afford this place.
She whipped the curtain back in our room:
Placed her hand on the window then
pulled her hand away.
That window was molten hot she said.
An hour prior I felt like kicking a mother's ass
at the laundromat but what kind of man would
that make me?
I sat the bags
next to the bed.
She started applying the sunscreen and
the sweat was covering my entire body.
All the crazy people can't have their fill.
It's like the barren womb at my job.
It's like souls getting shot down to hell.
There is no quenching that kind of hunger.

It's my day off.
She slid on her bathing suit and is asking me if
she can apply the sunscreen on my face that took
9 months in my mother's womb to create.
'Yeh. Why the hell not.' I said as I
put on my swimming trunks.
The t.v. played a comedy special but I didn't hear
anybody
laughing.

Scribblings of a man believing it snowed in Tucson, AZ

Written: 9/4/2023

When I was leering down the
glant walkway at APAC call center
I saw outside the center in the front of the
building that
it was snowing in Tucson.
My ex picked me up being that they sent
me home early and I didn't say goodbye
to anyone.
14, 000$ in my checking account from
my dead aunt's money and
I was thinking the only reason im putting up with this
soul suck of a job
is being my ex was giving me shit about
wanting to stay home and write
all day.
'We have to show everyone that we are responsible young adults'
she said and I was sitting on the chair
confused a day before.
We drove around while it snowed and it snowed all
day.
Back when the drug house no longer was that
and the bulldogs ran outside in the backyard
with the green pool freezing over and
all the cacti dying.
I had to live in the moment with the bible sitting
on the dining room table where my ex's uncle left burn marks
all over the wood from making fake ID's
and the dog leapt up in the air
to catch a snowflake it saw for
the first
time.

Antarctica to cool my mind

Written: 1/30/2022

Add to accessing; adjust the price
Botanists are rare, bioconversion in the bangkok of ice.
Capture with pictures, ceremony snowfall like icicle candy,
my decision for isolation, dependence among the only growing daisy.

I slipped the receiver into the trash & said 'It's for you'

Written: 9/10/2018

The hung-over college staff workers showed pity to this grease
pit of a boy.
"I applied for you, now we wait!" Dan yelled as the scum punk music blasted out of
the computer speakers against the pale rickety walls.
Vibrating, the God's of the cheap paint that cut marks & leave tracks.
"They've granted you! You're unemployment paid off big! You just got a grant for 7,
000!"$
I jumped out of my folding chair, dumped all the beer caps out of the fish tank bowl,
stuck toilet paper & a short story I wrote right in it then
grabbed my lighter.
As Dan slapped his hands on the keyboard like a gorilla in heat I
lit up the side of a rolled up paper and stuck it in that
dirty fish bowl.
From the chilly eyes of the abyss that stared back at us from the
4 corners, stemmed from my brain and this dirtied the windows
to my soul as the fire began to rage!
"I'm the resurrection of Dylan Thomas! I rage against the dying of this light!" I
screamed with clutched fingers high.
"Fuck Yeah!" Dan yelled.
"THE FUCKING SMOKE DETECTOR IS GOING OFF!"
My brother yelled as he came running in while wearing his red cross work attire.
I ran to the kitchen and filled up a plate with sink water. Ran back
and threw the plate at the fish bowl, they both snapped.
The fire then became an ember.
I am the tree with the fading fall leaves that glide into the industrial waste trash: The
one-man generation that lost God.
That night, I drove Dan back to his house then once returning home
I walked the streets in the chilled night.
The comical thing about all this?
I never did get that grant.

The after-effects without responsibilities

Written: 7/29/2020

I guess there's nothing left?
Back in 2009 I was texting my old bf 'Coke'
& reading 1984 for the second time.
These are good memories.
No reason any longer to spearhead our world
as I float behind the water camera in a sparkling
rainbow of hallucinogenic dreamscapes.
Buddy, this ain't a king's evil coated in cherry
red candle wax.
Relax.
I'm not voiceless with headaches from
grinding teeth but
these choices are fading me.

Encouragement and revelation Pt.2 (Long version)

Written: 2/25/2022

Where are the words in the coconut spring?
When I woke up this morning,
Alarm set:
'7:30am - 40 days to get right with God.'
Lord, the messiah Jesus Christ:
What do you want from me?
Is it devotion?
How can I challenge the slow in myself to know You
or stay slow to allow myself to know that you are God
with or without me?
The masochist.
The earwig's inner ear.
You didn't think those demon bugs had ears did you?
Slouching away while holding onto your gut after
being bit and injected with the
viper's venom.
Eye ache.
The freedom is the foul 'something' at my old childhood
friend's house.
On the corner of the avenue where the disabled drunk lives.
My friend & I stood there watching the rival houses.
Mainstream appeal,
the sword in it's holster.
Invincible bodies filling up and clogging the big
reservoirs.
Soaking in the kick back of the sandy wind.
On the seafront with the ocean stars,
dirty visible air with the beam from a flashlight.
Fear is the lesson.
Cuts with bright emeralds from the infirmary.
Jesse Bernstein had no idea what horror gifted him.

Like a black cat with a scorpion tail, stung him
then stung me decades later.
Later on,
the lack of trust has begun to astound me.
On the swampy river front with the bulls roaming the short grass area.
Blitzed with the scriptures blanketing the back of my mind.
Oh sean, how far oh so soft down front.
Covered the field in cotton flowers.

That old mutt named Bananas

12/16/2016
I awoke after falling asleep while reading:
'A fan's notes by Frederick Exley.'
The book was folded over on the side of the blankets next to the cat vomit.
The night before hit me and my back became as flexible as stone.
Like bricks chafing and slowing turning to dust built up by carpenters with bad nerve endings and shot knees.
Brick layers that work for the 6 pack mixed with whatever bottles of liquor at Albertsons and fry's they can get their hands on. This whole week I've gotten back to the kick boxing training and I've hit a snag with sharp stabbing pains in my back and a stinger in my left foot but the boredom pushes through and my ability to walk around the complex is the lube to get the sore joints going.
Anyways, Mother was taping on the window and she couldn't call ahead of time being that both my brother and I don't have cell phones. At least until Saturday.
I ran outside not seeing her, opening the gate, then ran back inside to take a shit.
After coming out with solid waste for once there was a pug shaggy dog that looked to be an old walking sausage.
Tongue slobbering the air and grunting happily as pugs do.
"What the hell is this?"
The big black cat we call Freddo hisses and my cat Presley walked back in my room to lay on the brown floor.
Mother yells about my drinking and she's panting with hatred like black holes rolling off her tongue, like the massive demons controlling legions under their belts.
The walking sausage was blindly walking around as I heard the same olde same olde.
"You're not getting a cell phone until you quit drinking!"
She left in somewhat of a hurry not being keen on my answer. First and hopefully last night for an intervention but it's now Friday night and I think on how Daniel isn't able to drink and bet on the fights the week before Christmas 2016.
His girlfriend's dogs made him sick.
As I'm strolling I think on the street light inside this apartment complex as my brain mulls over that poem I wrote back when I was sitting in that old backyard, where my dad would smoke every night looking at the street lamp hovering over the cul-de-sac.

A poem about observations such as I'm doing now 12 years later:
Not going out because my bank account says 4.35$
These black tennis shoes with black shoelaces mother bought for me at the dick's across the street are too small for my feet but I kept on walking as if I jumped out of a wheelchair for the first time.
It's gotta happen and that's what mother needs to realize.
It's gotta happen.
Like having relationships with women I treat as full time jobs,
Like the plants and trees that take in our collective breath and spit out our next,
Like the rise and fall of people and the chaos that beckons for come backs like fighters off injury.
Bananas was taken from my parents only an hour after bringing it home but by the dog hiding under my father's desk when the owner came it made for a cruel goodbye.
Once the poetry sales pick up I'll buy a dog for my parents just as dulled and broken down as they are.

The white witch of Niles canyon

Written: 2/7/2017

Back when I lived in California,
when I hung in the old crew of fascist & misfits,
we would *at times*
meet up at the in-n-out next to the Rasputins at night and
all drive up to Niles canyon.
My old Latino friend 'Chocko' a bald bad kid who banged the 13 gang
wrapped the seat belt around his throat while we we're
all standing around in a circle yelling at the black guy who was
hanging with us:
"Look Wesley! I'm your ancestors!"
Bass laughed into the sky and I walked over to the driver's seat and
unraveled the seat belt strap that wound tightly around his neck like a
noose and said:
"Will you knock it OFF!"
The entire crew was present.
We all traded stories about the white witch and the baby powder on the
windows and the abandoned insane asylum.
We all jumped in our cars leaving trash behind.
Bass was driving with Chocko in the front and me in the back.
We blasted on the freeway going 85 on a 65 with the sports biker weaving in and out
between us, the craziest of the crew.
That same night as I was shooting hoops in the backyard in the night my first love
texted me telling me we could talk after I was done hunting the witch.
We whipped through what little traffic there was
pulling into the entrance.
We all drove into absolute darkness.
A large wooded area completely out of civilization with red woods hundreds of feet
tall.
I couldn't see my damn hand in front of my face after we parked on a dirt patch.
We stood, all of us, in the dirt parking lot of the abandoned school.
Uncomfortable laughs could be heard from all around:

"We really doing this?"
"Does the pope shit in his hat?"
"I have genital crabs..."
"Alright men, let's march!"
As we slowly walked to the front porch without anyone thinking to bring a flashlight,
just the faded light given by the full moon, we almost reached the porch.
"Hey!" Chocko yelled. "I saw a shadow on the ground!!!"
Everyone started screaming out of terror and we ran back to our cars.
Bass opened the doors and like an olympic swimmer I dove into the back of the car.
A perfect 10.
We made one more stop before getting back to my friends place for the crash.
We went to a high top hillside where the moonlight gave us it all.
All the crew began competing against each other:
4 cars and a motorcycle in a drifting contest inside the woods haunted by the white witch.
One vehicle stalled out mid drift.
I was cupping my mouth like sting and yelled obscenities after the end of every whip-around.
We got the hell outta there yelling about how Chocko was going to beat down the white witch in the river she drowned her kids in a hundred years back and how he was going to force with sinister intent to make the demon ghost preform inappropriate acts on his private part.
My first love never called that night.
She spent some time in an insane asylum in Seattle and hadn't called in months for that matter.
One this is for sure,
my occultic desires we're quelled that
great night.

The nights I stayed asleep

Written: 1/14/2022

For these January nights I oddly stayed asleep.
My cat whom has been in every book I've written
has been taken by the Holy Ghost into the
paradise of eternity
and somehow I was able to stay asleep.
The absinthe drink almost knocked me on my ass
after driving into Tucson
but I sat up in the lonely dark nauseated with
a river flow of tears.
I awoke with a pounding headache.
Waiting with my friend to drive back to PHX thinking how I didn't
have the mental capacity to hang with him
or my family without breaking down.
The night I slept I didn't have any thoughts.
Just quiet
with the chilled wind lapping my face from the open
window next to the bed.
Normally my thoughts are hectic, even at night.
Filled with conversations of people talking in dinner halls and
confusing nightmares but
that Tuesday night where my cat
slipped into the waking arms of death
my thoughts we're quiet.
I've never felt such an extreme sharp pain dug deep
into my heart but after my brother told me about how he gave his sick
cat to a doctor then handed his cat back dead the same day
I had a lot to think about on the road
back to Phoenix.

Past memories of her

Written: 8/15/2019

With a swell fragrance from the enchanted purple forest:
She lives in a museum surrounded with her art & others.

She has the heart of Jack Kerouac, a wild spirit of twin
loves, a yin-yang.
She knows the mountains by name.
God has used her to comb out the mites of faithlessness from my
soul.

She eats healthy and has a healthy mindset.
There is no sign of a second mouth and not known around town as a
'man-eater'
The only taste she has is for devouring Christian theology.

Like the scene in life's play that only God foresaw.
This mistress broke out of the egg dropped by the thousand foot tall
Phoenix.

It's like she appeared out of an invisible portal with it's entrance from the
Moon.

Disillusioned pt 1

Written: 2/23/2021

A man online told me to write down anything that was in my head
on a daily basis but who's got time for that?
I put in 8 hours to write that short story 2 days ago
'A mother's faith'
that I'm getting praise for and more followers but what was
that thing that Patrice said when a comedian walked up to him
after a show and said your #1?
He pulled out his empty pockets and said something along the lines
that I told my friends
'Compliments don't pay the bills'
My wife's car is dead at her job and when thinking of using
emergency money to pay for jumper cables I
fell into a deep sadness and laid in bed for an hour.
The alarm to leave went off and I still don't know if I have it in me to get today's
things done.
Guess the depressions back, woopie.
How does the comedian my brother is going to make a podcast with put up with
depression?
This just happened.
I'm waiting on callbacks from jobs I don't want to work at.
It's just too fuckin' embarrassing to go into my 30th job at the age of 32.
What is the direction of my life?
Why is my life being judged so harshly?
I got a deep pit in my stomach every time I feel I need to act and do the things that
need to be done in order to be *responsible*
gotta suck it up,
put on the binaural beats video and get some prayer in for God to lead my steps.
It's like what the illusion said
you gotta take it one day at a time.

Youth on the front line

Written: 8/9/2023

The Valley hospital
expects the patients to know
how to treat
themselves

One of them
was in the wrong hospital.
I was the tech on the floor and he told me
'You listen here. I'm the Captian, your my matie. Now
help me scourge the walls to find
my cell phone
in this ship.'

I was on my last legs,
almost collapsing from the amount of
12 hours a day work load.

He threw a kick at his
1 to 1 tech.
I told the staff he committed an
assault and no one
wanted to hear it.

The patient who scourged his brain
with half a gallon of vodka a day
threw a punch at the woman who was
training me,
I blocked the punch,
grabbed him and threw the 6'1 nutcase
against the wall.

He got up saying
'Hey hot shot. You think you're tough?'
my trainer tapped me on the hand and asked me
to walk off before it turned into a
real fight.

I was on the front lines in this
detox / mental hospital in a job
where they feel it's ok for the patients
to beat the shit outta the staff.
I put in my application to go back to the ER.
Where the corporate is even worse but when I get into
It with psychotic patients they let me toss
them right out the door on their
asses.

8x10 tears

Written: 2/4/2022

Envy and jealousy ruin everything around you.
That's why I chose to stop feeling it as a reaction.
I use to.
After 700$ here, 200$ there.
With my old pal John there was always an excuse.
Like an idiot I kept giving him money thinking I was doing the Lord's work.
Envy or expectations, to live his life,
all that caused was me jumping in my car after almost going mad.
I jettisoned into his shady apt complex at midnight,
getting myself pumped up and ready to kick open his door and get
my money.
It still took a couple years but I stopped allowing that to bother me.
Boiled down the twists and turns of where I am in life
instead of complaining to a therapist why my parents are the reason
why i'm not a doctor or lawyer.
I wanted a father with a spine and a more equipped mother
but this did nothing but blind me for years.
Envy did nothing but blind me.
Leave the situation alone or you'll be hearing the tapping of your
own tears inside a prison cell while holding an
8x10.

What's this moon without your silver eyes

Written: 4/30/2017

What exactly did I do to you because i'm really fuckin' confused. Walking thru a field of murdered poets deems no light from some false god but you made it real again. You cut us all deep like some dark angel who's cut down governments & civilizations. Without silence, consistently pinched and poked by the slivers of life and the invisible demons that slowly murder my silken sun beaten flesh. You knew this and we talked anyways. You told me you didn't care when I said I drink unholy amounts of liquor on the weekends. You told me you didn't care when I said I roast people and stalk women. You told me you didn't care when I said you make me and the rest of the literary world look like shit with poems you write in your off time when you're not even trying. The beauty in astrology has withered like the dumb founded astrologers with dead pages in their hands and this is how I felt writing for the last 5 months: Writing dead pages. I'm not going to say that I see you in the constellations when I breathe in the twilight and i'm not going to say you swim in my veins or some dumb shit like that but I do see you in the dust devils that gather in gusts I drive my car into. I see your energy in the spawning of practical revolutions and also when Rob or Cody read from the weekly newspaper from the poetry section after we get wings and I hear all the stupid punctures that violate everything I fuckin' believe in. Mimi, you hate me and I don't know why. I calmed you over text the best way I knew how after you messaged me that Friday night saying how you vomited in your toilet after downing 2 bottles of wine. You sent me a poem you wrote by

text after the sickness and asked me what I thought,
wrote it just on a weave, your pen on a golden thread,
it was so impressive that I considered quitting.
Quit writing short story collections, novels, and
poetry collections knowing even after 11 years
I will still never have your talent. This broken down titan
that never was won't wait for you anymore but
I would take a guess and say you've stopped
thinking about me long ago.

You tell yourself that

Written: 2/24/2018

sitting with my hands in my sweater pocket
at the discount tire after getting dropped off by a man with
dirty blonde hair and a hunter's jacket.
He told me to back my car out then he'll slide it on the bed of his
tow truck.
"You want me to do it?" He asked.
I wouldn't have thought having a nail in a flat tire would be this
draining.
"I'm gonna be honest. I'm very hungover." I said.
The tow truck driver smiled and took the keys to the car and
locker at work and keys to unlock people's doors with my
49ers lanyard.
"Do you still love me?"
The girl asked that I was with for 5 months.
The same woman I wrote ' Where the fern never withers '
for.
I didn't know how to answer that question and didn't know
how to answer the question Pro asked of me last night
after we chugged bud limes.
I cancelled the date just then while waiting with a native American
man and a dark skinned Mexican man with a cowboy
hat who looked suspiciously like my ex fiancé's dead
father.
"You're not interested in me. Maybe not but who knows."
I sent the text to that girl I've been seeing over the last month.
"Sean?" The manager called.
I got up
"Yes?"
"Here's your receipt. There was a nail in the tire. We fixed it right up."
"Where's the charge?"
"There is none."

Sometimes we get all the luck when the sun is shining on your back.

We are the chili's generation

Written: 5/27/2025

This generation trips to eateries like
Chili's, apple-bees and outback steakhouse to
dust what's inevitable off of their shoes.
Whereas God's people walk with

graveyards circling theirs with tombstones
around their throats.
Everyone's lives are subject to the threshing floor
but they'd rather be the chaff when thrown.

"We'll take the taco plates with margaritas; and I'll
continue to treat my lifeless existence like a
euphoric slaughterhouse."
He turns to his girlfriend and whispers:
"I make my lies work for me."

Can I scream for you to wake generation?
Would it even work?
While the saint's bodies hang and bleed wheat;
swaying by hooks held by demons hands
attached to frozen torture racks.

The chaff shoo away what's truth
like bothersome flies then the waiter whos
also dead in his sins cracks a fake smile and says:
"Very good sir and madam, I'll be back with your drinks."

Hunter's Pulchritude

Written: 8/1/2021

In so far as collecting hush money funds; the public eye's abstainer,
he's a smash with private sellers; in from his crack pipe for the painter.

In 'Untitled#2' has the universalist's symbol of 'love'
Cut from the same cloth but also sworn to secrecy.
Dali, his invisible breath; may not look to be such 'beautiful things'.

Jinping forces loyalty so the lawyer hides behind his works oil gland,
not a billionaire's soul should hover with a sign that states: 'banned'
though murky depths stretched was from his father's hand.

"Promise me, with your loving spell Dad." as his thoughts begin to vanish
his pupils widen as far as the sea as he sets his colors to his canvas.

Scum pit

Written: 8/10/2023

My brain's chemistry is changing.
The pet cat that originally came with claws has retracted
when adopting it.

My old cat I watched almost get ran over by
my old neighbor who hated me after I forced him to
move his sports bike out of my parking space.

The door was opened in my living room.

Saw him sprint and the car right behind him slid into
the handicapped spot.

This tar pit; like the city sewage has sucked us into it's tentacles.
The scum pit chews on us with it's gigantic beak,
but it's hard because i'm tough like 2$ shake and bake
pork chops.

Back when I wrote my 2nd book at the red cross call
center,
the knots in my stomach,
the hour long driving in the dead of night then returning
in the dead of light.
I look at the poems on my call center desk
as it extends into the edge of my consciousness.

I now sit in a big blue chair while a patient waits
next to me at the nurse's window to get his meds
so he wont want to chug vodka.

I'm finally on the trajectory I should've been

on when I was much younger.

The sewage tentacles come out again
My wife showed me a video of a writer saying that paying literary
agents to read your work is a scam and my soul is
covered in scum.

"The Sober Companion" needs to come out, the little magazine.

What else is there?

What else do I have?

When you come back to me, just try and rob the life from me.
You'll find that you can't make me care about something that has been
stolen from me
millions
of times.

Golden fire in my dreams

Re-write / remastered from 10/19/2014
Written: 4/23/2020

The nights are becoming more and more lonesome.
If the blank shows on the t.v. weren't reflecting it's static in my eyes
I'd go completely insane.
I almost walked off into the deep end 6 months back after getting
fed up with the idiot box and idiot music.
Found myself burning old flowers I bought for my ex, burned
the bouquet then while in golden fires threw it off the balcony.
I use to sit and watch my ex yell at the cat while she shook her fists, spewing spit as of she was a dog with rabies:
"SHUT UP! SHUT UP!"
"Meow! Meow! Meow!" The cat would drone on & on.
I'd hit the mute button & stare quietly while she would hold onto the kitchen sink & shake violently as if on a roller coaster.
Tonight, I lay back in imaginations:
Visions of myself setting the living room on fire & watch all the possessions I bought with my dead aunt's money:
Burn, crackle, melt.
Watch my guilt ridden nothing life billow in dark smoke.
My aunt waits in Hades & because of her life of gold-digging I got rich from the inheritance for 2 years.
Would've gladly traded in the comfort of being able to pay the:
Gas bill,
electric bill,
rent:
in return to hear Jesus tell me that my poor aunt is apart of His elect & she's lying on a beach in heaven.
I told Jesus an hour ago to stop my heart while I watched the x-files.
Go ahead, take me I said while lying now in bed,
in the night,
2:44 am

within a well cleaned and pressed apartment.
Last week I took the gun my father bought me for my birthday & unloaded it then put it against my temple & pulled the trigger 5 times.
Before that question during the x-files I thought on that fire.
The pure flames that reach up like a hanged man reaching up quickly to untie his feet from the gallows.
Put away the ritualistic golden raven flames Sean.
Listen, they are doing a homeless outreach at church Sunday morning & the grandmother at the pulpit says they need 30 dollars per person if you want to help out.
God has other plans for me being that my heart is still pumping.
If the insomnia could stop I would've just thrown gallons of
water on those flames & closed my eyes to listen to the box fan lying against the wall & allow the slip-away until tomorrows early afternoon
but during the divorce my ex took the fan.

Pervert!

Written: 6/18/2025

She was a middle aged toad.
If you could call her that.
A witch's hag face with a pale body
built like a prepubescent boy.

We locked eyes when I pushed the woman's
restroom opened at the library.
It's my job as security to make checks.

"Excuse me., do you feel what you're doing
is appropriate?"

Before we locked eyes I was about to
yell announcing myself with the word
on the tip of my lips.

"This is inappropriate. We both know
what your doing is inappropriate." She accused.

I looked at my watch: 7:55pm.
The library was closing in 5 minutes.

"Mam, I check all 4 bathrooms
5 minutes before closing due to the homeless
setting up camp and using drugs."

"No, you walked in here without
announcing yourself. You're in here
trying to peak at the ladies."
She said as she crossed her arms.

"Uhm..."
"I could've been naked! What then?!" She yelled.

"Mam.."
"By YOUR poor standards I could be security! Should I apply!?"

I turned around as I rolled my eyes then walked
back to the security guard podium.

"I should be a security guard! With your poor standards
I can do it! Anybody can!"
The hag yelled as she walked into the lobby.

"Alright... alright.." The big goofy librarian said.
She walked out.

When getting back to the office the woman running
dispatch told me to call the owner.
My bosses boss.
That hag tried getting me fired.

Here we go...

"Hey listen Sean... That woman you had that spout with?
She's a disgruntled employee. I fired her ass 8 months ago
and she's mentally ill.
Just come in and fill out an IR and you'll be
fine. Even when we do good we get in trouble.
We're always getting fucked over."

"Thank you boss" I said and he hung up.

I walked into the office and dispatched handed me the paper.

"That poor girl... that poor girl... she was yelling for
us to fire you for 20 minutes straight. I couldn't
get her to calm down... poor ill girl..." She said.

I didn't say anything.

She comes to the library daily still and I found
out she has a 1 to 1 tech with her most days.

She came up to my podium last night saying:
"Hello Mr. Security. Are we going to have a good night?"
in a tone talking to me like im an idiot.

Library staff won't take initiative and ban these nut
cases

so like dispatch I stayed quiet and stared a
hole though her until she got uncomfortable
and walked out

The cold sober of October

Written: 3/22/2025

My marriage to the world hasn't been beautiful.
It's a silver man stricken with hollow cancer.
Like walking thru a rotten garden that lies silent
And I am the snake choking on the dirt.
This horse bile that gardaworld has gifted me.
Getting a commemorative coin from my boss and my
Supervisor telling me to throw it in the street.
Then walking into lines of abandoned offices
I'm not allowed to sit down in.
Mr.Black? It was your military background
That inspired the insipid rules of this pointless job.
We are worked like government mules; you make
Us hate you with the words that we write.
You're the one that makes it
unbearable for the security workers.
When I get home after being stuck in traffic
For 45 minutes I tell Lily that
I can't afford Chinese takeout tonight.
The blood boils up inside like a demented hyena.
Do pins and needles fill the lungs of the
Silver man with a million dollar budget?
Has all of Phoenix gone mad?
The EMT night school and this day job
Are catching my clothes on fire.
This copper man has his poor soul wrapped in barbwire.
Overdraft fees with sleepless nights
Imprisoning this burning heart for the gospels.
He who loves to trust in mother earth
Eats razor sharp candy from a shattered bowl.
Filling his heart's desire with a crimson
Light as he proclaims from bloody lips:

"It's a miserable life".

The lurking stairs came crawling back

Written: 7/12/2020

The camelback road stretches.
The signs here melted during the summer of 2017,
not replaced.

When the woman with long red hair with her Chicago bears jacket
kept me waiting at the abandoned
baseball diamond.

Did those stairs want to be politely walked on?
Mute from screaming all night like a clown,
hot muggy Saturdays; hungover.
not knowing if I had to pull over to vomit.

I'm healthy now, so healthy that I've become a
complacent health nut.
My brother asked me about the diets I've been on lately as a kick;
down 31Lbs in a month.

"You're not fat." He stated.
"I know. . Maybe I'm suffering from body dysmorphia."
Not like the man bound to his wheelchair that runs the
New York Quarterly.
He knows who he is.

"Well, knock it off." My brother said.

The potholes back in the dry molten boredom known as Tucson are as open
as hunting seasons with doves numbers so high
you can't not snag hundreds of deaths with a
few shells.

Anyways,
I spoke about a woman who asked how she could
keep her meals down;
I think I have more of 'it' together than she does but lately
I've been starving myself.

Why I feel the need to put this pen to the page
in order to function
is a great sordid mystery.
Get it?! That's the punch line!
You ever met anyone else driving Camelback to the world coming
down?

I get it;
my brother isn't patting me on the back with a pound of
poison ivy glued softly to his hand; to watch
the poison seep into my shoulders.

We got no where to lay roots.
As vast as the dirt and broken up concrete that married each-other.
I got off the crushing diet through my conscious lately weighs on my
chest like
yellow & grey electric barbells.
with her & others; I stacked copies of my poetry collections
on that dimly lit
staircase.

Didn't really work out the way I planned it but still:
Being told I'm 'Big Daddy'
I throw swift high kicks so hard it sends the punching back
flying hard into the grey brick wall.
But,

I keep my hands to my sides without any power.

Red, she left me on that diamond with the moths, knowing the Holy Spirit that
shines upon the empty tomb.

I've already been told it's ok to close the front
door at that house, with the
staircase;

But,
It's got an open crack, so did I still gain victory?
He defeated death & I defeated myself.
I burned my lips & the inside of my
mouth;
sucking in the desperate light brown air
as she chewed mouthfuls of peppers;

telling me for one last time her love for
dank memes.

Black green passion

Written: 3/24/2025

A friend's kiss from kindergarten, next day
I walked on her remains;
invisible men garbled my teen years.
At night I leaned into the sparkling black,
hid in coal grass by a door housing the vulture entombed.

Wrapped ivy like blankets around me,
I shunned the inviting hands of Artemis.
Though her musical notes are awe inspiring;
the empty tomb is my dresden diamond.

Waking 30 years later, from coma to fervor,
I clench this poem against my chest.

Carbuncle

Written: 8/8/2020

My time for you
Isn't a cold brew
for you to beholden like
far fetched transgressions.
Though it was
because of me
that you bowed your knee to the
cathedral;
I walked a while,
infected,
into the eye squinting
bash of hot winds.
You sook to hold a
beautiful moth in comfort:
forever is a clock not promised.

A fox in the hen house

Written: 6/16/2018

A flower that was grown inside the bars.
The bare blanket stares into my afraid meta eyes.
The air holds thousands of matches on the oblivion edge
ready to strike and burn off my lips & the
tips of my fingers.
Like the lack of insolin, the bored horrors
that hide within diabetes and in the crevice of my
mattress.
The walls are dark and the sun hasn't lightly
grazed this place in the last 3 days.
The patients at this surgery center have morphed
and turned into barracudas.
The more of the little of myself,
I give,
They take a bite & bring a souvenir of my
flesh and my will, back to their homes & their families.
I would not suggest anyone to enter the medical
field for any reason.
They all have that great mighty dollar hovering over their heads
& seldom have the desire to heal the patients.
The whole reason one should enter the field in the first place.
The vines wrap around with cave light inside
of my chest,
inching up and up by one inch at a time.
These bars are electrified & the Namib desert's unrelenting
heat stirring like soup in my veins.
Foul stench fills the air & the end of the tunnel shows
Jack Kerouac,
on the road,
jumping across mountain gaps & burn freight cars.

A job with no end in sight because of money always being needed & this, i'm afraid,
has no end in sight.
My girlfriend, 1, 000 miles away & the meat claws,
holding tightly onto my birth certificate.
Tighter than anything I've ever seen in my life,
coming from Santa Clara.
This is where, I'm told, I was born as an incubator baby.
The first thing I did was eat shit when coming out of the womb and I've been eating
life's shit ever since.

I'm begging you to go fuck yourself

1/1/2017

The horrid glory of dust raining down on us in broad daylight.
2 months to go on the lease with negative in the
back account.
and still, with my 4th book out for sale still no one knows
who I am in the dying art of poetry.
I'm the self proclaimed leader of the 21st century
beat-nik movement and all I have are the snails that slither
beside me and air to play with.
Maybe 16 more years and the heavens will open,
prosperity might open or I'll lay in the drugged dust with
Phillip K. Dick,
or play off his gigantic corpse,
or the atomic bomb sea.
It's going to take another 15 years for the spine zeitgeist I
would guess because of all the twirling mustache
vinyl fucking hipsters which will
finger themselves to my words and worship my books once
they think i'm relevant.
But alas,
the library is closed.
I became enraged in the car punching and slapping the steering
wheel.
Then..
I was given visions of Prescott in the distance with snow covering
the mountains.
There are no layers of molten rock laughing with poised fingers
like smith & wessons,
just a nice ride.
While NPR spews 'news' about some band from Syria with
weird sounding instruments and vocals.
What a wonderful start to 2017!

Nothing noteworthy but a slap in the face by the quick silver hand
of the devil.
The car is now dead after the good hard fight and now waiting on
a new call center job that may never come.
When will the nomad life catch me in it's fingers like a floating
feather I saw once in Phoenix and lay me softly down
in bed?
The money God cleans the bed and pats with new sheets and pillows
but when it catches you and lays you down your heart is skipping
beats,
your face is twisting in pain from stress,
and there is a slight inner satisfaction from the good days work.
My heart has gyrated badly yesterday afternoon going on for
a solid 3 seconds.
The only reason I had vigorous exercise was because of the car!
I have no bike and no money.
The church was calling me from the murky depts and I walked 45 minutes to get to
church.
I'm 28 and still giving the middle finger to life,
still on my knees begging for the truth and rejecting everything else.
A martyr of the social construct.
Refusing to "grow up" and accepting my place as the
priest of warm desolation.
You have to ask yourself what is better?
To work and fill with nothingness or mooch,
take odd jobs here and there and absolutely destroy the literary
world with my laptop I use as a typewriter?
Most would pick option A,
I take Robert Frost's the road less traveled.

Waiting

6/18/2017

Sitting here day dreaming.
Thinking about high school when it was over 10 years
Behind me.

Dumb gang shit,
Meditating on being destined with the crew for hell
And now I know better but I still think

This, in the back of my head.

Feeling the struggle in my feet and feeling the broken
Off call I tried to have with Felix last night.

In the torment.

She is a good girl though.
We haven't ever been together I keep picking others
Over her.

I'm looking around the book mans and see a woman
Who just walked in.

Black pants -
White dress shirt -
Long curly black hair -

I look for flaws in her flesh and face when I definitely
Am no prize swine.

I'm fat and out of shape yet Felix says
She wants me to get fatter.

Who is this girl peeking in my screen door?
How does she see my soul when she's never seen me
In person?

I look at the biker card laying on the small table.
Pick it up then walk over to the electronics desk to get
20 in store credit.

Just 1 more day and the weather is gonna get
So bad,
Not one person will be able to leave their houses.

Strangler in the air

Written: June/12/2018

We are slowly dying under
florescent unholy
lights.

To sweat the desire out.

To bleed during the swearing while the stuffing
is smashed out of the fake
tiresome animals,
covered in slobber & dirt.

Raged by an unusual amount of sickly kids.

I stand in a room,
surrounded by tubes & needles & medicines
with names I do not understand,
with my feet & arms crossed.

There seems to be a death cloud overhead inside
the OR.
Tomino & his opposite poem,
like the strangler in the air, meets up with us
with an invisible rope in both hands.

Regardless,
I am thinking on what I've been pondering
for the last 15 years:
Why we cannot connect the separated?
Why should I continue to pray for the next breath?
Pray for protection from the brutal unknown?

To plaster the skies with noxious yellow.
An underbrush to the demands from the giants &
the eye
of the new world order.

The pool was nice.
A hot breeze blew, hitting the upper half of my body
and there is one day where I don't
have to think on
these things.

Have a seat, depression, we need to talk

Aug/21/2016 Rejection stings like a hive of tarantula hawks. the rejection from poised fierce stingers from men drowning in worldly thoughts with 10 toes pointing to the pulpit. I do not fit into distraught men's thoughts, wait, wait. Forget it, I'm back to loving life and honest behavior. I'm back, leave the apprehension on the floor mat with the bent key and shriveled up recluse spiders. My reader, we have to move on at some point and the July where thinness wavers in the wind is just the perfect time. The impenetrability can be penetrated and the impregnable can become pregnant. If you walk off with the ghost of holies and walk through the valley of the shadow of death then the valley of the shade for cooling I believe God will meet you at the end and you'll be better for it.

I groan

Written: 3/3/2025

A disection of flowers
with my fingers I pick ghostly,
leading head for the
all soul's procession; dragging
stolen tools like skeletons
& a
wagon like a coffin.
Fentynal dragged her across
the hot coals of nowhere,
and I cannot stop her.
Being injured and calling off;
I'm dusgusted by the
starshine in her eyes.
Left alone in a torrid temper
my wife sees in my eyes
times past of skeletons,
with my head flowing out a
stream on the mattress
like a steaming river.
Tomorrow is another day
in measureless disassociation;
and I am now clocked in
with 2 weeks left,
biding my time to persecute
and waiting in a
dead garden.

Lola's coffee house

Written: 5/28/2023

Covered in a black sweater and my leather
jacket, all black
for some reason,
I walked down the downtown street in
Phoenix, AZ where the Suns can
dance to the playoffs then get pushed out
with all yells and
consequences; listening to MF Doom.
Walked into the coffee house across the
street from my apt,
there are hipsters and yuppies filling up the
line that wraps around the house.
Mindless conversation or the other half
with their eyes glued to their
phones.
I do the same thing because I hate having
small talk conversations
with strangers.
Just pretend i'm not there.
I get up to the counter and the hipster
plasti-goth girl who takes my order is
wearing a custom MF Doom shirt.
She'd, like most people, have no idea that I
listen to the same artists.
I caught her looking at my shirt right after
she said
'may I take your order?'
I forgot in my tired haze that I accidentally
put on a shirt with Trump's face on it
that says
'you can insurrect dis dick'

a shirt my wife got for me that she found
at the salvation army.
I was embarrassed but let's pretend that
I'm not wearing the shirt.
She put in my order and the temples
of people around me felt like walls closing in.
'white mocha iced with whip cream and caramel drizzle.'
one of the women from the back
said.
I grabbed it and placed a lid on then
walked out casually but trying to escape.
I don't recall how much the coffee was I kinda
just gave the girl a clump of money.
Walked out and took in a deep breath.
Pulled out my phone, put on MF Doom,
then proceeded to walk around town
dodging the yuppie cars and hipsters that
walk their dressed up
dogs.

The good luck club

Written: 6/7/2022

I have never seen a child die.
Never been asked to speak at a funeral service.
However, I got the clothes hanging in the
back of the closet.

Now-a-days my wardrobe is colorful and vibrant.
My wife and her family want my fashion to reflect lighter things.

I've dressed as though my life's a funeral.
Even would drive around in a hearse if I wasn't always broke.
The electrician that worked at my old wrestling school I attended did.

Have no idea what it's like being around a dead child.
Last week in the ER I was told by one of the nurse's to
'keep the body on ice'
woman in her 50's came in with a cough, left my hands in a
body bag with the undertaker slipping me the receipt.

Last time I attended a funeral it was my wife's grandmother.
Wasn't much darkness nor softness.
Before her death she took my hand and spoke in spanish for a while
then when finished my girlfriend said with tears in her eyes
'she prayed for you'

Today, a man online told me his experience as a pastor with dead kids
at hospitals and advised to hug my loved ones being that you
don't know much time you have with them.
At the hospitals his job is to have the parents cry on his shoulder and
at my job I assist with the body in the morgue for transport.
I told him:
"I'll hug my wife as soon as she gets home from work."

Do the poets still write about nostalgia?

Written: July/2/2020

It's been strange to not come back to the poetry word.
No one ever brings up this medium of style but it doesn't bother me.
We're being good obedient citizens.
We wear the masks we're told to wear.
My fiancé Lily went to the drive thru yesterday for the swab to find this corona virus.
The business stated that she's clean so we drove for 6 hours to New Mexico for fourth of July weekend.
There was an episode I saw when I was younger from some show about supernatural healing where this kid that looked like therman mermen was yelling over and over after an exorcism took place in a sandbox: Come back! Come back! Come back!
That's how I feel right now when it comes to the old wild days.
I wasn't even writing these damn poems while getting blasted I was writing lyrics for songs.
Sang and rapped late into the Friday hot nights.
The nights waking up every hour checking my pulse.
Feeling that the beats are an aryan war drum rhythm all night as if I was jogging in my sleep.
The little lonely nights only felt that way the other 6 days of the week.
Now in July 2020 I've been working on a book that has been beating the ever living shit out of me.
Calling up one weird memories in a fever dream to have a confrontation with my subconscious.
I am slowly going mad but still keeping on a straight normal face when around everyone.
Wild drinking nights have been a friend you never wanted around because you know she's bad company but those 4 hours of fueled insanity we're to this point the best moments of my life.
Maybe that's the thing about letting the black dog in your house?
You have to be open to the possibility it'll become unleashed and the chaos I want will morph from a dog to a black fire.
Praying to the porcelain toilet is the inferno I can't get off of my lap.
After my fiancés father told me about the 70 year old man suffering a heart attack as he was drinking behind the wheel it really put things in perspective.

I lost my keys; normally the first thought that popped up was 'I got no where to go.'to 'I am a respected member of society so I better look for them.'

The rood of metamorphesis

The still winds creep on hanged men with fluids & dignity barren.
The likeness of scarecrows installed into dug holes by the likes of
farmer satanic soldiers to scare the poor opposition of Roman high
governors & money hungry Zionists with power decaying.

The most holy of hours bore darkness from the Father's pregnant
sky with water and air molecules deadlocked. Superstition deadlocked,
scrolls unravel spiritually from two sites enlightened in this moment
from the unsettled poorly nailed graves of Amos & Joel.

A far going to the sinners last chance, his own tree of triumph.
"Into your hands I command myself" yelled from the mouth obliterated in
punishment.
The veil cracks and wrenches back with watchers under ash and
dust as angels are up in heaven levitating in lament.

Cursed crucifix tree juxtaposed as blessed, slung across the neck of the followers.
Remaining atonement for an unknown time but time
led after His tomb.
The immovable rock gains motion and the hazardous fleeting hope
crawls through it's cocoon as rebirth and God is always undying.

Collections - Household

Re-write / remastered from 11/14/2011
Written: 5/10/2020

This newly built house that fell to the tentacles of a drug den culture feels like it's
wrapped in indomitable snake skin.
The same cowboy boots cartel assassins wear with skull caps.
At night I come out to the backyard with a few light bulbs blinking from posts and
the red brick wall behind the back door.
Come out with the pit bulls to stare into the murky deep.
2 palm trees, a jacuzzi bugs use as a party pad & mounds of sand next to cement
walls.
After I grab the bucket of bleach with my grip & pour it into the green pool waters not
realizing the bleach splashing out, staining my black converse shoes with the red
anarchy symbol on both sides.
I was blinded by lust & what I thought was love.
My girlfriend's mother was always 'lost in Mexico' returning weeks later just in time
to bring enough money for us to eat & pay the bills.
She was a drug hungry lifeless person.
Just like M. Das, the poet from the Song of Kali book I kept hidden under my pillow
with a butcher's knife.
I thought after putting down that bucket of bleach:
'I dropped out of college, dropped out of wrestling school which was my hopes and
dreams and left the few friends I had and the church I was a member at all for this??
A hell with THIS WOMAN???'
My family back in Cali has no idea what's going on here in Tucson.
The nights here we're I thought my morality was at the end of a barrel, at age 20 I
always thought I was going to get my face ripped off by a blood thirsty man & shown
back at me while he held the top of skin flap with just my eyeballs looking.
My girlfriend sits on the couch after screaming at her abandoned mother for hours
and cries while her younger sister smashes a glass mirror in her room against the
floor I walk back into the backyard and write out this poem:
'You bitch, Calcutta'
You irrefutable stain!
The sin that let's Mexican cartel members live in the mother's room of this
household, this place I regret a million times coming to!
I mock you, sin & the original day you we're conceived.
For reasons unknown I cannot touch you,

I cannot strangle the night out of your neck!
Your hounds of opium keep me up at night & your
walking nightmares keep me tired during the day oh ...
Calcutta.
You're as beautiful as a fate alive in a cremation oven,
as lovely as cancer.
The only life I see in you is death.
One day your towers of filth will come tumbling down,
my bride, oh... Calcutta.'

Summer of 09

Written: 10/9/2024

I have no fear since the Lord pulled my soul up
in June 2009 as the devil
tried yanking my guts out.
I drove fancy and lemon cars and trucks
thinking on when I ran out my energy tanks
in my skinny ankles.
All around me was a mirage; under confusion's
smokey chalice, locked now in my bride's kiss.
Most love theme parks on mount
Olympus and shine a filthy light showing they
wanna be worshipped.
So I degraded them with a glare that
says stay away from me.
I've been to pale hospitals for births
I've helped roll out body bags with the undertaker.
I don't need money or great possessions that men would
sell the clouds and mountains for.
I was drawn spiritually to my first church
of the 3 crosses that mascons sculpted
out of coruscating blocks,
but pouring donor money into the church box
lead to the alcohol and a ring of
awful Saturdays.
Does this have to do with 09'?
I-10 placed a brick house on my shoulders,
the empire state's view couldn't enrapture me
because the anxiety and anger were riding
shotgun as always but dramatic romances and
the Sirius star have a lot in common.
Was this about my church age?
09'?
This poem is about 09', yes.

Dome on the rock

Written: 8/8/2017

I'm sitting at this glass table eating my birthday
cake and pondering on spending money on
a new therapist.
During mini-golf my ex got on her
knees several times to grab the ball out of
the hole.
We we're all sweating and when asking:
"Hey, would you like me to get the balls for you?"
The scenery for this course became fires
from maggot hell.
Souls waiting in a place that forgot time and
wailing voices in the blood pits.
Fire surrounds like temple knight soldiers but
their is no humidity on this golf course.
29 years of age and we still hang upside down from
chains
reading the alphabet backwards in
guts and innards.
"The mores, the lay of the land." She says
with her mind
as she eats ice cream out of a small
bowl outside the arcade.
I've escaped the bowels of the ancient alien giants
but the bat moon
is feeding into the will of the
great succubus.
Tainted she is and gangrene,
waiting to strike from life's sewer and it
struck
7 months ago when life crumbled apart.
My last ex is using that moon to place
a dark spell on me through that sliding glass door
right over there,
and we shall see if the hex comes
to pass.

My friends went home and so did I a
little buzzed with nothing to ponder
until I sat down for
cake.

Inherited the earth

Written: June/14/2021
I don't recall the last time I felt that feeling that i'd
inherit the earth.
That was before working at the surgery center in 2017.
I was still busting my ass building things for my wife
when I first move into her house in Phoenix.

I felt last time when I 'inherited the earth'
was getting fired from the Chamberlain job.
Not even when I got fired from Converge's back when I
was a pharmacy technician for 2 months.
I didn't feel a sense of great freedom but dread.
That meant I was going to have to continue living with my
parents.

I do good on my own now.
32 about to turn 33.
Good small house in downtown Phoenix.
Even back when I was working for central security and they let me
go for call out too much.
I didn't feel like I 'inherited the earth' I felt like
'shit. what are we gonna do now?'

I don't have a father to take care of me financially anymore.
When I call bullshit I can't walk out or allow myself to be fired
then walk to the cafe and work on my novels.
I'm responsible.
A wife looks to me for leadership.
I have to go to the gym 6 mornings a week.

I'm a security officer now at a psych ward.
Everyone but the patient's love me.
One nurse turned around from her computer and with a wag of her finger:
"Mister you make the patients and the staff nervous when you just stand there."
I gave a fake chuckle then continued being quiet.

My hour was up.

Told the nurse: 'Call me if anyone gets out of hand.'
walked out into the parking lot for the next patrol and talked shit about
that nurse and thought to myself as the sun was setting against the mental asylum
'I'm finally the man everyone wanted me to become.'

Paper tracks for the snails

Written: 1/19/2025

For the love of it all.
Dank vision crusted over on the forest sewage reserves.
Harlequin, bating beauty washed up on dark rivers.
Virginia Woolf, you had so much more to offer the world
on a delectable plate.
Never commit suicide,
even if your priceless works are thrown out.
If you give into the devil's whims,
this is a somewhat acceptable patriotic front.
A tourist that 'liveth again' the disgusting mouth from a pedophile.
Stop connecting words and pronouns that never
existed before.
Them dry old bones,
unlocking this gland and letting the rocks glide feels comfortable.
There are fish from businessmen there are fish for sports as the
last great David Lynch once said.
Fight, punch him off his bike.
Leave him in a bloody pool because pearls can get thrown in either direction.
It's never covered in full darkness.
God always wants a light, we see the moving of the moon.
Thank you Jesus that you didn't make me a bug.
The banner waives to the north.
Roller coaster monopolies, shagging desperate fissures,
vestiges, post cards to your inner tranquilities.
Car cable midnights under florescent trees.
The brazen bull calls your name with someone else's screams.
If and only if you live in a holy prayer life.
We all make mistakes, some become barflies more than others.
Descending into the green pit filled with human sludge.

Tropicana Jive

Written: 6/21/2025

Sent as an emerging
after thought to work
the community pool.
Sent to the pool park
where 4 cartel kids
we're executed by
4 high school classmates.
I walk and was told by
a mother that there's
a needle lying on the
edge of the walkway.
I walk behind the pool
area and see the dimly
lit tweakers out on the
grass with
fentanyl aluminum foil
syringes laying in the
tan bark at the
playground.
Considered walking up
and punching the bald
tweaker in the face
when I see the kids
swimming past the fence.
But what would that change?
As I walked back to
the front I thought on
how the world is satan's
realm and
there isn't much I can
do to change that.

My Christ, when will you send in the clowns

Written: 7/7/2018

Sharp pains ran into my left knee cap last night after getting a 6 pack.

The whole foods rep told me they don't have a liquor license,
I walked away from the man in my anger and grabbed what I could find out of
The freezer box.
I felt that I had broken a world record but rules on top of unjustified rules fell down
on top
of me like the bricks of a poorly built house.
I didn't want to drink being that Dan was off to Cancun, MX.
My brother came over and he also came over again this morning
right after I put my pants on.
We drove to the mall where all the clowns & their laughable children
played in glass huts and bronze cowboy stores.
I bought a coffee after speaking to the manager of the Gloria jeans café' about
possible
employment for my brother then headed to the gospel rescue mission with my
application that took
1 ½ hours to fill out with a thick pen.
A bearded woman walked from the back counter and told me I couldn't apply to work
with the homeless women and kids but to come back Monday and apply for the
men's mission which was sitting behind the brick building.
We gave it all we could then drove across the street to look at all the graves and
tombstones.
I thought to myself how we need more jester's in the king's court,
We need the air of life to be less dense.
Noting that my brother is a part-time stand up comedian, he understands these
things
Better than I do.
Maybe Spock said it best when he told a clown that the world needs laughter.
Just maybe, if I'm under God's luck,
clowns will fill all of Nogales next Friday so when I finally get to see my baby
In the horrors of the border town I'll get nice hellos and juggles of
Colored objects for free entertainment
with my arm around her shoulders
instead of a colorless knife right to the kidney.

In the crevice of punch-blades

Written: 7/25/2020

In a stateless opium; supposed justice; just yesterday one of them

exploded his wife's face like a grenade in a watermelon.

American gulag; they're all packed in like hungry sardines
filled to the caged brim with conservative reporters.

Nephilim looking soldiers, 12 feet tall,
haven't had a meal in the last 3 days. Beat to shit.

Prisoners play chess with toilet paper statuettes; as he sits on
his bed & writes out all of the sins that got him there.

1 meal every 4 days with a side dessert of live rat; in
brown halls then the poor sun shines on brown sweaty dirt.

The Sach's sent coffers to vaults in several private locations,
Julian's coffin may lay in the crevice of a painting poster board.

He can see the San Francisco bridge that's seldom used from his
window. Noticed a man that looks like Desiderius Erasmus dropping off a board.

Julian glued 4 razorblades haphazardly to a rubberband;
awaiting the labor camp with teeth chattering.

Speaking out of both sides of his mouth: "My salvation" he says
as he props up in his cell a picture of glory: Joseph Stalin.

In a ship wreckage of blinding light he threw a punch to the
poster that ensured him to work those fields 1 handed.

Lord Byron

Written: 10/15/2024

Lord Byron,

all these books,
collections of poetry lying on the shelves of royalty.
Slashed page after page of written art;
but the greatest tragedy wasn't your lived life but the fall of
your own crescent moon,
sunken into the grave without the beacon of
light which is the Holy Ghost.
What other poet could match him?
Take him under arrest, capture and drag him
as a fugitive?
Can you cut the brain of a man with diamond-clear brilliance?
Therein lies the problem.
The old saying "There's no such thing as an atheist in
a foxhole."
Bulletproof believing or not, a hand with fever or
not.
The talented sinner is hellbound so
don't take anything for granted
like the grey flower that was burned internally
then drowned at the edge of the Greek ocean.
The royalty around you may feel differently
after someone spouts the
gossip of deceiving sayings and
now you're in question.
The guards you called friends are now dragging
you to trail & you scream as Lord Byron did because
everything you know all is coming to an end
as the school kids, working civilians and the Christians
you never gave the time of day to hear you.

He sees the worst of high-end humanity

Written: 1/26/2019

He sees the world as the accountant for

men in ivory towers peering over the world
from places like the tops of Scotland & Ireland.
He's been bitter for many many years.
He will, at times, take out his verbal aggression
out on our family, usually in the form of yelling about
politics. I believe that deep down inside, it's not really
president Trump he's so mad at but how he's
nearing the tail end of his life & it's been drained
& unfulfilled.
I never noticed passion for my father's foray into acting.
That or digging for treasures in places only his clients
get to go.
He told me once he wanted to be the next Al Pacino.
I wanted to be the next Cactus Jack when I was younger
later the next Iceman Liddell.
He's spent 36 years in the tax field & the last
7 years have been working for millionaire clients.
For most of my life I've never understood why someone
would work at a job they hate instead of reaching for
that dream in the sky.
I now understand that you do this in order to pay your
bills & not have to struggle as hard.
(Ali I hear at work: Sean! Turn over room 5 please! Sean! Where are the EKG chords?!
Blood pressure cuff for pediatric! Where's the chief nurse? The phone is ringing off
the hook! Subdue the patient in room 4 he's attacking the staff!)
I don't remember what a dream looks like.
I've been swimming around the same fish bowl
my dad swims in.
My father does his job and he lives that quiet simple life,
but why?

The overhaul

Written: 12/29/2021

Man...

it's just been one long long overhaul.
with twists and turns
and monsters jumping out of bushes
you don't know where these things are coming from.
I'm describing marriage.
You can do the laundry,
You can do mere basics of things,
or you can do big extraordinary things.
The line is always getting crossed,
and once again while walking down that path
the monster jumps out of the bush and
you don't know where to go from there.
To re-stack your emotions
Put yourself back on the blocks and keep walking down the trail.
There's always a fine line
between chaos and order
which i'm sure all of you reading this
have been told over and over again at this point.
But, there are lack luster times going forward
where you don't want to continue
rather move back to your previous city and start over.
The monster is there and he
is gonna keep being there.

Laziness makes bad writers of us all

Written: July/27/2021

My skills have improved at work but i've been falling short as a poet as of late.
At work Saturday I grabbed a mentally disturbed man whom tried attacking the
security officer
& I threw him down to the restraint bed; falling on top of him with my 219lbs.
After we strapped him down in the padded room he looked at me specifically & he
yelled
how he would make sure to place a bounty on my head.
I stood there angrily when one of the techs grabbed my arm then said:
"He ain't worth it big dog, come on man come on..."
Back 4 years ago my brother picked up my book that was lying in the garbage at his
feet on the passenger side:
"Pure Life - 5 years of madness"
He read one of my poems, laughed then said: "This is pretty good."
as I pulled out of the fry's parking lot in Tucson at speedway & whatever the hell the
cross streets called.
When working on this new chapbook, my '9th' it seems as though my magic well has
picked itself up
and run off,
like combing your fingers thru hair that feels like dead dry bones.
Like milk grass.
Like a promise of sheer violence that will become unfulfilled in that mental man's
head
as he shakes & grinds his teeth in that padded room while i'm here at home
injured.
I laid down on the bed with my wife & she held a water bottle she pulled out of the
freezer
down onto my elbow which stung to the touch.
I use to strive for the golden sentence years ago & as I lay upwards with pillows
under my
back & neck the painting for a moment jettisonid out at me from the wall.
That use to happen a lot more back when I felt I had nothing left.
When single i'd sit in the fluorescent light of my small room, drunk & high thinking
on why Dylan Thomas's poems we're so confusing.
Flicked the light off.
As we got ready for bed my wife; as she stared at the ceiling asked me:
"Why haven't you read me Raymond Carver as we try & sleep in such a long time?"
I placed my glasses on the dresser then said:

"I don't know."

Jubilant Dust

Written: 9/4/2020

The pain in his eyes I've seemed to have caused.
Yelling: Why did none of these things get done?!
Where the fragility hangs in the air but invisible & never specified;
but that's the sway of the security guard shifts.
Can you feel it? The winds are at a stand-still.
My tire was flat at the bottom of a dirt patch.
I had to work the hours so the steel stayed stuck to my safety.
So i'm accused of being a duplicate?
You we're 'forced' to report me or so that's what you penned,
your not respectable or a damaged fawn nor are you my friend.
Donny, live in your bubble you sorry excuse for a bastard.
I'm the one sitting here in this office like an old man staring out the window.
Watching the backs of reflective trucks on the highway shove off
the sunlight and fade into the grey-ish blue sky as the back tires kick
up some happy dust.

The A's baseball game

Written: 5/3/2020

That damn thing was sitting up there in the sky.
The big yellow ball burning us, my kid body and my brother's.
My dad would tell us as he bought us A's hats:
"You gotta keep these things on you're heads or the sun is gonna rip off our scalps."
Both my brother & I walked up to the green barrier where we could
see the pitcher square in the middle of that diamond.
I hate baseball, it's the world's most boring sport but it sure did beat the damned hell
outta getting my ass kicked and robbed at school or hours of
boring soul taking t.v. after school on days where the kids show workers
just didn't give a damn and played huckleberry the hound or tom cat.
It was 1998 you fucks, what's with the B cartoons from the 60's?
The pitcher in his green and white was chewing gum,
looked around
and as he threw the fire ball released from his wrist I screamed
'YOU DUMBASS!'
'GLENN!' My father yelled..
It was a strike which gave some waves of cheers and claps from the crowd.
My father looked around then tried pulling his kid's cap over his head,
let it go then pretended I didn't yell.
Second throw: The pitcher looked around and spit, he lifted his leg like a dog
about to piss on mom's rug and I screamed from the barrier again:
'IDIOT!'
'GOD DAMMIT GLENN! JESUS H CHRIST!' My father yelled.
My brother Buck was covering up his face as he laid it against the
barrier and laughed.
Baseball.
I hated playing it because I was no good at it and I just wished my father could've
brought a small t.v so we could take turns playing Super Mario Bros' 3 on the NES.
There was a pop fly some time in the game and this older kid came running
up with a catcher's mit.
He was so excited like babe Ruth stood up out of his grave in the pine tree fields just
to go to Oakland stadium, somewhere near Bunker Hill, his dreams, my dreams of
walking thru the tunnel so we could get the hell out of there and maybe all of our
desires pouring into the middle of the diamond field.
As the ball came it sure as shit fell in front of us.
Just before the drop a guy came running down the cement steps and ran that kid
right into the barrier we're just standing in front of.

The kid cried,
my Father yelled under his breath at the guy who shoved the kid to get some stupid baseball, and we burned.
We ate some hot dogs with cokes, we're sun burned all over our bodies where my skin was sticking to the leather in the back seat of the car but at-least my mother she faired alright, she never came, lifetime television always hit the home run.

he takes the skin with treasures plenty

Written: Oct/1/2024

In Cush's kingdom if you don't

celebrate other strange gods and
see the 'right things' you don't get
assassinated like in Iraq,
Here you have your character assassinated
then struggle to find another odd job
because when you want what your Father
wants, you're labeled as a problem.
What does it mean to lock in thoughts?
Lock in God's intent for you when sin is like a
demon animal
crouching behind the door.
Without intent, if you turn the key and unlock
the sinful desires which we are all prone to doing
then the joy of wicked love begins.
Pure life,
temptation below
Steal, kill, and destroy is the motto and
Lucifer like Santa Claus brings his bag of gifts
with present boxes exacting transference.
Yeshua speaks and both the stomach and all food
are incinerated in a nuclear blast.
This to you and to me is a reminder
that we are but vapors.
With a purple staff that snapped the serpent one,
He lays me down by a still stream.
As I see others amputated with cleavers and
icepicks, without calculation,
awaiting the slow arrival time of the paddy wagon,
repentance creates the hope of knowing
your spirit won't be touched and you can
rest assured in that.

200,000 stab wounds

Written: 6/5/2025

Dental records equals headaches then
the detective retires,
as difficult as shuffling through
remains of a person who laid on fire.

To one corpse, it turns into soup.
Like a cartel case, cops don't know what to do.

Volatile cocktails with no
rooms for living detainees,
3 buses full a day so it's easy to see
the marching and the chanting:
"From the river to the sea!" -

The virtuous monk

Written: 3/6/2022

Dad was about to drive to Lucky's, like a knife thru
the orange sunset.
I get in to accompany him, noticing a book in the door holder:
"How to become a practical Buddhist"
My brother's book wove me on a yin yang of ideas to
mesh my satanic sorcery beliefs with enlightenment meditations.
I was saved 2 years later.
Thank Yahweh I didn't have to continue experimenting with religions.

One of those nights

Written: 4/11/2019

I am awoken in an awkward night with a face smiling at
me that's only seen by my left eye.
Say a little prayer and the face then distorts & disappears
in a puff of small smoke.
Most mornings I jump out of bed when the alarm kicks
but this time
I gradually pull the sheets back in slow motion.
Get up as the crickets are playing their concert & ignore the moonlight
that's shown through my bedroom window.
I don't wanna see it.
That light indicates that i'm tired & only have so much time to try
and actually sleep until that god-damn alarm clock kicks.
Drank some water out of the gallon jug & sat at the table.
Grabbed a pen then began drawing a light bulb with stick legs.
It's running in the pitch black of night.
If the sun peels my curtains open then i'm throwing the pen at the
wall then gonna call out sick at my fuckin' job.

The adrenaline devours the blood

Written: Sept/5/2017

I would drive down to the coffee house cafe'
while my ex girlfriend was taking calls.
She sold different internet / t.v. packages and
I would sit in that cafe' by myself for a day in
smoldering Phoenix every time I made the
trip.
During the hot days where I couldn't hold
onto my steering wheel for too long,
with the heat as high as 115 I asked the cashier
for a large water and I would sit down and
write.
Back then, a year and a half ago I would
work on my novel
"Kentucky fried girlfriend" or I would write
entire short stories or haikus or a couple
poems then shove the papers into my back
pocket or pick up and fold my laptop and
throw them into the back seat with the spare
keys Autumn gave me and then lay in her
bed and stare at the ceiling or look out of her
bedroom window and try to hold that time at
a stand still.
4:30 p.m. I would generously wait for then get
back into my car and drive on the highway for
ten minutes until I made it to the deer valley
exit.
Listened to the a.m. Christian broadcast in
Phoenix about a bible study done by a southern
Baptist old preacher then switch over to NPR
while I waited in the parking lot. At times I
would just keep the dial to the a.m. and listen
to commercials of the church selling bibles or
CD lesson plans feeling the utmost of adrenaline
knowing I had 7 hours to myself to write.
This never completely devoured the blood.
Only mixing wine and liquor where I'd be huffing
and puffing against the steering wheel and

she would come out of the side doors.
"Hey Baby!" She would yell as she's holding her
make up bag and her purse with her colorful wig on.
I raised one hand to say hey back with the dusk sun
blinding my eyes.

Clouds that hang like gobs of blood

Witten: April / 17 / 2023

She gave me back my insurance card.
'Invalid'
"Sir, you can still get treatment but everything
will be out of pocket."
So the boss at my current job lied to me.
"I'm assuming I need antibiotics. I don't know
what's wrong with my throat."
I said as hesitation and disbelief dripped off
my tongue.
"You may need extra. X-rays, the pills at your
pharmacy. Everything will be out of
pocket."
I took the paper then walked out.
Couldn't believe that within a span of 2 months I
would go from full coverage on everything
to having no insurance at all.
Walked out to my car that laid on the
broken cement cracks with the
cracked walls all over the urgent care
with a man tweaking at the bus stop next to me
in broad daylight.
I looked up and saw the streaks of enraptured
red clouds that hung like gobs
of blood; holding this world like eternity
in a noose.
Got in my car, started it then drove off into the
downtown Phoenix smog that's choked up
more than just the citizens and
innocent animals.

She threw the basketball into the soaked net

Written: July/15/2021

Violence is like benadryl,
to the mental
patients
that only know an insipid unrealistic
love lives.

There is something worse than
physical danger;
eyes
on you while the
rat in the heart of the insane
patient laughs.

My nerves
look on: as she throws
the basketball
in an
aleatory sense.

one dunks underwater,
one screams to see a doctor;

as I think
did the person scream when the patient
robbed them?

Formed in unison, lock step
as I held the black gate
opened

Writer of the ghetto

Written: 5/27/2023

That's the problem with living in a neighborhood
that causes constant tension.
I had the option many times to go work under my father and after
getting a trade degree I could've been making 40-50$ an hour
but I took the road less travelled.
Never could anyone point at me and say
'oh Sean is a trust fund kid. He only got that job because of his daddy.'
I have clawed and scratched my way out of the depths of hell.
Walking around in circles drinking coffee the last day of the month for
years on end hoping and praying my dad will give me the rent money.
The electric money, gas money.
He always did and I would continue to have panic attacks and get
let go from odd jobs and the govt didn't wanna hear any of it.
Weekly checks? You have to be drooling on yourself holding a knife to your throat in
order to get those 137$ a week govt checks.
I clawed my way out when my father said 'no more money'
yet the panic attacks actually stopped for the most part back in 2018.
But I never escaped the ghetto.
I've learned that there is no difference between the junkies in the ER and people like
me that kick them out.
The middle class workin' man and the man with no job at all are both burdens under
the big corporation.

The graveyard night

Written: 5/2/2022

Due to popular demand I didn't get my poetry talent by wailing in a random graveyard out in Hayward, CA.
I got inspired by W.W. & his leaves book like as if a baby named 'potential' crawled into my HS special-ed classroom.
That baby is left on the floor of the 100, 000$ gym and he's crawling while slapping the top of a chili can.
Beautiful young girls with their beautiful young mothers step over him.
'Ew! We ain't got no time for an ugly baby.'
My brain feels like dead rats swirling around in a toilet bowl.
Feet up on the granite desk, hands behind my head, there's a small moth flapping around the computer screen with security cameras all over this luxury apartment.
These damned residents and they're comfortable lives.
Working at this new place with 3 waterfalls over a pool shaped like a 4 leaf clover is giving me hot flashes like a giant is using a spatula to flip me over and over on a frying pan.
The sidewalk lamp casts a long light with an alien looking shadow.
I found you alien baby on the gym floor.
The administration is in the leasing office and i'm hiding in the guard shack while tentacles rope the palm trees, ropes like aquatic human arms
of which a white irish woman with a splash of freckles with purplish jewel eyes.
I got the taste of sweet wine on my tongue though i'm sober.
I'll finish with this:
thinking on that John Fante book where his father died with having his candy blood on his last breath.

The God of my tomorrow

Written: 6/2/2025

Seek God daily
For your heart will find its rest.
What cures the angst
Is daily devotion with your nose
In the golden gospel books;
Then using your nervousness
Which you would've
Walked the floor anyways
With words spoken out loud
To remember then proclaim
write out 10 of God's promises
To shoo the ghost away.

Brutalist Aesthetic

Written: 11/12/2019

Breath.
How – can I craft more poems of the same exact subject matter?
—
Leavi"ng to peace is a(xx) laughable wish * when
Reaching for @ cool streams in the lakes.
Like the

questing beast of old it drags the lake in its jaw

With a far silver leash.
-
Tonight's special guest is fi re *, without a(t.v.
Or social media.))
A bed before a brutal shift crawling with kids
& pre gnant_ women to your shift_ inside a cave
With.>8 m light and li ght air to<.
-

((circling))
(with a heart,, of steal
Worked madness)
+
Before the trouble of
Savage beatings *** to see ***
To unwind with the realization *
To cry /
?
-
+
Light footed walk off.

Dawn of the new golden aesthetic girl

4/1/2019

Driving a dark purple box with 4 wheels I was waiting
In the dusk.
'Hi, sorry I'm late.'
I looked at her like she was a distant relative of Esther.

I've talked through a pen on a 'dawn' before in my 4th book.
When penning about inter-dimensional aliens & folding up old
Girlfriends into the walls with the beds.
Back when relying on an ex's wallet to live.

The pain in my gut is a dull piece of work.
What is the ID trying to tell me?
The knots wrapped up my intestines & kidneys.
There's no blades in this dawn of a new beginning.

I presented a flower I bought for her with my Father's credit card.
At an awkward angle, gave it to her & then took
An Amsterdam shot, both of us,
Straight from the mountains of the Netherlands.

If I can just get to Friday

Written: 1/3/2024

The city of Phoenix needs me on those wind-stained nights.
Last week there was a moment when I looked in the fridge before heading out to the night shift.
I stared at the beer in there.
'maybe if I come into work buzzed I'll be able to sleep.' I thought.
But that thinking led me down almost to the cobblestone gravesite years back.
The angel of death came down wearing a brown cloak.
He didn't touch the beer, the fridge or my own life he just strolled past.
I get to work in the smoky ghetto and these umber boots are walking as if controlled on the syrupy whisk at midnight.
As if demons latched chains to my feet from underground. I hear gunshots & fireworks before I start the first patrol and think to myself
'i'm sober'.
My skills are needed within spaces most wouldn't look in.
My soul cord floats gently off of my tombstone in this graveyard we call life;
among thousands of tombstones across Maryville
i'm predestined to walk in this as some kind of twisted night watchman.
Like a mortician but everyone is alive in the morgue.
If I can just get to Monday where my lifeline is fed at church;
to remember who I am
in my identity of Christ and dust off the debris from the sands of the abyss
where I grip the brown thin and dirty robe I wear and look out into the distance of a dismal Sunday morning before the shift is about to end.
Within this sandy hell where I stand alone in a barren wasteland all to myself
and rid myself of this requiem of a work week.
Sit down and pray and play games and read.
Monday night where I get my reassurance and become one with the God of lights and get renewed in
Determination.

Dirty yellow walls

Written: 1/29/2023

As im looking at the surveillance camera,
there's a child rapist, a child killer
agitated.
He's waiving his hands and pacing.
Making the shadow of a monster on the dirty
yellow wall behind him in the
lockdown mental ward.
I was licking my fangs and rubbing my
hands
in anticipation of them calling a
'code grey'
using that as an excuse to indent that wall
with his body.
This wasn't meant to be.
He calmed himself down
and sat in one of those 200lbs
chairs.
What's unlucky for me is this pile of shit
knows how to play the game.
He knows that if he freaks out and attacks staff
or his other pedophile buddy
then it's over.
That's ok with me,
i'm good at being patient.

Blue Hitter

Written: June/22/2019

I'm gonna need a couple of them.
opiates, but the news is always preaching the
epidemic for the masses,
especially here in Tucson.
My teeth & jaw are hurting again but I got just
enough to get the tires replaced at the
walmart.
& then she drove away.
That was the vision in the back of my mind from the
strolling tiresome trauma of last Saturday morning.
I don't know what it is about the sunset or things that end.
The high from the blue is what I never wanted to end.
maybe, just truly, deep inside
I never wanted anything to end.
Between the both of us where The Holy Spirit act as a
telephone chord cable between 2 wooden poles on
the outskirts of town during dusk.
This is where I should plant the cut of my long dagger
in the ground & take refuge but I am human after all.
My heart was not deserving.
Especially back 3 years ago when I expected my friends & lover to
grovel at the feet of a man who couldn't hold a
9-5.
Now I know that there is a reason why the men at
the surgery center up the street are rocking away on me with chisels.
I'm not giving into sexual immature desires any longer
but blue hitters...
That's a whole other novel.

Cedars of blue palaces

Written: Feb/1/2020

I took a sleep aid last night and met a beautiful woman inside a black Dream.
She had pieces of her face lifting off the skull with a smirk
Meant to collapse all of my goals and potential realities.
"Who are you?"
"I am your fears." She said then we both slid under with
The popping of our eyes under a sheik velvet red boiling.
The fucking fire rages into the black pot stew.
Giving the blood from the brain into the head of air,
Am I still eating what I dance?
But when the music is at a stand still I feel the music in me.
The insides of me with all muscles and bones are the pyramids of Giza.
This job and all it's fucking vicious literal scapes
Where I treat on a conscious step with the steps
Covered in the moor of forever,
Blind Sampson is dealing inside a deck of cards that are
Glued to the middle of his chest and to get these
Off he rips both wrists with immortal chains
Wrapped around them to collapse the
Dark pyramids inside of me.
The glaciers of sand.

Summer's blaze against the sanatorium's walls

Written: 9/22/2022

We have an area, a caged box that acts as a balcony.
At the end of summer one of the patients was against the bars
outside on that second floor.
"I was gonna give security the secret password!"
he yelled as he put his hands up like a cop pulled a gun on him.
I stood there staring at him from outside as the leaves on the tree
changed color and floated to the grass.
"No! They already know the secret password!" The nurse yelled from the door to the ward's main area.
"Keep your pants up my man!" My partner said with a stern base in his voice.
The man began spitting on his own shirt as he turned around trying to pull his pants down.
"Alright! Alright! The secret's out! Let's go back inside Charlie!" The nurse yelled as she waived for him to walk back.
"Ok! OK! The password..." He said then waddled from the balcony to the ward's door.
I then continued my patrol with my partner to the parking lot making sure no junkie is smashing any windows and no thieves saw off catalytic converters.
There are hardly any vehicles in the lot because so
many workers either quit or get fired.
My partner tells me about something he bought from the
collector's marketplace as I look at the
employee cars, the city bus, concrete cracked streets,
the walkway that leads to the dirt lot
the homeless OD on.
"That squashed cat wasn't homeless. It has a collar on."
I said to make short conversation.
The city deferred scooping the animals up.
"Poor little guy" my partner said as he walked around the big tree.
"Well at least he's in heaven with Jesus, at least that's what I like to tell myself.
The last dead cat cooked on the sidewalk."
He laughed and I smiled.
The fall season is now upon us like a
pill of relief and the sun won't be melting the letters off the
front sign anymore.

We walk back inside to our security desks and I think
about how soon I can go back to wearing a jacket.
It's something miniscule but the sleeves hide my
skinny arms and wrists
during codes.

Domain of leches

Written: April/14/2017

In heaven everything is fine
But everything here on earth is not fine.
The internet is my worship, through the haze the internet is my church and google
Is the parting God.
Spent hours Monday to Monday just praying and hoping Jesus will pull
Me through.
Through my eyes the lustful time drags, somethings for an hour,
Pushed my hands through the screen and grab the reality and sound bites.
Walked into many rooms with candles burning for worship of
Horrid Gods of immediate flesh.
The candles melt wax onto my brain as the agony of false defeat keeps it's whisper
Onto my ear drum.
When it's time during the wedding feast with sacks filled with red wine I'll
Place that ring on her finger but
This place busts from the addiction of porn and lust.
This light is no light, I fell from a far height.
2000 years of broken and sin that will not depart and with clasped hands with 4
Bibles marked up I'm still on self-destruct mode.
A cherished and loveable pal I use to call now is a dog I try running from.
I cannot escape as the red robin's song dies,
My soft beats become rapid as soft skin petrifies.
Singes of conscience, my throat cuts now, the suffering and stiffness abides
By the flesh's rhyme.
A vicious burglar's main stay, white chapel bells sing rings that fade away,
And it's all because of
Pornography and lust.

Gold Gust (Haiku)

Written: 6/30/2019

The golden sparrow flaps sand
To rocket upwards past the golden dust
In merry and sheer confidence

The non-existent month

Written: 7/18/2017

We stumble together,
Dan, Buck, & I
after recording the radio show,
stumble into the parking lot
of florescent unpaid darkness with the
wayward chime of my
brother's keys.

"Once during the divorce proceedings
week my ex tried fucking me upstairs
at my old dump.
I STOPPED mid-session and told
her shes gotta get out."

"WHAT?!"

Last week while driving past the hot dog and
burger place on Broadway
I noticed the month didn't match
up in the car,
at all.

After watching the battery die while driving and
sitting in a dirt lot for 2 hours
the internal clock was
reset
after replacing the battery and I
never came to fix the time or month.

4 months of unemployment I say!
Yell with other obscenities in the
back of Buck's car
while yelling for women's
numbers at stop lights.

" If I was you i'd jizz on her face,
throw her clothes right out the front door and
tell her to get the fuck out!
Damn whore bitch!"

It's funny how I showed so much kindness
& mercy to my ex fiance' and
in the end
there was no difference in karma
playing out in both of our lives.

I ask: When will I exit these hospital hallways?
this non-existent month?
I did hear from a birdy on the tree vine that
her lost cat came back home after
running away for
3 weeks.

The sunday restlessness (Haiku)

Written: 3/28/2016

Stabbing sharp ice pick headaches
walking in circles in the parking lot
hopefully will sleep undisturbed tonight

Firey Mine

Written: 2/21/2022

When I look into the reflective stone I didn't think much of it.
It's a rock with moss and dead jellyfish growing on it.
I wasn't thinking of anything nor do I understand why I enter these
contests being that 'picture prompts' are for middle aged moms that don't know
what else to do with their time.

Maybe the fire burned to ash inside my gut.
That's why I'm struggling to care.
I use to be good with pictures and symbol interpretations.
What was mine was a book i've been chasing that I wrote 6
damn years ago.

Before looking into the stone; when driving into work my co-worker
explained how she was on stand-by all day with PD, foul play was expected.
Starting off the shift with a suspected murder of a mentally ill man.
Spoke to the receptionist then walked to the ward after punching in.

I sat there with 2 nurses, the guard who trained me and a placement tech.
A cop with a loaded gun walked around in circles while one of the
mental patients was playing old timey cowboy songs on a big brown piano
next to the room where the man laid dead.

No one would say this man living by court orders was his pinnacle,
but with the skeleton hands of death overhead we still feel invincible.
The staff treat patients how they treat each other, like ufc prelims.
The tech might have well just pulled it out and pissed on him.

With yinyang threats, the tech's intent was to ammonify.
The sea mirror could've possibly been used as an eye.
To lay against his bloody head and see what the patient really thought.
With the born into and built up insanities pushed aside.

Godspeed sir, heaven or hell. Then who knows?
I might wake up from a nightmare later and vomit into the toilet tonight.
I guess I was wrong about the clear stone in the pic prompt.

You'll see that and even more than I wanted to.

The bones fell from the holes

Written: 1/23/2020

Are we the sheep walking off the steeple's top?
I would say sure:
To leap into the unquenchable waters because my father had
copper blue hands after the 49ers game.
He was so nervous that he rubbed the fabric off his jeans.
I walked to the back of the house like I'd done so many times and
lied between the sky.
Then, I thought on the man whoid discipled me in the medical field:
'The Brain'
The brain needs shoulder surgery after a
'Code-red'
at work.
That ended up being a discolored flag, which would've caused the me
who wrote 'My child face' to come back swinging
with fists like autumn tornadoes.
The nervous dark form of 2015 year old me -
sublimated into the poet you're reading in your computer.
Not so much in the shades of Christ making the payment for earth's sins I can now
get down from my cross of camp lowell & all
of the coal mine nightmares.
I know there's still 49 days left until I begin the next
chapter of my life,
this journey,
but I feel i'm ready to disconnect from the high portion of
luxury apartment living that I still cannot afford &
move out right now.
I closed my eyes & laid with the sensible, reading old stories
as the sheep are watery departed bound,
off as if possessed but
that's just it:
Humans are rubix cubes that are easily manageable.
My father's bones fell through the holes of chaotic justifications,
I justify in opposite ways through the spirit.

I'll come over when your sober

Letter to Derek
July/20/2022

From sobriety,
us attending church 3 times a week when you'd bring your study books and your
black cat that made everyone uncomfortable;
to going missing a year later when i'm pretty sure those homeless guys you allowed
to live with you are to blame.

"I left a stack of money under a dumpster for Trevor, i'm gonna drive him to go get it.
See ya Sean."
You guys walked out of the bible study before I could gather my things.

The last time I saw you Derek; telling me as I parked how you'd been sober for a year
straight, we got out on the hiking trail and you pointed at the hood of my car where I
stuck a sticker of the christian cross and with stoned eyes you gave me a thumbs
up.

You'd tell me outside in the middle of afternoon to night on those church steps
downtown while you waived your bible how Christ will keep us clean but behind the
scenes I think you we're having dreams of your old meth pipe.
Like a golden butterfly you we're trying to have land in the
palm of your hands.

You kept so many things a secret yet I never told you every time I came to church I
was hungover.
We became best friends out of instability.

Then Trevor and other homeless men began living at your apt.
I don't know if you we're getting frustrated with them
but things started to get weird.

A month later on that trail my brother & I got lost.
Once we found our way back you wouldn't stop roasting him;
projecting due to the cleanliness you we're getting sick of touching,
I put my foot down and got loud before my brother Cody was about
to knock your lights loose and the car ride fell into a quiet

cloud of awkwardness.

Why did you have to try and fight my brother?
To make yourself look cool in front of Rachel?
Years down the line she ended up marrying a man and having kids with someone who looks just like you.

Then time went by before you pointed at the hood of my car
as we hung at your apt I asked where your new pet rabbit was at and
with a face of stone you said:
'he's dead'
then went back to quietly reading your bible as Trevor, that guy you picked up from prison laid it into the punching bag you chained in the
middle of your living room as he sported a waggish grin.

Your evangelist friend Brian told me about the last time he saw you.
You stared at him as he kept knocking on your window asking to be let in then when he went back the next day your front door was opened with your things missing and you we're gone.

Brian & I hugged and he flew off to Detroit and I drove home.
Without much to speak I put on a pot of coffee, grabbed a pen and a stack of paper from the living room then
closed the door to my room.

The girl from rattlesnake cafe

Originally written: March/26/2014
Remastered for 2nd edition: July/18/2020

As I pretended to drag-out a fake cigarette in the smoking
section at the Red Cross job I overheard a guy:
"I don't give a goddamn what she lookin' like. I'll chase her down."
I turned around and looked at the ground.
Well, in his mind that's an altruistic motive but the funeral for the
lust-sin took place inside of my heart.
I'm too mature to concern myself with more females;
already about to wed a black widow.
Next day I walked into the small white shop with the paint dripping from the muggy heat.
"Hey there Glenn." The old minister said as he raised up his
old callus hand.
"Hey Ted, be right there." I replied as I turned to the cash register.
"Hi! Welcome to rattlesnake espresso, what can I make for ya?"
My eyes grew as wide as 1 dollar silver coins.
"The white... heart attack uh... mocha umm...sorry..I mean.."
"You got it friend, white mocha!" She said as she turned around and giggled.
Her striking features made me feel like I was back in HS 7 years earlier.
I fumbled my damn words.
Black choker necklace with brown bangs;
like a floating charm hanging up there in the air.
I turned around and walked over to sit down with the old minister.
"I hope you didn't snap anymore cell phones in half this week ah hehehe."

The next day I wasn't acting childish; we had a normal conversation.
"College isn't really all that rough." Said Charm.
Right after she spoke this guy, decked out in green & black army cammo
revved his engine next to the drive-thru window.
As he began yelling I turned away in fear.
"You and my whore mom never respected me! All you do is bring me down!" The man yelled.
Charm was visibly shaken up.
"Would you still like your coffee for the road.." She said with a squeaky voice.
"Go to hell!" He yelled & dove off.

Without his coffee.
I wish I had the strength to say something.
She stayed quiet.
I knew; being in a relationship myself being dominated emotionally by a tyrant. I just couldn't say anything.
She handed me my drink then turned and quietly began to cry.
I turned around and walked out the front door.

The crux in my dreams

Written: 4/9/2019

The melatonin produced a very bizarre dream.
My mother with Ray we're covered in sackcloth, crying.
my depressed face was pointing towards the ground, seeing red.
I was nailed to a cross.

My head was almost fully emptied of blood.
Thorns we're beat into my scalp with old hammers and these
we're stained to the core with the blood of criminals.
Though, somehow someway, I was at peace.

The roman soldier was screaming at me:
"Boy! You keep yelling & I'm gonna slash your rib cage with the tip of
this spear! Keep screaming how you ain't the king of the Jews!"
I obliged.

I was tossing and turning & falling in and out of consciousness.
What horrors might my medical job bring to me this week?
The phone was on and playing the voice of someone preaching.
I don't know if the soldier got that I wasn't the messiah.

7,000 chairs of sorrow and violence

Written: May/22/2025

Christian, pray for wisdom and the flesh damning
baptism of fire.
Place yourself on one of those torture chairs.
Allow Roman soldiers and Jewish authorities and powers
to make you fall waist side by
hammers to the scalp.
Feel the removal of you're energy and happiness.
See the state of Jesus's bride with the rich refusing to
help and see the poor refusing to submit and
help themselves.
Get into so much prayer where you hit a mental
breaking point stretching past exhaustion
where you're on the floor in the dark
and have to pray for God's angels to
pick you up and put you in bed.
You, yes you reader; you wanna get lit up
like a roman candle on the crucifixion stake?
Lovely revival may come thru you.
You, yes you reader; want to get clawed
by ferocious lions and finished off
by a gigantic starving leopard?
If you choose to kiss the feet of the Son of Man and
refuse the feet of baal then you're life will lie complete.
Without regrets.
Most will be begging with the principalities from misery
to drink from the eternal waterfall of love as
you're scar tissues accumulated to a cup of
golden tranquility.
They'll try tossing their suffering and filth away like a boomerang
where in white you'll toss your crowns to Christ's feet.
Reader, I hope ive disrupted your entire life,
Make your choice.

The night has past & the days are broken

Written: 6/14/2019

How much more time will I allow?
The prison I made for myself?
The golden shackles my job has placed around my
wrists & ankles.
The laptop won't turn on so im delving
back into sketching and drawing when i'm not helping sedated
patients at work.
There are so many broken people that come in & out
of the surgery rooms,
I need God's positivity to rain down on my spirit.
There are way too many broken days that ran out of my pours
into the bathtub on Sunday nights &
too many broken thoughts in the dead of
night.
This power demon has finally left me and I pray it's for
good but with the book of Luke I know that
demon went out to the walk-less trail in Tucson to get
7 more stronger than itself.
I don't care anymore on being the world's greatest poet.
I've detached my responsibilities from patients
& family members in the waiting lounge so I can
peacefully quit.
Lily brought up last Friday night how she wanted to be a
vagabond,
if she we're born a man.
There's just something there, my brother, something
about having a sandy canyon at your back with a wicket
fence down the way.

Shem, his as also my beginnings

Written: 7/19/2023

He began nations and races along with his brothers.
With my brother & I it's come down to us, we
are the last of the bloodline.
Shem didn't know his lineage would have the
King of Kings
but many have found himself shrouded in
magick and mystery.
Where as what's shrouded that I wrote are the poems like
dead leaves I left in earth's journal while the book lays
on the green mountain top.
Cobalt, my old childhood friend,
I'm thinking you've been an electrician for a little over
a decade now.
Maybe 2.
I tried talking to you back in 2014 but you had so much
black resentment I didn't bother continuing after the
first couple of messages.
9 years ago.
Since I last saw you in California I don't know
how many jobs i've had.
You were a horrible friend when we entered teen hood
but I always treated you like our friendship was
disposable.
So the monster who's writing this went from inflicting
pain onto weak people in life to inflicting pain onto
the notepad.
I can't live with any regrets being that we will never
be able to live in this life with that
good sanity.
There is no longer complaining only
maneuvering.
It's the same opinion I had since I wrote the first self published
book 11 years ago.
I'm a poet hiding in a dark room with the
door locked.

Wilted excuse of a person

Written: 5/29/2025

I was sitting at the security podium at the library
which faces the front sliding glass door.
The old woman I haven't seen since my 'training' walked in.
She walked in the same uniform I wore looking like gravity
was about to drop her like a right hand from Jon Jones.

"Uhm excuse me, you can't read in here!" She
snapped as she got way too close to my face.
I've noticed it's a Las Cruces thing for the
mouth breathers here to get in your personal space.
I was reading 'Last night of the earth poems' by Buk.
"I can't read?" I asked as I looked around the library.
"No! You cannot read as your on shift, it's against the rules!"
She demanded.

A middle aged failed mom walked up to the podium
and told us that 2 gay men we're making out in fiction.
The 80 year old bat stormed off into that direction.
I got up and pretended to assist.
I saw them then turned and walked off.
The old woman caught me in between book cases.
"If you had been paying attention then you might of
caught the crime in the act." She said as she got in my face.

I was grinding my teeth while staying quiet.
Could see she was getting nervous; like a bitch dog
that barks incessantly she has no power in her bite.
"Going back to my desk now." I angrily said then as walking
back to the podium I said fuck it I'll do an extra exterior patrol.
Ran into that decrepit bitch once again
outside after walking around the building.
"You look like you know what your doing." She said as she
grabbed my arm.
"Have a nice day!" I said through grinned teeth and a red face.

Treaded back and awkwardly stared at the
library patrons for 6 hours because
apparently this is the way to be.
Hawk-eyed.

No arms/No shallow

Written: 5/1/2014

There is a doubt that you want to cook my blood /
bathe yourself to gain ecstasy & destroy vampire desires.
Ventilating in a tree top cell / grey blisters from demented brain
sex, inserting a floppy filled with work misery data.

You thirst for velvet dystopias / in pits with books of lyrics
laying in a rayless coffin next to a skeleton.
In fog with prison & distraught fetishes in cold
beams that stick from the floor to the ceiling.

Take a saw to your arm - in severance.
In shadow puddles - some sane remembrance.
No shallow filth / don't make me your zika host of it.
Steer the car from the wreck & into vortexes, black.

Burn your being with the carrot sky.
Toxic sludge in colors of oranges / horrid girl,
pressure girl, this static calling by nothing to dial
hell & have the bestiality God answer.

Butter worms of the word

Written: 1/6/2022

The beetles trample the house of life
where the outskirts of the world is a sea of butter.
Viewed with a microscope, the humans are viewed as worms.
We sit on the window sill without arms or legs
where grandma places her pies to cool in the afternoon breeze.
Where is the Word going to take us?
Cubberts and wooden dirt areas inside & out.
There are dinosaur and water bugs where the green hose is.
Pre-historic worms that thawed from the freezer, like us
that have the ability to resurrect.
Lively spiders with cobwebs laced the sides of the house walls
as the giant walked into the big back room.
A normal back room then converted into a library where her
dead husband use to sleep.
She pulled out a book from the homemade library with the title: Earth.
Ran her fingers against the sticky buttery cover.
As she then opened the book the only begotten worm stood in the middle of both pages.
Businessmen worms, security guard worms, tennis player worms,
they all covered and slimed both pages while the only begotten worm levitated in a tiny puff of smoke.
The butter worms that fell off the damp pages are journeymen,
called by God to explore the deep unknown or forfeit life all-together.
The rug looked like it was blanketed by bones, carpeted
like the paris catacombs.
Some of the little worms with pure golden hearts are killed by other
worms that don't know any better.
My wife told me that people like that suffer horrible fates early in life because God wants them with Him instead of allowing that person to live a long life of existential nightmares.
The begotten worm with outstretched hands signifying His own.
The Word's own crucifixion along with a double meaning as if one of His own fingers holds the roman soldier's nail;
about to conduct an orchestra with a huge section of hundreds of
musicians behind him holding hundreds of instruments

about to play sadness and pain.
She takes the scene in for a moment as she stands frozen still.
The old woman then slams the book shut and begins to cuss and stomp her feet.
Everything is a plague inside this old gigantic woman.
Her mind is a forest where the sun never rises and all the trees we're former humans
born with brain tumors and birth defects.
The worms who got squashed on the carpet are now in heaven with
newly created souls while the grandmother who cooks those pies suffers from
dementia.
The second damp book she opened was an NASB bible she accidentally dropped in
her bathtub many moons ago.
"Hell is other worms" she thought, wiped the sweat off her forehead then put the
book back.
The enlarged hard shells move the rocks with their tusks, continuing the routine;
making one large circle while the giant
slips and falls in her dizzy spell.

lavender crystals float from heaven to the dead heart

Written: 2/19/2019

We are, my brother & I, in his car driving to get tacos.
I'm lively, shaken the cob webs out of my hair from the asbestos work shift.
I keep my hands in the leather jacket pockets.
Somewhere in the dead of coldest nights,
the furnace will open from underground & swallow Tucson whole.
Buck wants the purple sprite with his 2 tacos.
I hand my card to the pretty woman running the drive-thru.
We read a paper taped to the sliding window that states
the location is closing down.
She hands us the food.
I keep re-reading the noted paper taped to that sliding glass window.
I would've instead settled for 4 popped tires.
For the last time she puts the ranch in my hand with the fried food.
I smile as I view purple prisms flow into the taco i'm holding in my
hand which dripped down from the stars.

Quarter in the shower

Written: July/24/2017

I put a black hand on my parents shower wall.

Don't know how I got as dirty
as I did.

Then I looked at my hand and saw the
stickiness.

Beer was in the back of my throat and stayed
until 11:30 that Saturday night.

When lathering up I thought on quitting
drinking, quitting smoking and quitting the day
since Fingers just
"Wants to be friends."

The tire is showing wires in the back and
the awkwardness wont' stop.
Quit my dream job Friday afternoon &
Fingers quit on me.

When rubbing the body wash in I heard a
loud clanking sound.

Turned around and saw a quarter next to my foot.

Was God showing me a sign?

Is Joel Osteen watching me bathe?
Am I still a magnificent prince covered in golden
necklaces & glowing with the
passion of his bank account?

I believe this gross quarter has been
stuck to me 12 hours and

I never noticed.

For the most of the quarters of months
I don't notice
anything.

The dark forest of crucified souls

Written: 9/16/2018

Pedigree men on a line to the disabled men,
take your hand and crush the hemorrhagic brain of the extreme
minds.
My ghost feet walk on leaves too dark to see,
an ocean of threatening existences,
of desperate faces,
abandoned potions,
turntables,
hotel balconies during the day,
a point of view while wearing sunglasses to see blue sunken cemeteries,
tombstones drowned in rot.
I cannot take suicidal bodies out of the black abyss
our nature is passing,
pray for life.
Pray for the discouraged,
the people who hit the roads with their feet & will walk tirelessly
beyond blood &
dirt.

Stop painting my pain

1/17/2017

Today, the pearl chord forms and constricts my wrists, clenching
To paint pain,
Doubling,
Like creeping deathly silk causing swamp wails from the vocalist in
New Orleans.
Cloak my grotesque nature Jesus, cloak my human eyes from Vietnam night sweats
Where the boys place gun barrels against each other's heads and
Magnify the locks on my door to
Derail that big black backward stresser.
Belial, oh you stupid son of a bitch. You fucked me with the blood of the
Saints back then,
All the way back!
You tried erasing me with your claw in the molten grave,
YOU BITCH!
You watched me grabbing smoke,
White knuckling as I twitched while wearing a ghoul's mask in the
Pricker's vines.
Grabbed with red streams dripping down white fingers to minus the doomsday
clock.
The galaxy is 3 minutes away from Armageddon.
I know you got a music fever.
You put on velvet acid Christ and slit your wrists to watch black ink bleed into your
Bathtub, girl, you fire heart.
Your pops gave you a pound of his four knuckled flesh and you astral projected into
The cracks.
In his psychopathic unnerving mind Nebuchadnezzar the second's statue looked tall
but
His toes crumbled from a tiny planet's blast like a
Green jade pulse.
Again and again I resurrect that digital corpse and after I want to set my bible ablaze
every time I partake and allow the act.
Baby, take this cataclysmic frost,
My bare bones,
My testicles,
My mind.

Then with all the love in the world given to you you still suck my moods right out.
I ask..
Maybe, did I give a little too much of my love?

Letter to the voice that got me high

Written: 5/1/2018

It's the first day of May & the rent is due.
The car's electrical system shut down again & I took the day off
to sit at the masters mechanics.
I'll be 2 days late on the bills but the woman
I thought I would see was stopped
by fate once again and this time I'm mulling over
this wreath of wires to see if paying a woman
to foresee my future would be the best idea.
I played the devil cards in the past
back when I was writing "My child face"
& though to myself
how I did wage war against sin and death, but
I needed
a hilt to hide in.
I was told I would live a very long life & die of old
age,
that I have a unique personality,
nothing about love but that in the future I will
be acknowledged & recognized in the literary world.
These voices got me high for a while,
while I sat at my black desk with the laptop & the
chair with the vanilla carpet & my
cat rolling around like a worm on the couch.
Last 5 & a half months have been spent helping helpless
patients in surgery beds & I thought with the
prestigious position of being a
'Technician'
again
I would've found the love of my life but I would
guess it's either me or the girls that
are being the
most fickle.

Shoegaze

Oct/10/2022

The colossus worm is at it again.
The poor and the force.
The fake and the tame.
Apparently I'm the force and my wife is the tame because she's not talking to me again.
I walked out and walked into this hipster coffee house across the street from my apartment.
Lola cafe in downtown Phoenix.
I'm the only man in here.
Everyone in here is a college girl with laptops and white papers, I'm assuming for their ASU classes.
I'm sitting here at a small table as they're playing that shoegaze band
'My bloody valentine'
Over the overhead speaker.
I guess shoegaze is cool now.
Never really cared for it.
Along with having any kind of arguments.
'You get these great extravagant visions from the LORD!' My wife yells.
'But none of these vision include me! I'm just suppose to cook and clean and be your servant!'
I look at the floor not knowing what to say, I never do so now I'm here listening to shoegaze.
Clock in
Clock out
The hospital was a little bit more dangerous being that I called out sick yesterday due to a stomach bug flying around.
It's alright.
Me and the fly on the table here will have a nice and quiet conversation.

The laborer's Somnambulism

Written: 9/17/2020

Copper George was that young man's name.
Swung a pick-axe like he knew that man named anxiety awfully well.
He knew fully well that if he didn't crack the dirt stars out of those boulders he'd get fired.

If George wasn't tryna pick up the most beautiful women at the organic grocery markets or bars to no avail he'd bare-knuckle box behind the ally's, get drunk, debauchery with eye-sore ladies & I heard he'd walk to the local graveyard & scream until the dead would raise up.
They never did.

Mr. Donavan told George to wear what he thought work clothes are.
Which was a dirty white wife-beater, blue jeans that farmers wear & black big steel toed work boots. Huh? Have I seen him in civilian clothes? I heard he wears all black. A sweater with designs of obscure demonic lookin' paintings.

He'd stay up all night pacing until 4:30 a.m.
He'd put on a leather jacket he buried in his backyard & every night dig it up and put that jacket on while it was covered in dirt & pyramid studs & punk band patches. Just pace in his backyard while listening to the crickets under the moonlight.

That man Copper, he would get up & get ready for work at 6:30 a.m. to come swing that pick-axe.

Every time our slave driver would wake that 6'0 foot giant out of his sleepwalking shift, that working catatonic state; George would go sleep on the bench in the back with his arms folded or against a boulder he'd demolish later that afternoon.
He did just that every time bossman would blow his whistle for lunch time.

It was strange watching Copper work; it looked like the man had his eyes closed while he swung that thing.
It was like he was asleep standing up.

I've never... in the 16 months I've been clocking in here ever saw that man eat anything.

A ham on rye at-least.
Not a damn bite.

Like an otherworldly goldfish born in a vat of black coffee he just down's cups &
downs them & downs them.

I do not know what in the hell happened to that man in his past childhood to shape him.
Whoever it was shaped him into some folklore monster like nomad.

Anyways, Koffin had the company toolbox off there in the distance every day next to
the loading truck & every day I would walk that knoll & Copper would be there.
There gripping that wrench so tight I thought he might snap it in half.

I'd have to walk past his group which always caused me grief inside.
He sat next to the part time fellow with a transplanted cow's heart,
one that was a raving gambler with dirty raven's hair &
one gentleman that lost his legs after slamming into
the top of a bridge.

"Excuse me sir, Mr. George Copper, it's 1 p.m. time for me to use my wrench and you
your pick-axe."

He handed me the silver wrench slightly bent.

I've thinned out

Written. Nov/1/2017

This time the sunshine didn't stomp a mud-hole
in my stomach.
The temperature is dropping and so we're
my advances in making weekly aggressive music.
There is nothing to write about now that I've come to peace
within myself for the divorce that transpired 3 years ago.
I think on as I pull dead skin off my lips
how I have a rawness, a directness,
a purse with few words like edge knives
that could cut the bank of America building downtown
Like butter
but there is no sinister intent now, I don't
need my tongue to be a razor blade.
Back in the cowboy days
I wrote about Oleg Taktarov and Dan Severn
In my second book.
I poured blood and sweat into at the
old red cross call center but now-a-days I don't watch
fights that much anymore.
The intensity and realness shut down like a lumberyard
on strike.
I got home from my 45 minute walk and now
have been strapped to the inner guts of my parents house
for 2 days seldom getting out of bed.
Watched a documentary about the life of Notorious B.I.G,
wished my girlfriend whom I call my Druidess a happy
well deserved birthday and swallowed advil
after advil under bright moonlight.
The walk centered me along with the memorized bible
verses.
I'm not saying this is it because there was a time where I felt
content and happy for a period of time but the works
of giving ode to memories of past atrocities will now
be considered mute.
I now have to invent another style of poetry.
I am almost healthy and running an online church and

have nothing but remorse.
My redemption has come to me.
No swan of sorrow is calling my name from the balconies
and no amount of alcohol or marijuana needs to take the
place of an idol built up
for a shallow sandbar existence.
I've dropped malice off at the airport and it's time to fly
yourself off.
Be well.

Just some trash catching his updraft

Written: 5/15/2017

I sat on a cooked bench and watched baseball,
pitching balls and hits, I frown with anxiety,
secluded from family eyes, her lips tugged on picayune methanol.
We talked of the scriptures and thought on romantic dubiety.
The dark spilled with softness in venturous glance,
some magic hope I pray as I look at her glasses and cheek sparkles,
she trusts this minister whist my Iscariot dance,
her stings like glass shards and my persistence proves harmful.

Stepping on the tall heart

Written: 1/23/2022

each life does not matter.

The only lives that are protected are the ones in the womb

and most children.
You have to prove your worth in society
whether you we're dealt a bad hand or a good one.

Everyone is predestined in life:
The deli counter workers, the chicken farmers,
the saints of Rome lifted up by angels to fight
lions and leopards.

The junkie has no worth, transgenders have no worth,
communists have no worth, Rinos have no worth,

If you marched for the killing of George Floyd you
have no worth.

Everyone is either predestined by the hand of The Father
into eternal bliss or into the realm of shadows and wind.

If you were worthless most of your young life then
become reformed and changed your life around because
you made better life choices then
you now walk with worth.

Don't put yourself in the madhouse then say uncle.

Everything in this life matters,
your going to be a microcosm of something,
somewhere.

Evil regime, give her back to me

Written: 9/28/2016

There was once a girl with straight black hair who walks to an 'Internet cafe'
In order to message me online from the Philippines.
Light brown silk skin with large black eyes and
A thin frame with beauty that came from its nature.
I had just turned 18, the same age I had at that time.
We would like to turn on our webcams and I would tell you to tell you
To the coffee patrons to look away while undressing me.
I was in middle age for lust and I felt it was
The rightful prince of uncleanness. The hunter of the chat rooms.
No man has more diligence to hunt attractive women,
Mold and shape into what I wanted more than I.
She gave me more than most of the horrible horned demons of
I did not remember that I wrote or said too much,
Like Frida Kahlo in a painting that carried heavy loads of fear to something wild.
I think of her as I am the cereal feeding force and watching music videos.
Thinking about her after lighting candles on my desk and I asked the devil
That would deceive the system with popularity in my now damn books.
I hit my mattress again and threw my elbows on the bed like aches
Sharp by broke the crystal glass of the Catholic tower tore my stomach and
my blood
Boiled as water in the pot on the stove that emits a
Smell in my apartment like burning plastic.
Last night in the middle of calls, I wrote a poem titled:
"Zero to the chills in the blue summer of the tree Androids in the woods / woods 000"
He threw it in another rubbish cubicals.
Like lighting up a whole book in flames that I wrote with all the book of the matches.
He left me abruptly.
You no longer sign to talk to me.
I do not remember having a rebellion in the Philippines in 2007, but just in case,
My lady,
If you were not killed by your oppressive government and passed

To stumble upon one of my books, please send me an email to:
Stuckiseanpimacollege@yahoo.com
It would be lovely to catch up and have coffee in that old cybercafé.

My odal rune cabana

Written: Mar/12/2024

Things are getting fixed.
The owl has his perch and he's looking into the
window shade.
I'm standing here writing this poem on a garbage
can holder.
See those big eyes that the little creatures fear and
walk over to
the sliding door.
Slide it open and say 'Come in buddy.'
it obliged.
I stood up and kept writing this poem
on shaky feet with the bubble guts and a massive
headache
due to bruxism that I've had since I was a kid.
Started laughing as the big owl stood on the kitchen
sink when thinking about Saturday night at pcw
when a native American woman with a mohawk
speared the fire marshall.
I walk to the bathroom and all of it
keeps pouring out of me.
I light a match after going #2
for the last 4 hours and walk back out thinking
on the past and asking my bird friend
here when this headache will go away.
I have 2 months left to get my NREMT.
I'd say erase it all and toss the future into the sewer
pipe of hell but this society needs more heroes
much more than billionaire villains.
Sorry Regina, while you were visiting Las Cruces that crown
of thorns plant, I bought you died
under the sun.

Buying a row of businesses

4/2/2019

The acrimony that lays deep inside.
Be it myself or linked to a rich man like Job.
Maybe some ink splotch of anger that is puffed up
as I read the work emails in surgery room 7.

At times I feel like i'm standing under the shadow of a colossus.
Trying to not blend into the powers that be,
fighting with those mma gloves on, fists in the dark.
The power that is infinitely bigger than me.

I read about the slaying of 'Nipsy' a leader.
All the ones that become a-blazed are quenched.
Where are the prophets?
The men with zeal in their hearts, the women willing to go extra steps?

Back when I won the lotto from my late aunt I tried giving away
money to K-love & books to a prisoner. No, this didn't last.
I wonder if this was the last thought of Nipsy:
I've lost the world but gained eternity.

Numb to doom

Written: June/2/2017

1, 000, 000, 000, 000$ dollars in debt
to the grease eaters that fry bones on cheap rusty
pans
& boil blood in gigantic coffee pots.

This locomotive,
riding smoothly after
taxes and debt
to the last station split in half with
Sheol being the uniform for the being that's
conducting.

"Your ill time in car washes and call centers have
shaped your manhood,
into golem,
but more powerful and
less dark."

The crystal paradise in the outer forms.
Angels leaving amidst the marijuana smoke in
Phoenix,
but stay for the kid's extra innings
at too dark park after talking of
Matthew and Jesus and the 12 bunch.

Thresholds cannot be breached when
your
numb to doom
numb to thoughts of plagiary and
swamps in imaginary places.

Winter in hell sprinkled on the monster's heart,
father climbs out of the hole with sand
forever pouring,
the tax man is feared but they fear

the masses much more.
Penance on his ass with a tired stretched
lower back and i'm the gift,
some prize.

The snail on Fridays.
Through tall blades I hide but the snakes with
machine gun mouths and venom the
bullets don't come looking,
or,
i'm very good at seeming transparent.

Written: 3/9/2022

Got up after lying under my desk for 2 hours.
2 in the morning.
My co-worker popped a percocet.
He told me how one of our old co-workers was
going to HR to complain about how she was told by
him that she'll eventually get infected with covid19.
As she was in my bosses office with him
she told them she didn't have any taste while
going down on her boyfriend.
"You know what the hell happened?! Her boyfriend got
covid and gave it to her!
Oh that's real nice telling your boss you couldn't taste the
blowjob. What the hell is that."

Inside the crypt of corporate living

Written: 4/28/2022

Last night when driving on the highway by myself at 2 in the morning I was blasting a song:
"Armageddon won't be brought by the gods but by men who think they are."

4 castle steeple tops at this new job in the middle of the desert, surrounded by rich people who think homeless people are mailboxes and only see me as an investment because I was crushed and burned.

I don't think i've been around so many people that can easily pay 4, 000$ a month for rent.
They live unmolested in the bubble of the scottsdale world where there is no fear of witches, fentanyl or premeditated gunshots.

It's the genetic lottery.
They played with the magician's magical orb and won it big.
As in they get to live within skin that makes them call the police because the neighbor's dog is barking too loud in the parking lot.
By all the stunning sandy colors i'm surrounded by at this luxury apartment complex you'd think these people are blessed beyond comprehension.
The eyes of God are here but His presence isn't.

Here at the front security gate the green slim trees rain yellow flower pedals next to the young and sturdy palm trees where pavement never cracks.

Like some kind of fairy-tale land, a scene from heaven where unseen colors are ultra magnified that don't hurt your eyes.

The big gate opened then I drove up to the ' new resident ' parking space, parked and thought to myself I have no idea what I'm suppose to be doing at this job.

I was trained by a supervisor named Alvonzom a very hyperactive man:
"Out of the first 3 hours?! Holy motherfucker, it's stressful. You gotta watch all the residents race out of the front gate!"
This guy wouldn't let me get 1 sentence in, he was talking fast and never slowed.

This guy who sits in his air conditioned box watching the gate all night has no clue how the poor world works.
I thought to myself angrily "What exactly about this is stressful?"
One day while working as a security officer at the insane asylum I had to throw out my guard shirt after a code grey because I couldn't scrub all the patient's blood off of it in the work sink.

No matter your position in life, we all make ourselves think we're some body.

You know it

Written: 9/25/2022
Sitting in the living room
2:44 a.m.
can't sleep due to the wife
again.
I came home from work tired.
Lunch pale slipping off my fingers.
She had dinner ready at
11:15 p.m.
in a japanese dress
asking me if im
'too tired'
I said nothing as I hugged her.
'you look tired.'
I didn't want to hurt her feelings.
'i just need to eat'
and that started the fight to
last all night.
Haven't had one of these
in a while
but wasn't asking for one either.
My co-worker is kicking back
with booze and his crew at his place
across Phoenix but I did the right thing
this time.
I stayed home and still got nothing
out of it.
The black pearl kid hits another home
run but I never cared for baseball.
I got the tap out and everyone
in the building jumped out of
their seats.

When the spirit wains

Haiku written: May / 4 / 2023

Your struggle
will be your most
quotable
time in
life.

Sobriety

Written: 7/29/2023

They lose their fear that keeps
their feet on a stable platform.
When reading the patient's charts
I was getting a realization that I would've
been in a rehab psych hospital back
in 2015.
Drowning in a pool of nothingness
on the bottle
driving around town with my brother telling
him
"I haven't drank in 5 days, i'm sober right?"
"I don't think it's that big of a deal
You only get drunk on the weekends."
He said.
I didn't know how to escape or
know if anything was really
wrong.
I knew how to commit to combatting the
voices.
Praying to Jesus always works and
I did what the bible said and tried taking every
thought captive,
but the devil presses and he's
unrelenting.
The rejects can't be independent.
We are all piano keys.
There just can't be rehab hospitals to live at
free of charge
because the american voters and the govt said
'the church's will take the sick and displaced'
"The impossibles" can't live in church buildings
because the people running the church
don't want them.
They need a good body restoration with long
sleep.

It's not just our hands that need pulling up, you gotta
grab us by our ankles, hell
pull the whole living corpse while the
switch
keeps killing the passion fire for
normal living.
God help us,
we are satan's poisonous
keys.

Weighty, he's too tough for this world

Written: 1/10/2022

I bought 'Desolation angels by: Jack Kerouac' and my god is it boring.
He writes like a dope fiend.
The talent skids across the pages without a rhyme or reason.
Why is he so obsessed with a mountain?
I think this while I was sitting in the pet ER waiting for the doctor
to call about my dying cat.
"Mr.Stucki, please come with me to room 10."
I got up & walked behind her.
As I sat down in this cold, sterile room they made me wait another
10 minutes.
The doctor knocked then walked in.
She was very upset being that my cat scratched and bit her and
apparently he attacked the tech.
I didn't know he had it in him.
This doctor wouldn't stop stuttering as she asked me questions.
I don't know what it is but I make people nervous.
I stared at the floor for 4 hours.
Then dog after dog would walk in.
A doberrmann walked in with a lady who looked like a dyke,
and the dog had a big cone wrapped around his head.
He had it down to the floor and walked as the cone all around
made a horrible scaping noise.
The tech took my card for the check-up.
The doctor walked over and handed me my crate with the cat
surprisingly he was in good spirits even though he knew
I got rejected from a payment plan.
Jack Kerouac wouldn't have cared about credit loans cuz he had his
mountain
but the rest of us need money.
Nightly i've been praying over the cat, for his health to return
as my wife boils chicken breasts in a big pot.
He sniffs her chicken then looks away and I worry
but his life is up to God to decide.

I'm only comfortable with the company of myself

Written: Feb/1/2027

My goblins rip and claw, like waking to my guts blown for miles.
Not something to take into unrealistic habit,
comets grow in my universe like eyes when I read for an hour,
like recharging, from a eulogy to fluorescent glower.
You cannot offer treasure and jewels to the cave recluse,
mixing with castles with trees infested with apple maggots,
loneliness overtime burns like bowls of churning acids.
I lay in bed after making the excuse, a form of self abuse,
but this bereavement is a shovel to give used salt regeneration.
Monsters like box cutters that slash all four tires.
Saltiness again, before Belial erases and preforms castration.
Like holy meditation these books of poetry center my zen,
like Jack Kerouac the cloud of misery hangs above this pen,
so pray it filters into the wet earth, amen.

Where the fern never withers

Written: Oct/4/2017

With a face not needing splashes or jewelry nor fencing to
pierce harsh splintered ribs protecting my unsmooth heart,
she aubades to my treacherous nature and a
prize such as in Paul's race to wrangle the crystal golden crown.

Like the crescent moon I look forward to her presence.
Her mystic smile makes the nightingales sing, a will
so strong she can redirect Odin's ravens to morph into
holy doves, and her fangs give way to underlining agita.

Enswathed in abstract rainbows as arresting as Solomon's glory,
A fair maiden possessing me to crawl in the 5th labor that
Hercules flushed into the moors of the border towns just to
feel her garden where the roses are too tough to die.

She is a draped maroon fern in every climate, her blood is
everlasting and her prayers are wine like ice, my beauty's voice is
a ductile tone hammered out by the Trinity to break every xerox, every
other feminine similarity, this is to you, my token of bliss.

My blackened ego remains

Written: 3/3/2017

The phantom arms of the beat up
mattress tried ejecting me out of my relaxed
state.
I saw once I opened my eyes
the glaring dead eyes of my
fiancé.

"When are you getting up? Go look for
work!"
"I'm tired... try Moe. Go kill Moe."
She grabbed the two blankets at the end of
the bed and yanked with all her
unholy feminist
might.

"Go LOOK FOR A JOB!" She yelled with
a mist of tears in her eyes smelling like
hot B.O.
"No! I'm a poet!"
The cat began running around the loft,
howling to the sun through the
roof.

"I have to go watch kids at the Y!" She yelled
as she let go of the blankets.
The crust clipped off of my eyes and the hair
fell down the front of my face.
"Please at least do the chores, BASTARD!"

The internet and her old home life
manufactured her madness and
hatred for men.

She stomped down the spiral staircase and I
put my feet down on the carpet.

The left foot has a black sock on,
the right foot has
no sock.
I stand up feeling the pain lightly
shoot up my legs and into my back.

I sat back down thinking I don't need a shower.
My fiancé slammed the front door
and a small stack of video games
collapsed down stairs.

My cat galloped up to me and meowed a
couple of times.
He got on his back legs with one paw on the mattress
then reached out his other,
placing it on my knee cap.

He did it again as I stuck my hand
out and he
gave me a
low 5.

Some jobs are left untethered

Written: 9/30/2020

The times have driven by fast,
Like the milk truck carrying the crate
John Fante stole.
The susurration of the green tree outside these double doors:
"You'd play on me if you we're 5." The tree whispered.
"Well.. I'm not." I said.
Who knew during the covid times this would be my last day of work before a furlong without pay?
Not much else to do.
Not much but think on the poem I wrote 4 years ago:
"Chamber of reflection."
That mardi-gras skeleton holding a guitar made of jade & gems;
Standing in the doorway looking to his side; or Regina's painting I stare at while doing dishes of a Spanish sunset I accidentally got dish soap on.

Seraphim Moon

Written: 11/5/2020

By the wiles
and the wheels
by the many o moons; it's accretion for the Triune Numen.
We sit & play the band's cloudy mechanic gizmos.
Slam-bang
in the back room.
The t.v. is blasting.
No coven,
no blood omen,
the only tales that we weave are not of
the screams of beasts; water droplet
like hands of an invisible air castle;
stringing the constellation webs like dental floss.
With Jezebel eyes,
she stares at us from the last ladder rung of Abaddon's tongue.
As the silent door creaks; the sui generis of the
seraphim moon.
Making a beat, strumming moon dust off musical tackle.
wander;
No venturesomeness to indwell in like sewer rats.
Serpentine to predestination: bowing to colleagues of the overlord;
The inveigle of the overthrow,
we drink the beers,
we aver the imp's piss we inject to take years off lives.
We smile and smile big to the sophic shadow for that
hour.

A forceful push in the morning

Written: 10/17/2021

She sits up in bed
Applying her makeup
As I'm extremely sleepy,
As the pastors preach last week's
Pulpit message on the television screen.
I attempted walking while on day 4
Of no caffeine.
The legs are giving out after I try drinking down tea.

My wife called me a: 'Black hole of narcissism'
Not the first time a lover told me this, 2 days before after my tooth broke in half..

I sat down on the bed
Not really feeling much of anything.
Last week the ER doctor told my father to pick up smoking
To help his restricted esophagus,
So I should pick up the old black & mild blueberries?

The weight of Phoenix is heavy around my neck,
How am I gonna pay this damn dentist bill.
Though surprisingly the thought of Dad at the ER doesn't fill me with dread.

Pick up,
Leave it to my newfound desire to work over time.

5 minutes can ruin 10,000 hours

Written: 12/20/2013

Anticipation and fear fuels my heart
when I think about another one of those 5 minutes.
I see the looks in the eyes of men,
women,
children,
dogs & also cats,
a bad hesitation.
Ask yourself the question, what happens within 5 minutes?
Eating cake,
playing the ps3,
falling asleep to Fraiser.
You'd suppose that they are things
that are quickly forgotten.
How can 5 minutes ruin that much time?
What can be ruined in 5 minutes?
Security,
trust,
love.
A rape is about 5 minutes.
A beating by several is about 2 minutes.
A massive heart attack can kill within 5 minutes
devastating an entire family.
The leader of Iran discusses,
he wants what is sweet,
forbidden.
Hits a button
that launches a war head and president after prime
minister after leader shoots off 100 warheads
to the sky,
this plan can happen within 5 minutes.
Nicolas launches and plays his monkey tower game
and half way across the world a family gets
their bible
stomped out
then
the family have blindfolds wrapped around their eyes

with nooses strung tightly.
5 minutes can be completely worthless to you
and 5 minutes can
destroy you.

Vepar's Journey (remastered)

Written: 7/22/2023

On land of desert with brutal sand fall,
there is a black shadow of a camel who grants wishes with tyrian
purple and gold,
with soul ties that bind but made to
understand all,
2 to 1 flesh by it's grant when the human thinks it's holy but really
sixfold.
Pray for a covering as Shem laid onto Noah,
Vepar's confusion is like strange winds from invisible portals,
Like Ezekiel when he witnessed the drop of the feather boa,
us humans have a cursed and limited understanding on who we are as mortals,
Vepar releases her to me and she takes me by the hand,
at first we took flight on it's wings and I grasped breathlessly,
her words of the world I fully understand,
my feet flew off the path of the cross into lustful ecstasy.
Walking in corruption thinking "Is this right?" in the Phoenix daybreak,
the path of lust is when good men drink from the unholy grail,
I stop the sip then her eyes become cold like the night snake,
then wonder why God haunts them when their actions praise Baal.
Forgive us Oh Lord as Vepar blesses marriages on the basis of lust,

I lose sight of the cross when we walk the heat of deadly valleys,
sever my will with the sword of the Cherubum's gold dust,
scorched feet due to ego and sin with satan's legion under rallies.
In my limited scope I see the Father's will for me like a poisonous flower,
Jesus I pray you break Vepar's bonds of cobwebbed gray satin,
Before Christ whips the red sky with a flick of His small stored power,
I am Job under the Father's words in my mind's world flattened.
I hushed with holiness to dispel my nature and other things,
Jesus, place me in a proper marriage with New Jerusalem's gleaming,
The demon leads to the sky where the stars are beds of sufferings,
Prayed for the scales to peel and see Yahweh's meanings.

Momma's gotta have it

Written: 8/22/2021

I work as a security officer at the Phoenix psych hospital where attacks from mental patients & ward escapes happen on a regular basis.
3 patrols a day are required and there's no letting up.
When I started this job 5 months back one of the new patients had really taken a liking to me.
My shift began in the afternoon & I walked up to the first double locked door with 2 guards, took my master key out, stuck it into the side wall, turned, then made my way into the adult ward.
This large woman with pock marks all over her face looked at us as if angels had just walked in.
Her mouth dropped as did her playing cards.
She leaped out of her seat in a haste then power walked up to us, she then stuck out her greasy fist then said: 'bumps'
"Uhhhmm what" I asked.
My co-worker bumped in to explain: "She wants you to fist bump her bro."
"Yeeeeaaaa... give it to me." She slurred.
I gave her the fist bump then left to patrol the rest of the wards.
Thought nothing of it.
4 hours later I walk back & that same woman saw me then tried rushing around the tech.
She yelled as if a plate of food was falling out of her jaws: "Bumps! I want my bumps!"
The tech was frantically putting her hands in between me & her patient.
"We talked about this madam! I said I wanna see some boundaries!"
"I don't care about the boundaries." She said as she locked eyes onto mine:
"I want something tasty."
"I'm so sorry." said the tech.
"It's fine, nice to see you again mam."
"Come back tonight." She said as I turned to walk out.
My last patrol was at 10 pm. The lights turned off in the ward & I was on patrol by myself.
I didn't see anyone outside of their rooms.
I quietly walked thru & as I was making my exit I heard:
"Security!"
I turned out of fear.

"Give me bumps."
I gave her the fist bump.
She began to lightly caress my hand.
"It's late... You wanna come back to my room?"
"Oh umm.. I.. uhh?"
"Get under the covers and have a good time?"
As I bit my lip trying not to laugh I responded with: "No mam, I can't."
"Ok. You walk off & think about it. 234's my room. My roommate can throw a blanket over her head."
"Allllrriiighht." I said as I exited the ward.
Finished out the shift & made my way around her knowing that she'd
'Have to have it'
I punched out.
Got in my car before midnight fell, stuck my key into the ignition, then made my drive down the crumbling cement road.

Give to the angels & fucks

Written: 3/17/2018

Fucking woke up (
tired) (dragged thru the
fist.)

Shit dude, where's my
time?
My portrait of scared - faces,
turned &
hidden (behind the
bed...)

Viking stein of black / cream
coffee // explodes like C4 **
strangulation **
Army box
into base down.

Then in
leg stirrups - my -
wreckless no.
whom
knows....

Feelin' fine

Written: Nov/1/2016

Some fever pitch dream I have thrown
myself into
as the dead dirt road throws up
sand like small cannonballs.
Looked to the mountains out my dirty window for
some flag,
holy spirit,
some answer.
Relief was one phone call away but the
battery lays godless and bereft
of life.
Liquid metal pours,
replacing my coffee brain.
A rejecting QT & fumes to give us drivers
our daily poison like
the heavenly bread of God.

Magnolia Flashes

Written: 11/5/2021

DdeveningringgowndD
+White House paint dirtied by the bat sun +
With magnolia flashes,
Sprinkled in with the brisk flakes of autumn evening.
/Grim.
Lesbian body, 2 naked men create wild / waste within.
The large lawn is a field with a top price the suit is trying to bid.
/ "serenely" /
Instead; Running times x2 dig-outs-a-flowng in the white teeth lake / / down the street;.
To sum it up.
Daisies growing out of the middles of blades grass.
100 ouija boards to haunt the house further ¥
The salesmen $ dressed up in the 9's (Selling # phones, burns, knock.)
Pain as a keepsake — in his wallet V_ _ >
Folding arms over his gut, en-housed memories.
Keps knocking th ough it's his house,
No wind-up toy, just sodomites he doesn't know are in there
Squatting _ _ _ _
They're inside having vile sex, talking like Kermit the frog.
'THE Lunch-box' pales in comparison.
He *unlocks the door* to then awashes his eyes; from the sight of
One Powerful Luncheon.

Viking Ancestors

Written: 4/15/2022

The people on my father's side.
The dutch, he would tell me,
as we'd be sitting in the old living room in the California house
we're barbaric.
He'd tell me as he would take off his grey suit and place it in the closet
next to the front door when he got home from work.
Like the goths but we defeated them!
No monster would touch us!
We'd bathe in the blood of our victims because they thought by doing so
that they'd live forever.
I'd make sure that most of the time if I was at home in the living room and had the
remote control for the main t.v.
'which was used by my mother most of the time drowning herself in god awful life
time shows.'
I would have the t.v. on the history channel.
Staring into his big glasses he'd use to calculate and crunch numbers doing people's
taxes all day on the t.v. set.
You wouldn't dare fuck with the dutch vikings, our men would pillage and rape all the
victim's women 5 ways to sunday!
My dad would yell.
Thinking to myself once commercial break comes he's gonna be asking what
ravaged meat we should have for dinner, picking it up at the safeway up the street
from the bart station where he got down every night.
An axe would slice thru the head of scandinavian viking by a dutch viking then a
commercial would play about the family going to sizzler.
My father, having changed into his business casual clothes he wore at home then
would ask
'so whatcha want for dinner?'

Chamberlain Co.

Written: July / 5/ 2023

It was a call center
where you sat there and tried telling some
idiot over the phone
that called in the step by step process on how they can fix
their garage door opener.
Thankfully I was fired right after training.
A week in I told this guy who sat in front of me
and looked like the rapper
ODB
that my life was very boring.
Saw his biker vest and asked if I could join his
gang.
He gave me a phone number and said this is
Sniper's number.
I called and no one picked up.
He called me a day later leaving a voicemail
saying by calling him I
'passed the first test'
That day after watching the biker go off on all the
'bitches' in training class I thought that it's probably
a good idea that I didn't join the biker club.
Before the firing there was a woman, one who
ODB went off on when we were all trying to figure out how to
put together a garage door machine by hand
name
Yasmine
who sat next to me in the back.
I slipped her my number and she threw it in the trash
without looking at it.
I was confused for a whole weekend.
I came back Monday and she was flirting with me so I thought
she didn't see that I wrote my number on the paper
but during the weekend she told the woman
in front of her how her 5 year old boy smashed
her kitchen window after watching the first

chucky movie.
I decided also not to pursue her and didn't
slip my phone number a second time the
last day I was there.

Easy?

Written: 5/12/2025

Why can't I just get my New Mexico driver's license?
It's a democratic state so why wouldn't the
govt be run like a sanctuary city?

The situation here has been mildly dismal;
hard swallows in bits and pieces.
Las Cruces should be renamed to 'life support city'.
How the hell is this a functioning place?
Let alone a state where it's essentially a 3rd world
inside of america.
How the fuck does that shit make
any sense in the year 2025?
Looks like a wide spread curse every time
I get in my car and drive to do anything.
When my friend in Phoenix told me that
90% of the NM population is on medicaid
I didn't believe her
but now that i've lived here for
the past 7 weeks i'm starting to see
the quiet desperation.

When I drove to the first location
they wouldn't let me come into the dmv
unless I had an appointment yet there was no
one inside waiting.
So I walked back to my black camaro and sat
on my phone making an appointment for the exact time.
I then walked in and a woman standing next to a
machine had me fill out the information to print
out a ticket.
I didn't wait for a window because there was
no one waiting inside.

When I tried giving the receptionist my paperwork she said
that what I brought didn't count as 'proof'.

Forwarded mail from my old address stating the
new one doesn't 'count'.
So, like most other things in life this can't just go easy.
I walked out infuriated and peeled out of the
parking lot covered in cracks because as I've said
'the land is cursed'.
I have to put on the chimp suit and dance for
the govt organ grinder all over again which
will continue to happen until my death.

So I said ok forget it I just won't get a state driver's license,
told by my father-in-law that I'll get disqualified
from the govt job I applied for if I don't get that damned card.
Pride garnished,
wages are at a minimum
I miss my family and friends in AZ
and this burden is like cancer festering.
Morphing to completeness and once it hits
It'll ripen into unsweetened bitterness.

The woman at the dmv tells me to bring in
a slip showing my paystub.
So, I waited two weeks and with the 225$ check
I got I had to drive to the job I had to pick up for
some reason because I guess in NM they don't
Believe in greater technology like setting up
'Direct deposit'.
I rip off the bottom from the statement and folded it,

Put it under a wooden bar in my temporary room
Then wait a day to go show them that I have 'proof'.

Getting in my car with the paperwork bullshit then
drive to a different dmv location because for whatever
reason the one I went to isn't taking appointments today.
The turn to get into the lot is right off a highway entrance.
So I hit a sharp turn with some New Mexican tailing me

with blind fury like I fucked his wife.

Parked in what looked to be mostly an abandoned
lot then got out and this building was packed.
Instructions making no sense.
Another teller with another machine.
So... I sit down and wait 45 minutes behind a man
with star tattoos covering his face. They call my number:
D0153.
I walk up and the blob behind the window is already
disgusted with me.

"Where is the bottom of your paystub."
"What?"
"Are you applying for a federal or basic ID?"
"Basic."
"This bank notary doesn't count. You need to come back
with a print out of your payment history."
"What? The bank teller told me I can use this as proof of residency."
"No, this doesn't count. You have to leave." The 6 foot flubber says.
Again, infuriated I walked out.
Start yelling as I get into my car about how fucking
stupid and dumb Las Cruces is.

They pull the same shit Tucson, AZ does and make simple
things unnecessarily complicated.

SO now i'm here in this coffee house
surrounded by weird businesses and buildings
writing this poem.
'Land of enchantment' what is so enchanting about this truck stop
of a state?
Though this isn't my fault the city treats me like
it is.

No dummies allowed

Written: 8/21/2019

Her name was Lynda
We didn't see eye to eye
She was a bitter old toad
And she hobbled around like
The hunch back of Notre Dame.
We we're swamped with too
Many sick people and her hobbled
Old ass was good enough for help.
On her last day before retirement
She worked room 7.
Her as nurse with 1 scrub tech, the medical
Student doing his residency with
The dr.
She said over the intercom:
"I need moving turnover help to room 7
& I MEAN IT!" – hang-up.
When walking in she proceeded to insult
Me in front of the staff with that same
Nasty grandmother passive aggressive
Behavior I was use to at other dim lit occupations.
Projecting at me and other good workers
Because they live with dumb beasts they call
Their spouses with kids that defecate
In the streets.
I stayed quiet and helped turn over the room.
By the end of the shift Lynda ran into me
I'm sure by accident on her end as she walked
Out for the last time after 43 years of service.
I rolled the large garbage bin to the dumpster and
That's when we locked eyes:
"Ohh, umm, Glenn.. Uh? Huh... Uhm..."
I looked right at her,
Said goodbye, then turned back around
And threw those medical waste bags into
The dumpster as she hobbled off

Into the sunset.

Throw her skull to the vultures above

Written: 2/19/2023

Moreso my books rather.
I stood and spoke in front of an audience at
a small
church and the poems we're bad and the
people knew this but clapped.
The audience was painfully polite.
Stacks of my first book we're scattered
across my trunk
like bones
in that old 2002 avalon
with the chips peeling off the seats,
the dead animal smell,
the chipped cross stuck to the front that was
almost beaten to death by
the harsh dirty winds.
10 years after that talent show i've been in
and out of
secret caves.
Jewels encrusted where the old people
preform sacrifices.
They ripped off the jews of the ancient by
spilling blood from their
wooden totem poles while I spilled unholy
blood of myself
into my books and it became a woman I
both loved and despised.
In their minds the audience sees me
disappear
and i've put blocks on my accounts
online to myself
disappear
and we both pretend that I attempted to
give magic when it was just too early for
me to have read anything even
mildly decent.

If I could've gotten what I wanted without
Christ's morality hanging over my head
like a binding halo
I would've taken a saw and
decapitated
my talent's head;
drove up to the top of mount lemon and
melted the head down to the watery bone.
Feeling ecstatic that my ego was fed
the ultimate meal then
throw up her skull to the vultures above
then watch it hit down in the distance and
see the birds and bugs eat it.
Pretend next to be all broken up about it
when giving the police report and when i've
gotten off in a pale and solemn
remembrance
I'll sit there at church wearing a black suit
as the twilight of morning
seeps through one of the crystal windows
and we can all pretend that the years didn't
rain down onto the bathtub floor and spiral
down the drain with the face of
old middle aged Stucki.
But when staring though the looking glass
at the child that went after me on the talent show
stage,
his little talent and the little talent I had we're
hardly
any
different.

Church

Written: 8/26/2019
We both walked out after my girlfriend wiped her eyes with handkerchiefs.
I shook his hand,
shook it and felt pale old fingers embalmed in the
flesh of a leftist Dracula.
The blood of the Savior at this church was gluten free.
It's like watching an infestation of a
house by likeable clean smelling
Cockroaches.

I think my plants need water

Written: April/1/2015

I am a sheep that needs a herd and the wink of twilight is all life has given me lately.
Why does attention detract from me and focus on others because of
Stupidity and hate filled intentions?
You need more love and care because everyone hates you? I don't get it.
There is toxic mold growing in the bathroom upstairs but no one cares, not even me.
When I called the office the land lord made a joke out of it telling me not to
"Drink out of the toilet."
My mother has a catchphrase that rings through millennia,
"You'll receive no help. Help makes you weak!"
And yet she's been fully supported by her husband half of her life.
Women in general are even worse.
The only woman I can tolerate in life is Erica but I haven't made my intentions clear.
We stay in the fog because of the shape of her body.
But neither has she made her intentions clear.
I don't fucking get it.
Am I giving too much of myself?
Giving 240$ to a friend when I know I'll never see that money again?
Or giving into too much alcohol consumption where I rely on prayers to get up
weekend mornings?
The weekend binge with video games and B-horror films has lost its touch.
The red cross needed a reason to fire me and with the writings of an old bitch with
Nothing better to do with her life sent in that complaint they got what
They wanted.
Did I have to get fired for slightly inconveniencing her?
I gave my ex my car, 5,000$ and half of my possessions and did I have to get gossip
and sleepless nights in return?!
Did the teacher at the community college, inside a temple on the dirt outskirts have
to talk her
Garbage and demean my faith in Christ?
Where I'm considered a bigot for my beliefs and yet everyone turns a blind eye when
Christians around the world are being slaughtered every second of every day?
This is not pessimism, this is not some winey kid yelling about foul play,
People like you made me.
People like you made Charles Whitman.
Fascist like you made me something fucking wild.

Candid in the classroom

Written: Aug/4/2023

I was told at my old job at Peter piper that
'the patients are running the asylum'
Then you think to yourself 'who am I?' &
'what's my role?'
Are you the man looking down sickly?
Waiting for the depressions of pain to stop washing over
you like hot motor oil?
Or are you the big bossman with silver sunglasses holding
a black baton that eats discharged bullets?
That big pizza house was made to feel like you
worked in a bubble of fear and hate.
The woman who made the asylum comment was the wife
of the owner she wasn't even the
owner.
I walked up white glowing stairs that didn't exist there
for my body to recover.
The brain leading the holy way to health,
praying hands over a bible and the top is self love
and recovery.
Like Raven in that 90's ECW classroom promo
I slam down the fold out desk with the words written
on the chalkboard:
"Normal Life"
I was then told many years later in 2019 by a scrub tech
"Buy expensive supportive shoes and an expensive supportive bed. That's the key to
sustaining living in the working world."
Maybe she knew what I knew.
Living in the working world was always like walking around in hot sand.
I quit that job at Peter piper and about to quit this tech
job.
I wasn't meant to be a teacher nor a student.
I'm a pit bull standing in the shadows who works for
honest govt money.
At least in my corrupted view I believe that's how
sanctification

works.

Johnny's been in hell for a decade

Written: 4/17/2022

The old red cross.
Where I wrote that jazzy poem for my first full poetry collection
on that man who was fidgeting with a gun before going on stage
to await the blowing of a magnificent trumpet and
lightly sweep his drums.
He blew his head off and I wrote about wanting to be him
instead of old men cracking jokes when I got them on the line.
'hey honey! The vampires are on the phone! They want my blood! HAHA!'
NPR told the story about the poor boy.
Switched the radio off,
had a pulse to lightly toss my cell phone out the car window into traffic.
My boss came up to me with his muffin top:
'Sean, hey.. uhm wanted to ask if you got any more of those Bukowski books I could borrow?'
with Rob AKA Nasty on the other side of the call centers holding
the only other Bukowski book I brought into work.
He walked off being grabbed by some other manager without a book.
'Hey yeah I liked that guy who came in for the interview.'
'yeah he's gonna do good on the floor.'
I heard a month ago when speaking about Nasty who had no jazz to his walk when he started here.
'Of course I got the job. It's a fuckin' call center. All of them are pure shit.'
14 hours down the drain with open liquor bottles and poems I wrote scattered all over the backseat and truck.
"I don't care! You'll never become the next Jack Kerouac! Just work your job!" I still remember my ex-fiance yelling like a fucked up trombone.
The shift ended and I was drenched in sweat,
Johnny committed accidental suicide
and the night fell with me.
Hit the radio on to NPR driving off from the call center as some other sorry son of a bitch zapped away at his
xylophone.

A coiled face

Written: 9/19/2018

Betzaida,
Without you, eternity continues.
But, where do I go when my train flies off the rails?
Where was my patience? Where was you're work drive?
Without your love that bottomed up from grace,
satan will continue walking the skies.
I took an ill advised risk in breaking our link & now I suffer
from death valley's heat in my veins.
Without my best foot forward, the greenery shed's it's shells
to rot in miles of bile.
For every heart beat I have an unknown human gets sunken
into the wet cement of hell.
Any moment, a bucket of blood will pour down from the stars
& instead of hearing your soothing voice to lay me by
still waves
I let two nations tear us apart.
Wrapped within the expectations of stitches from family & friends
I broke what was deemed desirable again.
Was it cast by the lower levels of my better nature?
Was it your unwillingness to not meet me in the middle?
Was it excuses?
Burials of past & present angels?
My willing desire to preform CPR during the stages of decomposition?
A witch's spell?
A deacon's incantation?
Or, maybe it's the fact that i've asked too many questions.
When it comes to love I birthed another stillborn.
Here comes another month of laying in bed and staring at the
ceiling contemplating what I did.
Eyes out of exile.
Whatever the outcome, changes stayed the same.
I just got tired of leaving you with tears streaming & a
coiled face.

The sign fish

Written: 8/15/2021

Programming the instruments of faith
seeding the pagan soil with overlapped hourhands
Low leaning with factual embrace.

The dopey whites

Written: 6/7/2024

The Freemasons dumped the trashy
whites all over the Southern States like how
the British dumped all their criminals on Australia.
They fall in love and fall in hate the same way city folks do.
The same set of social rules but
in their world once you open the door to their
backwoods then you're world becomes drastically different.
What isn't talked about in the simple South is that
25% of all white households don't have a father.
The superstition mountains in Little Rock Arkansas houses those
lost men.
Men waiting for a maiden to walk up
speaking Cajun French while holding a bouquet of black lotus
with a black card saying 'Take me without accountability'
written in blood.
The incognito ghost Harry Crews with his mother
sliding down that dopey white into the backyard cauldron
of boiling grease as a form of exorcism.
He emerges like the blasting blazing phoenix,
screaming,
flesh melting off of his body
causing 100% 3rd degree burns;
to become as a rebirth one of the greatest Southern Gothic
writers to ever influence my work.
I don't know what you think
but the metropolis and the ghetto woods walked off the white brick as all the
attendants clapped, whistled, and threw roses at their feet.
They left hand in hand in a
beautiful marriage.

Truly something awful

Written: 5/26/2023

The rage rolls around like water smacked the fireball.
Like an abused dog chained up in the back yard.
Getting fired once again yet I have 90 days to look for something
'better'
all that happens is beginning on the slide at the park but once
the spiral ends you slide right into the jaws of a demon.
This life I have lived has truly been something awful.
Righteous anger, enough of it to use my own power to push a speeding
freight train off the tracks.
Anything in corporate america has no place in the normal man's life.
Never to be trusted, always be wary.
All of this is for the purpose of paying bills when I have never had
any interest in giving a landlord a fuckin' dime.
It's all been pathetic, constraints within a small space.
Dealing with my own thoughts and the worse problems of others.
Screaming about Jesus and UFO's stealing their clothes at the
ER.
I don't remember the last time I was actually happy and filled with joy.
I drive, I have my work clothes then change into my bed time clothes
and the system keeps going with all the rotten sin that's
slamming into themselves and slamming into the workers under them.
I got 90 days to leave and it was my foolish mistake to put my trust in the healthcare
system but what else can I do when no one buys your books or paintings.
It's been truly a life of dog shit.
I've been waiting to die for 34 years and my grandfather died at 95 and my father is
in great health at 66 so that leaves me with a huge long
life having to continue to walk in the muck and yank my feet with every
step out of the swamp.
I have to tell myself when treated traffic in downtown Phoenix like it's the fucking
nascar indy 500 that one day I'll die and go be with Jesus in heaven
where the ultimate liberation will take place.
No corporations, no junkie scumbags, no boredom, no muscle pains, no fatigue just
Gold & God.

The angels

Written: 12/19/2018

The angels are in His use to fortify Himself, to block out black fire arrows,
to guide us.
A love given to all from their chalice, the messenger angel to
tell the lot of earth of the greatest moment in human
history, the showing of God the father's affection:
The birth of Christ!
Visions from us like crystal invisible ghosts, bodies like beryl.
Your only source on them is the true lovely bible.
They have terrifying sights!
A beam from above,
they normally cannot be see by human eyes.
Good vessels are under the cloak of the Lord of heaven's armies.
Within heavenly places: Cherubim, Sepaphim, Living creatures.
His grace is totally sufficient.
They gleefully carry out some of God's plans.
All information that is of the good comes from the most ancient of Gods.
Angels are used to bring grace.
Comfort & minister to me, angels of the one true God!
Sent off for His elect Christians, the 2/3rds.
Even in the presence of angels, the fallen ones may
scoff & laugh & try to take the saved ones down.
These entities are not to be worshipped but are fellow workers in
Christ!
We do not know of the number to the entire order.
Cherry picked by Christ for a plethora of occasions.
We are lower than them power wise during the fallen state time.
They execute the ends of our sufferings & also God's judgement!
They have powers unlike ours with our earthly limitations.
The most beautiful angel rebelled then morphed when falling from grace
but he is defeated in the end.
"Glory to God in the most highest! On earth peace to men
On whom His favor rests!"

I guess dead fingers can talk

Written: 8/12/2023

If you smoke DMT you'll see dead fingers
play the piano.
If you write too many dead poems in a row then you got Buk's
'The flash of lightning behind the mountain'.
Trying to forget the feel of time while being stared at
by floating jade green eyes
as dead fingers glide down the small of my back
in the dead of night.
I hear rotting horses in the distance at the race track
beating the dirt while the dead midget jockeys hit them with
small whips during one
powerful rainstorm.
Out there they sound fierce as hell.
I realize this is all some kind of daydream and pray for Jesus
to erase this moment.
These visions are making me think that I may be insane;
am I losing my sense of self?
Am I getting stranger or is my brain disconnecting and getting
stronger?
Back in Brisbee while on vacation at a steel trailer hotel
a javelina walked from out of the darkness while I sipped on some
nasty tall can and my wife got up and ran inside.
She made growling noises from behind the door and I told her
'it's a female, it's not violent you can come back out here'.
She yelled for me to come inside before the big pig would gore us
without tusks,
so I obliged and tried to allow the serenity wash over me
on the side of that mountain but what happens when you vacation
outside of a graveyard when the Air BnB people don't tell you
that your hotels backyard is
Evergreen Cemetary
is a demon with dead fingers will wake you up in the
middle of the night and try strangling the life out of you;
and so I'm back
at another nut house but this time i'm a servant instead of the
aggressor
with silence except the screams and bitching and complaining from

all the patients but as the galloping is still heard outside my window
and the fear that shoots down my spine I said with a whisper
'I guess dead fingers can talk'

Here's the kicker

Written: 10/25/2017

My brother, who's just finished a short story about a dead girl
sent me a message asking if I can pick up his cat's food.
Freddo needs another dog bag.
I get in my car with the faulty breaks and put on my
seatbelt,
hit the gas and made my way to the pet clinic up the street.
I walked in after parking in the preferred spot.
Half the lights we're turned off and I couldn't tell if they we're
opened.
Dingr I tapped the bell.
It was as quiet as a graveyard at midnight in that clinic.
The janitor walked out, Shawn, with a brusher strapped to his back
like a sword.
"Bay wilb be ribe wit youb."
He's a man I suspect to be my age which is 29, as old as I but
with the mental capacity as a teenager.
He has a lisp and is deaf in one ear.
I turned around to find the bag I needed.
As I was about to grab this bag Shawn walked in close.
He had a flip phone from 2006 in his hand and began telling me
about a legendary samurai:

> " Hababushi, He was ab mang, ab bige mang wip talentbs.
> Heb walk deb land ab took obere castlees wit greet
> strengthet. Heb is a legendaree saburi ab one afturnoom
> Draqualba's forces, oneb thouband fold wanbed hib's
> heed. Ab ab do youb known whab heb saied?"

I was looking around confused. Uhm.. What did the samurai say?
Shawn then flipped open his phone again and played an 8 bit song
from old Chinese lore.

> " Heb saied... here'sb theb kicker... Heb saied...
> Now, it'bs muy toum. Hebe hebe hehehehe heb."

When I turned around I saw that an elder in an electric scooter
was in front of me holding a small poodle. This old man cut in
line.
The secretary was up front at the cashiers desk and not only was
I not allowed to pay for the bag but the elder couldn't speak English.
I believe he was of Sicilian decent.

"Appointment! Appointment! You me the dog appointment."
He sounded like Marlon Brando in the Godfather.
"You have an appointment? What's you're name?" The secretary asked.
"Teddy."
"Your names Teddy?"
"No, dog, no Teddy eeeeeeeoooouu."
"You're pet is named Teddy?"
"Both, both please..."
"You both are named Teddy?!"
"No please you! Place, him 20 years please."
"You want to leave your dog here for 20 years?"
At that moment Shawn sat down in the wicker basket chair in
the waiting area and he continued about this legendary samurai:

" Heb hab a swoord hundueb eds ofb peet long."

The secretary thought the elder wanted to put his dog down to the
shadow of the grave. He wanted his dog groomed low and behold,
and Shawn began screaming at me as I sat in the guest chair with
that big bag in my arms.

" THA SWORB WAB ON FIURI HEB SWUNG
IT TAKINGB OUT ALLB THAB CASTLEES EB
CHINA!"

"SHAWN!" The secretary yelled.
"EOOOoooobb..." Shawn stopped then looked down at his lap and discontinued telling me about this legend of old.
The absurdity overtook me. I took off my glasses then began laughing into my cupped hands.
The elder rolled out backwards after finding out he scooted into the wrong building.
I walked up to the counter and the woman profusely apologized to me.
After I assured her it was all ok she began flirting with me after giving her my father's visa card to pay for the damn cat food.
"Shit! Holy shit! I couldn't understand anything that old buster was saying! Haha!
Hmmm.. You lookin' fine today..."
"Yea!"
I walked out.
Threw the bag into my truck and thought as I stuck the keys into the ignition what else is going to happen to me today?

Put on the splendor of the sun

Written: 3/9/2025

My wife Regina & I sat on our chairs

before we take our wings and leave Phoenix
and we ate cereal while watching
Saturday morning cartoons from 25 years
ago;
reliving the 90's because the present
age is a grey white washed tomb.
Us 90's kids remember as we watched Arnold
watch the sun setting from his sky high room
that this time we cherish we
try to freeze but it stays thawed.
Our childhoods don't sit like polaroids.
When we feed and treat ourselves
to not feel so ashamed and isolated we
come back to a home trashed and dispersed.
We are not good to each other as
Charles Bukowski wrote.
People we see and try to give chances to
lay eventually as broken hells in
our minds.
Then when your only sane friend asks
"Who did this?" we respond "People did this".
people and demons
create chaos and confusion and trauma
and tragedies.
The gray washed graves stay this way
because
Higher powers intended for the creative
powers to stop.
But, just like pigeon man; we know that one day
after having our rooms ruined
we will be liberated from this mess called the world.
The doves will pull our chords and as flight
appears we will never worry again.
Remember Arnold: always feed them twice a day,
put on jazz for them and
make sure to put on the splendor
of the sun.

Lick her sun

Written: 7/25/2017

Pure diet,

pure diet life,
purest feelings,
watching existence in a closet hole,
why hasn't a black hole opened
next to earth?
Or asteroid belts fold
us with closed hands?
There's a woman sitting across from
me and other than a Samoan
wrestler
we're the only souls in the
room.
I'll ask tomorrow on break,
Do you like brutal death/skin taking
documentaries?
Do you like boring regular no thought
super-heros from the movies?
Do you like PKD?
The trailing hitches of broken off
train parts where
my friends
live.

Forced to swallow his cries

Written: April / 27 / 2023

The watery explosion in his throat was like

cutting a defunct nuclear bomb in half
and eating the lead.
The anesthesia failed; the boy laid
motionless while water from the surgical
tool shot in.
I put down the Lacan book and went to a call.
Forced my will on a nutcase while the nurse
shoved the needle in; sedating that
menace.
The body went limp then I walked back to the
security office to continue reading
about the boy who cried wolf.
With him, there was no contemplating the
yin-yang.
His brain was so underdeveloped he couldn't
escape in dreams of the top of the lilac
mountain
in the firefly evenings.
He lived in a state of constant confusion.
Of limited words.
Only mouthing 'mummy' & 'wolf'
the psychiatrist explained a lot in the
book but couldn't pinpoint an
understanding.
They called a code when the boy ran to
another attempting to gouge the kid's eyes
out;
points to me and screams
"Wolf!"
As I walk in my security uniform into the
pediatric ward.

Just as you drink on my holy hill

Written: 2/14/2022

It's Tuesday, my day off from wondering around abandoned call centers.
Driving off from the record store into the hill of Phoenix, as rain clouds
engulf with fog on the 10 back to Tucson.
This toxic city gives me it's billet-doux as the rubber peels.
My right ear is ringing from the lamb of god record,
blasting on the hand held stereo laying in the passenger's seat.
I pull in as the congestion and construction warped my emotions,
way outside the trapping air of mountainous ranges.

Fury Divine

Written: 4/23/2019

Beware of the love dipped arrow heads.
Once that angel baby hits you from the sky you're life may fall
into the underworld & you might never leave.
Like an explosion, some people don't get out alive.

For your writings though, pour it out like a hot cup of tea that was shit
out by a jackal onto the page, then, keep it there on the page.
Curse that!
Discernment is the map book in your back pocket.
Don't be afraid to look at it then use it.

Dr. Zizek has stated that if you get the house, THE HOUSE,
the dog, 2.5 kids, the raging beauty who sees you how that old nurse saw me, then,
you are about to fall into the 4 walled
labyrinth of catastrophe.

This is the fury divine, the hate in the love.
The slow chaser after the exhaust fumes fully consuming
your lungs.
I'll write this again: Beware the alien cupid eye of Horus.

Onward bride of Christ

Written: 1/7/2021

Your way of peace and comfortability on your bed or your warfare mind on the marching line on sinful earth have been plucked by the
Hand of God, if His will be.
Called out of your zone, your calling has been marked since the foundations of the world and though magicians sit across the table from each other:
holding hands in Pagan magick prayer: You,
christian soldier are protected.
We nothing in life is going smoothly, hardly any easy traction;
this is an attack from Satan and his fallen legions.
Lucifer with his battalion will continue demanding victims in exchange for mortal treasures.
They're 'Lion king' Heru will demand more for his feed but the King of Judah, His blood sacrifice was the ultimate will.
His children whom are under His wing give they're trust from they're hearts to not know The Father's expunged wrath.
Hills upon gigantic hills of followers whom will escape the hopelessness of the lake of fire will reign, the personally chosen for Yahweh's crystal kingdom!
There is no 'vs' with Jesus, He wins.
We may feel that in doing God's work that we lose.
When you open a food pantry the unluck spell begins.
When you give the shirt off your back the unluck spell begins.
Which leads to the saying: 'no good deed goes unpunished'.
A future and a hope for Joseph, do you apply or are you Ananias?
I am criticised online on social apps, chat spaces, defending the honor of God's gospels & chosen bible books.
Though you feel as low as life can get,
choose to tremble with good fear while your dead sinful rotting wretched body lays in front of His throne.
If you feel no fear but worldly sorrow for yourself then repent of your ego and your pride.
Ask Christ to pull down your walls of self preservation.
He responds to the prayers of the righteous and the un-believers.
I myself, I am promised in Your book of life.
So Lord, rejuvenate your child.
Lift me, as salt without my saltiness from the stomping grounds.

3 headed triune Yahweh laughs at humans and hosts that believe they can topple
His eternal empire.
When your on the path, though your in constant breakdowns from shipwrecks or
dealings with dealers holding broken hearts willing to break yours:
Onward bride of Christ.
The new jerusalem awaits you.

The armageddon chuckle

9/7/2016

The slow slugs in the summer months.
Captain grass hopper tips his top hat as if greeting a madam
And sticks his neck out for Syria's guillotine.
Nut trees don't grow in the new Calcutta, like the Brooklyn
Hubert Selby Jr wrote about,
Syria in the heart of the rat.
The woman who came in late had a bull dog baloney face.
I theorize that she has a fetish where her boyfriend sticks hundreds of thumbtacks Into her face.
I sit here in my work suit thinking about captain grass hopper and his silk suit jacket.
He trolls along the grass and giant leaves somewhere
Humming in his own heaven with a song in his heart.
Safeway's produce department is boring... tack face left and there are no More customers.
I get up and pace back and forth in the back with thoughts of a football game I was in.
Jessica park holds some fading memories of a mistake I keep making.
Mistaking trust.
I leave churches and cut all ties with the former men's group a couple weeks after that
Football game.
Ok, well, Pablo Neruda has a chapbook of 30 poems for a pretty penny online
And after having my bank account over drafted for a week it's time for me To treat myself.
8 hours of monotonous BS and I hang it up to the clock out for the night.
The guillotines and executioners are rusty and have been sitting on the sidelines
Just good and ready to be called into the game.
Your bloody head hitting the basket is the home town touchdown.
The gates of sheol are patiently waiting to dump blood and ash all over the
World and I laugh to myself with 1 leg up on the knee,
Dressed in funeral attire, swirling hard cider around in a wine glass while comfortably sitting
On my black throne of rotating wheels and weak fibers.

Dark Skies

Written: 4/27/2017

I walked up to her small dirty fence. She lived across the street from a house party I went to last weekend. Raspy voice from screaming my head off to metal on the drive over. 'Hey! come in come in!' She said as the front door was held open. The floors we're bare and clean and a musical I hadn't seen in 5 or 6 years was quietly playing on the t.v. She passed me the remote and the youngest kid was lying in his crib and his father is being a piece of shit at a bar some where. We talked briefly about her job and how the UofA spoiled self entitled students we're giving her shit, talked about my parents giving me shit, and we spoke on random things as she swept and moped. I walked into the bathroom to piss then washed my hands. When walking back into the living room I saw her looking out the window through the drapes. I walked behind her and put my hand on her shoulder. 'My friend is coming to pick up her motorcycle. She's kinda crazy.' I saw her in the window with pink hair and a bandana. I sat down and watched the newest Dave Chapelle stand up while they talked about a guy that's stalking ms. bubblegum hair. She walked back out and my lady went back to moping. I lifted my feet up so she could mop and as she did I looked over at her book shelf being completely entranced with it. She sat down next to me and as we we're about to start kissing my eyes looked onto a big book. 5, 000 spells. Sad to say the relationship didn't come to pass. My walk with the Lord has been up and down for the last 2 years and for months on end the relationship was nonexistent. But, the dark skies that lay over me in her bed allowed little to no sleep and little comfort for the future that is unseen. On my 30th birthday i'm applying for a bank loan to open my small church and not being able to see her for this future by my side at this future job is a coiled web i'll have to untangle.

Jesus Christ, I need your mercies.

Circle of hate

written: 3/29/2018

Fuck these fucking kids.
They bully then march to remove guns but the bullying
continues.
Learn the ways of the dragon and
gain a black belt so you
can beat the blood out of these
soulless worthless kids that bully.

It's a travesty when the victim gives
himself pride by eliminating his
adversaries
but
the media does a couple campaigns to
'stop bullying'
when it's all just a fucking joke.

If you're a parent and you hear that
children are bullying your kid or
kids in school,
drive up to said school and back hand the
shit out of the kids committing the acts.

You will be convicted and sentenced if
you don't also target the shitty
worthless parents but

in my book you will have the
purple heart of honor and I will
put you in my publishing house even if you
couldn't write a poem or short
story to
save
your
kid's
life.

1994

Written: Feb/1/2021

I don't know why
I'm getting so many grungy
flashbacks.

The time father sat next to me
Christmas 1994
next to the Christmas tree in the living room
with my baby brother as the credits
rolled from
Space Ghost coast to coast.

Maybe at the age of 32
it seems as though the 90's was the last
greatest decade.
Or maybe
I look back with fondness
because this life didn't turn out the way
I expected it.

Just like that shirt my old friend wore
'this wasn't the life I ordered'
and space ghost is an idea long gone but I still
have those memories.

I wonder what show Moltar
is producing in 2021?

Indian Lily

Written: 3/10/2018

These are the words that fell off my mother's new dentures.
I didn't know who she was referring to,
maybe that woman who use to work at frys scanning items while I
scanned an x-ray across her soul with my eyes.

Maybe that scanner darkly man my brother brings up.
Someone out there or somewhere in the air of my mother's head is this
Mystery.
Indian Lily.

Maybe that was the name for my daughter with the waitress
In a different life.
Keeping my last night and my last name in the hospital room.
Where mother walked up and down the halls hysterically looking for a nurse.

Now, I'm the nurse's assistant.
With traces of Indian blood pumping in my healthy heart.
Bequeath / turning muscles in turning dark.
Pray for my still-born Indian Lily.

Circumcision

Written: 8/20/2019

I have washed my eyes after I was told that Jesus made a pigeon out of mud.
With clear transparent new eyes I look in all directions from the road
that Frost called the road less travelled.
Didn't help that the Son of Man died at 33, where
was this to leave the adult me at 31?

Confucius can't clean my feet from the grave.
Buddha can't stretch me out to enlightenment.
A Rothschild can't cleanse me with dump-trucks of cash.

But the one whom sent the angel to snip at my hear strings and provide that
circumcision.
I am a new creation and am among the wheat.

This does allow me with the guidance of His hand when sitting in lotus
position with my mind inside a different realm:
To hear the quiet and feel the cloud of solitude as I walk
down the yellowish transparent staircase in the room filled with
pink starry dust.

Paralytic

Written: 4/1/2025

I don't care about april fool's.
I don't celebrate a loving day for loki.
Don't for xmas, easter or any other holiday
Unless family forces me into it.
I do care about my privacy but as i'm
Living here at my wife's parent's house
I don't have too much of a choice.
Her father awkwardly does things to kill time.
If this is the way of the retired man
Then what the hell is the point.
I've delt with living off and on with my parents
Who are some of the biggest hermits you'll
Ever meet and dealing with that is
Something for the pidgeons to eat.
Feeling unstable and paralyzed again,
Went from giving orders to hiding on the edge
Of the bed and taking them.
I passed the polygraph and integrity test at the
Jail this morning so I got something of
Liberty and freedom to look
Forward to.

The house that warded the evil away

Written: 12/11/2021

The nose-dive into Evansville was strange.
That summer I was trapped in summer school; made to learn how to dance
with another unfortunate girl in class.
My father didn't come with us & mother had just come out of the hospital.
I didn't want to keep doing homework all summer so I made the best
out of a new experience.
My grandfather: the one who'd fall asleep with me in his arms covering
my head with his live cigarette ash was quite pleasant.
He painted his house white to ward the Indian spirits away.
My grandmother was crestfallen.
She had breast cancer & didn't really cook us much food.
We ate at my aunt's house where my mother called
forth unclean spirits from my uncle's ouija board.
During a browning summer afternoon a few days later
I looked out of the top bedroom window;
a group of kids we're playing baseball in the street where
I never saw not one car drive down.
"Hey kid! We need an outfielder!" One of them yelled.
I ran down this long staircase then out the front door
"I just have to ask my mom!" I said then ran back inside up
the staircase.
"no." she said over and over again as she kept her face plastered
to the black & white tv playing 'i love lucy'
"You always say no! I've been in this house all day and night!"
She grabbed my wrist, held me against her then began to cry.
The trip ended with my g-ma's death and an episode of 'the jetsons'
at 1 in the morning with the expectation that I was still suppose to
go to school.
Last memory I had was the kids dragging the wooden baseball bat
up the street with the gloves and baseballs into the blaring sunset
as if they walked into heaven.

Setting fire to every green tree

Written: 4/10/2024

When embarking upon the journey, I couldn't have foreseen what
Would take place.
A black umbrella for shade in already grey skies like ash-covered
Matchsticks collapsing across pale scissors when you need the
Fallen wood to burn.
No adult cleaned my bleeding child's face, I had to clean myself
While sitting on the edge of society's swamp.
Murky darkness; I dove headfirst into it like an inviting swimming pool:
To escape the butchered world that bombarded me
Seamlessly without fail and without remorse.
I in turn dived into that spiritual swamp and swam to
The other side of my subconscious where I exited the
Mortal lashings at school, the feral hunting beasts,
Away from mirrors in my childhood home, away from
Parents I couldn't find authentic, away from Mormon
Church entanglement and its bile to a mosque filled with
Hell mosquitoes; in the only holy house and facility
That didn't require my blood to stay alive.
I sprang my head up and realized I hadn't mentally
Grown or matured in my early adult years.
The workforce came and nothing changed.
It was still the same madness and dry spells so I kept hiding.
Fell into the vicarious thrill of shouting and acting from satan's claw.
Job after job, wreckless house after reckless household
To build bitterness. I lashed out but then got saved and after all the attention and eyes
On myself to be left feeling like a used-up IV bag
There was nothing but to await the day to die and obscure into nothing more than a page in the
Newspaper obituaries that people glance at for a day then
Keep going on with their lives and I'll be completely liberated in
Christ Jesus but instead of praying and learning to
Maneuver and let the molten fire shape me

Some jobs are left untethered pt 2

Written: 4/19/2022

Sitting here,
with my co-worker,
telling me that my other co-worker forgot his associates transcript.
'man this motherfucker got a lot of F's'
I couldn't stop laughing while covering my face.
This is the last day of my job before I go on to do something else.
Bouncing around at the age of 33
but now it's for a higher pay check which I thought could
never happen.
My wife was explaining to me how i needed to see my own worth,
my own power,
while we watched better call saul with a plate of chicken and mashed potatoes in front of us.
'i just want what the Lord wants.'
but now it's the last day being that I couldn't live in OT.
The meeting probably wont go anywhere but I got another interview as
911 dispatch for the city of Mesa and these
people are desperate for any kind of law enforcement.
This job wasn't so much better left untethered like the last string of jobs.
I will be bored at my new and next post
but the fire is still inside
waiting for a chance to burn all wickedness
around me.

Twilight and dreams are my inheritance

Written: May/16/2022

For the dead future.
I can't inherit anything as of now.
There was this homeless guy in the ER 2 nights ago when I was working security on the graveyard shift that laid in bed without shoes.
The bottom of his feet looking like cigarette ash and mold.
When a nurse said to him: 'I'm assuming your homeless so you'll have to take your antibiotics with you when discharged.'
'I have a home, an eternal home with God in heaven when I get my reward.' he responded.
that guy thinks he's inherriting something in his dead future.
To me inside my head he's just another street rat.
He could be telling the truth but I doubt it.
It's not for me to say who's saved and who isn't but when working with these 'kinds' of humans you begin to develop the opinion that Satan is the 'god' they're talking about.
he's inside his own little pit caused by meth use and a life of crime.
Still to this day I get so angry when I see people like him.
He should've answered the nurse: 'ya your correct madam, i'm homeless cuz i'm a drug crazed scumbag.'
why did he have to bring Jesus into this?
To make himself feel better about the position in life he put himself in?
I walked back to the office with my supervisor and said as I rubbed my hand across my forehead
"man how does your nephew do this? Work until 7 in the morning?"
That's when the twilight was caving in through the dirty window with it's own little light beginning to shine onto the security desk.
"Take a nap, your all good Sean. Just make sure we both get up if a call comes in."
I placed the phone down,
put my hat over my eyes and possibly fell asleep,
slipping like a slide into a dream but because of the shifts going which way and out with all the crazy hours;
along with the morning sun laying like a sheet on all the dirty sand surrounding Phoenix,
I couldn't tell if I actually fell asleep.

Backpackers and ex dangers

Written: Aug/28/2017

It's not like i've been here before. Tweekers waiting at the bus stop and I drive by where I use to sit while taking my father to lunch. Some of those tweekers call in and talk to me at work asking about the status of their medications or asking to get refills on blood pressure pills, pain meds & sleep pills. I don't see my ex's nor have I ever run into them while out in public. This is a good thing. The last one I allowed to fall off the waist side when I heard she put her disgusting feminism ideals over almighty Christ I let her hang up and I deleted her number the next morning. When a woman yells out in anger and threatens you when you talk about the red letters then my advice to you is to cut that girl off cold turkey and never look back. Don't even look back if you are drunk or high. Do not ever compromise with that thought process. If you find out your woman is walking with the devil then remove her. You may not see it now but she will dig her claws in and bring you down in the end. Let the tweekers lie and steal for their next fix and think of them from a far as you look out the window while having lunch with your father.

Kiss the frail goodnight

Written: 8/17/2019

Some kind of destruction befell me when I was holding my bible
& clutching my cross at 11:00 Saturday night.
Feeling I may be in the fatal heartless position in the 4 a.m. hour
of the twilight from when waking.

Singing can be heard in the background.
Sweet soft words.
When you do what I did and mix in the malevolence the
oldwounds with shotty stitching and then mix in new accountability
you get the recipe of a Godless night where you sit up and wonder
If any of this matters.

A questionnaire,
you'd make a dinner table full of self loathing, crying,
complaining,
Question the existence of everything in and under nature.
Watching the layout.

Watching the fall out of your better answers with the remnants
of a better heart raining down on a city turning it into
an area of skin and waste.

When I see the mirror that I've tucked into bed,
I looked as I prop up the pillow and see the better parts of my past
With an evolution of a face singed by the butcher known as
age &
I have no other choice before putting the mirror to bed then
kiss it goodnight.

Knee deep in blood and stars

Written: 7/20/2016

I've never known the girl to kiss me after the wrestling matches
To be waiting for me outside town after an earthquake
Misery is a dog that desperately needs a companion
In media, with deceiving love, the SJW agenda against truth's
undaunting book of matches.
Maybe the loneliness of my youth that held no kiss was the
brick and mortar to build my craft within.
Still, I've never known the girl's luxurious lips after an F-5

Vivid

Written: July/27/2022

2017-2018 every day I walked out
biohazard bags full of skin and body parts.
'Sean grab this! Sean we need that! Push in that recovery bed!'
The nurses and doctors knew me personally and I couldn't stand it.
Every time I heard my name it was like feeling the
depressing force
of a wooden house falling from the sky and
slashing into the ground.

The center was a ruthless centipede that
ran over my soul,
removing my sight for beautiful things.
Kicking me up with it's hundreds of legs, up far,
thrown into a colorless void.
But, then God flicked on a lightbulb and I met
the women who would become my wife;
and like a rainbow force that Genesis 9 intended
flipped my life from vexed to vivid.

That unimaginable night in the robust year of 2019 where
we'd just met yet she was leaving on a 6 week trip to
Lost Canyon camp to show the troubled youth a new
escape and a new way.
But before she left, her night camp started early.
My TV set glowed like a subtle camp fire with small embers.
She walked in like the final's trophy,
victory was finally washing over me like the ocean
holding a box of Mexican take-out.

I grabbed a collector's edition and popped it into the VHS player
as she clipped a cigar then lit it in my living room.
The red end, the yellow street light outside my window and the green
light from my lamp married within the twirling smoke.

I walked through the lights and smoke that danced around us,

sat down on the couch then as I took a hit the VHS tape began to play:
'my own private Idaho'.

Are you really my friend?

Written: 11/13/2017

The resurrecting cells of dormant cancer beg to feed. The yelling
and complaining and love-less gas pressure bursting at the
seems of home again. The orange Mexican Fanta sits the top
of the fridge and this question lays asleep somewhere at the bottom.

Built up frustration leads to bloody knuckles & throbbing wrists.
Throwing my switchblade into the fence when I was 16 like
throwing fists again & again & again. 29 years old and the sting
is raw to the touch.
Why can't I just escape my tormentors and this sandy city?

The brakes ware with the winds across my face. I promise myself
a poetry collection without hell, without winding roads but the car
jack and the crowbar are back. Five years of madness and it looks
to be cutting my sky again with broken words floating like sun-dust.

Blood doesn't circulate well when I envision a chrome boot shoved
up my ass and it's difficult to maneuver egg shells when black lions
are prowling inside the dark. Dad didn't reject my question when
asking for money for mourning coffee but I have to keep in mind:
Hope is all I teach about.

The sunday twilight

Written: 6/4/2024

In a rare moment
My family huddled around the TV while a
vehicle drove on the sand-sparked desert.
Using its wheels like black paint brushes on
a road in between 2 mountains.
The music from the Y2K 2000's commercial
serenades me like listening to a woman
singing God's faith.
High school govt class is tomorrow morning
at 7:30 am where I lay my head down
on the death bell.
I'm sitting in class now 19 years later listening
to the teacher toll his bell
as I have my head in my hand wishing
I would've worked harder when I was
younger.
The commercial and Sunday Twilight I have
frozen as a ceased hourglass for self-deprecating
and dry moments like this.

Blinding end of August

Written: 3/10/2017

I press pause on the controller
while playing Mario's tennis to
get a dr. pepper from the fridge.
When walking into the kitchen
I saw a small cockroach on the
wooden floor. Brain cells fired
and I remembered the time a
giant fucker crawled out from the
couch while me and my ex fiancé
watched Gene Simmon's family
show.
"Ahh! Sean! Get a bowl!" I sat
frozen for a couple of moments.
I hadn't seen a cockroach that
big back in California. The flash
back ended and this time I felt
no disgust but some remorse for
the little guy. Buck left the cat
food bag open in the small pantry
and that's where this thing was
getting it's 3 square meals a day.
Instead of lifting my foot up and
finishing where the A bomb left
off the cockroach scuttled into a
small opening below the cupboard.
"Fuck it"
Opened the fridge and grabbed
the dr. pepper. Thought to myself
about making coffee instead but
I thought on how I've been single
for 3 months & Pretzel's face
surgery that happened a year ago
& Charles Bukowski. If Iran aims
a missile at Yosemite park and
launches that big ton of death,

the cockroach will still be chilling
with cat food pellets. I walked
back to the couch and sat down
with the drink.
Nuclear holocaust may be in the
mist of the future but as for now,
it's 40 to 15 and the opposing
team has match - point.

Hot house bloom

Written: 4/8/2019

He was yelling as he walked back and forth in his living room:
"She won't get me! She will not make me give up!"
That was uncle David. Not my uncle of blood.
He pointed his index finger to the ceiling like he had a light-bulb idea.

I left with the crew. We skated for an hour from 10-11 pm
all the way to my old best friends house.
I assumed that uncle David was going back to San Quin because he
couldn't control his alcoholism. I said nothing.

It was a sad & also intense moment.
That's what happens when you roll those red die with the slit eyes of
snakes once you marry a witch with cuts on her fingers.
His nephew embraced him with a hug and then we left.

I know of his actual witch wife. Before walking into his house when meeting them for
the first time I was told to not give my name.
That hot house drooped when the moon had started to bloom
in the ghetto that dusk eve back in the SLZ.

Dear Erica

3/1/2015

It has been a while since we talked.
I hope you read that book I bought for you: "Ask the dust".
I read the first 48 pages of that book you wanted me to read while I begged for money on the side of the road.
I did quit begging and got a job through my dad now working at Costco selling air conditioners, it's terribly exciting.
Recently I've been thinking on the times we hung out or went on "dates" and I apologize for treating you to dunken donuts for the first and speaking to you as if I needed the job.
It was extremely nice and I am not being sarcastic.
Those short moments we spent together.
I wasn't myself at the time and was incredibly nervous, not sure why but maybe there was beauty in your basic features that we're more complicated than I could've imagined.
Because of getting to know you while I was still engaged is what ultimately split us up, it was very nice but at the time I wasn't thinking straight.
It's been 5 months and can honestly say I've officially moved on from my ex fiancé.
If mentally,
I had been at where I am now I would've never made the decision to stop seeing you and
I highly regret that.
I've dated a few more women and unfortunately hung out with my ex at a few house parties I was dragged to but nothing pleased me.
Like few men I don't like hunting down women,
I find it to be a nightmare filled with erections.
Raise your son right, I know you will.

Some bloodless sort of agony

Written: 5/9/2017

This clever discourse to better my health
was given to a good man's wet dream.
Without my glass buddy
my chromosomes are warped,
sprayed into dark abandon.
I tripped and my Jesus fell off the cross.
Feet and hands lay on the wooden board
covered in dry glue.
Have you desecrated your friend?
My sights fixed on the taking hand and rage
as relentless comes as a
weedwacker of
desolation.

With blood like pearls

Written: 11/5/2024

The sinner's prayer
that's all I had when the spirit took hold,
guided me.
With a shield that I put on my locker
17 years later.
So this begins another
carnival
in this life once given to some
but taken from most.
With blood like pearls that
I bleed.
Pulsed by a heart that daily jerks
and stops momentarily beating.
The curse was laid down
as adam dropped the apple and
I was born with the knowledge
of good and evil.
Could've hated my first father and mother
but hate is a strong word.
You both had diamonds for blood
and traded it for dark lives.
so for the first time
I gotta go
the car battery is dead.

Wild man

Written: Jan/26/2025

The buck with a tiny head runs out of the nuclear waste zone.
Oozing out, acid raindrops,
The greenery baked into the abandoned while
You know the ones who invented the elephant foot
And the One who created the elephant's feet.

If you run out of stories and go crazy enough to
The point where your writing like Richard Brautigan,
Just remember he took his life in a sea of depravity
When we have eternal hope in this momentary mortal
Struggle under a fixed starry galaxy.

Does the stream in the brook reverse the time on my skin?
The immortal sincerely doubt trivial fables about the flesh.
What I've never heard from the protestant pulpit is that we are never-ending.
The born-again cannot die in the spirit.
Poems, short stories and novels will die in the invisible fires.

Where most have red faces living in cocaine dreams?
There are pebbles and peons stepped on by natural wild men.
Like the 2 that died in agony; sharp as a ballpoint razor:
Jesus Christ who rose again & John the Baptist
With hearts of steel rose gold encased in liquid silver.

Tree sap for fangs makes me seldom with my hellos,
Forfeit your ego scaffold or I'll get
Dentures and bring it like the will-o-the-wisp.
Don't judge these wild men less you be prosecuted and get fired
But don't worry, the circus of pain is taking job applications.

You can't have sex with hell

Written: 5/6/2018

I've tried.
I took the DMT pills with a full erection & got dammit I tried.
She didn't know, I looked further once but this lead to a cream
valley without the surgical knives or the
bone saws nor mosquitoes
nor imperfections,
nor the pitter patters of a mouth saying
"Hello."
She had the vagina to tell me she was ghosting for the
last 3 days and Oh! I counted!
Now, we're discussing books she bought and
the new guy she's with.
Brenda, Will you ever know my virtue without me having
to text it to you?
'I'm sorry'??
Why did you text me that?
Some more happy darkness from a woman I thought I'd see in places words cannot describe but she sent me running back to the immortal suffering.
I couldn't have sex with unending fire, I tried.
So instead I insulted random women.
Thousands & this has been happening for years.
"The ogres of the internet"
Is what I nicknamed my friend &
I. Come on, I found it funny. Don't be insulted.
I found it hilarious once I found the stained jim bean at the bottom.
I heard Vine's horn to call for porn when I was in college.
The dark scroll opened & I leaped against the BART tracks.
Instead, Brenda,
once again to you and to every other woman in my life i'm
Hey! Look fellas i'm that cool guy!
I'M SUCH A COOL FUCKIN' GUY! I'D ASK YOU WHAT I ALREADY ASKED A MILLION TIMES! WHY SHE STOLE THE SNOWFLAKES AND LIGHT ORCHESTRAS OF SUMMER FROM MY CHEST, FROM MY HEART!
But!
.....

This may be a problem with population & how it's out of control.
Just too many guys on the dating scene & not enough girls.
She, You, are the white orchid shot I took in the last book or maybe you got hurt too
and forgot to scrape from under your boots the dead pedals of myself.
Brenda, did not not have enough of other men's rosebuds to sift in your weed
grinder?
Did you crawl out of hell from under the burning car with burning hands shaking for
the orange sun from which we both
curse?
Forget it. Just fuck it.
Have fun & have a husband & family like my last one did & enjoy that barn & the
apple orchard with your boyfriend under
pieces of shade while you wear your nice summer dress &
dark brimmed hat inside your Thomas Kinkade portrait
while I walk with my hands in my pocket in
Jackson Pollock's
grey pastures.

Beat down & washed up

Written: 5/9/2023

I sit here drinking grapefruit juice and
black coffee with a slice of toast with
peanut butter smeared on it.

I do this because a few weeks ago I was
having nightmares; constantly waking up in
the middle of the night with my heart
racing due to having pre-workout, coffee
& a rockstar all in the same day.

In intake for the purpose of being on point
at my job where the police love me,
EMT's, the surgeons & fire fighters
yet there is one who doesn't:
Father Time.

I put on my amebix record to not feel so
old.
Maybe that's the reason I work at an ER
and 2 mental asylums in the past.
To be around the chaos of the young
people and get some of that energy for
my reserves.

I'm just a normal man.
Back and leg pain from working out hard
at the gym yesterday.
I go online and look at things that truly
don't matter.
I am considering finding a new dentist.
These are the rational thoughts of a middle aged
man.
I think on how when I was in elementary
school the teacher would start the class
with all the kids singing the national
anthem.

In order to get the grade in computer class
we had to learn how to save our writings
on a floppy disk.
I'm only 34 years old but things in the
world have changed rapidly in the last
20 years.

I walk along a wheat field,
along a fence with hundreds of grenades
hanging from strings.
I know we both thought about yanking
one of them with some of those that
actually did
but I got 70 more years to live and
shouldn't care so much about the
changing of the seasons.

Heroin is a demon in the physical

Written: 2/13/2022

Like the citizens in war ravaged Iraq
they thrown on week old clothes and they grab their purses for the
midnight.
The complex's park on dry cement surrounded by a chain link silver fence,
like an mma octagon.
On the streets under both high and moon lights that cannot cast holy shadows,
these are the walking dead.
The player ghouls in sweaters making fat stacks,
lathered in filthy energy & riches based off the foul who don't know
their left from their right.
Monday you swore you changed your life around.
Tuesday your dope sick.
Wednesday your in euphoria in your kitchen.
Thursday your found OD'd against a refrigerator.
Friday your exhumed at the morgue.
Saturday the undertaker preps you in your open casket for the funeral
and Sunday the Lord of hosts judges your ass!
For years upon years the body recharges itself and you get clean for a short while
then the sick man your trying to cure
moves into your apartment.
Now your sick with him all over again, possessed.
We both know you won't be well.
This poem will be the farthest thing from your memory when darkness & chains
become your eternal friends.

Keepers of the Rosicrucian cross

Written: 7/29/2024

"Trust us! We want you to live in liberty!"
The mouth gives in a tone bastardized,
from the beast's face with a thousand eyes.
PD does nothing as society is in a flashed Fahrenheit,
ears go deaf as she dumps the gas and
strikes a light.
I couldn't waste away in the fog of your
carbon monoxide breath,
collapsing with both hands pushing the door
stopping freedom's crib death.
Concealed in cages as security laughs; sprinkle
their leftover wings with Tabasco sauce,
under the laws of Tammuz's American Cross.

The sword of Moses

Written: 6/9/2018

The ones at work like to pick and prod at me.

Assuming things of my nature, being that I am seen with untrue intentions.
Maybe they did figure these things out,
Being that Charles Spurgeon said all men's hearts are bad.

The nurses, for the most part, treat me like a delicate flower.
Allowing the ruins of words to crawl into their inner most features.
Following the sands of the clock then drinking white & red wines,
When they sit at home with their husbands & children.

I ask for the sword of Moses, to be placed in my hand.
To cut when I have to cut then to defend myself when I have to defend.
Maybe, there is a reason I prefer the company of women, deep inside.
The catty cackling nature is the choice over high testosterone men.

At times, I call upon Jesus's angels for help in curing a patient,
At times, I call upon them to place a shield of protection over me.
I can't stop the mouth's from speaking and cheering each-other on in mayhem,
But I can always take a seat in the break-room & read the paper.

Attending to bombs

Written: 8/27/2019

9 call outs today & our best worker was one of them.
The shadow doctors don't care,
the hope to blot out the sun & have black ink for souls.
Which reminds me that while writing this poem with a pen I found
in the ana room it wouldn't write so I
threw it against the bathroom floor and the black ink
sprayed all over the wall and tiles.
The new scrub tech & I took a bottle of rubbing alcohol with rags
and wiped down the bathroom.
These workers and higher ups are setting landmines In their own
side of the war field.
When instead we need to be stopping in paths if that's what God
wants but they wont because the tank needs to keep rolling though
the angel Raphiel is standing in the way with a drawn sword.
The nurse director is hiding in her office while rooms are being
called out left and right.
The sick never stop coming in by the boat load whether they
have insurance or not but these sled dogs have been beaten
too hard too many times and have fallen ill themselves.
We don't need the boss of the chief nurse.
She screams her orders from the shielded boat as we
march ahead with rifles poorly manufactured.
The reason I write poems like this is for you, the reader,
to gain a good understanding of the horrors and terror
leaking thru the cracks on a daily basis.
I place scaffolds around you so when you fall off it
won't be that far.

Deuteronomy of haikus

Written: 8/5/2020

In still life liquid grey,
an aberrant drip from the white neurosis,
non-fictional monk in bible life.

Somewhere out there

Written: 1/25/2022

2 weeks
after the timely death of one of my best friends
I took his tag off my key chain
to click it onto the golden lock, linking it to his
treasure box urn.

I sat on the bed in my house by myself with his
ashes on my hands.
I looked thru the window and stared at that palm tree
leaning against the blue sky.

It's like the ash has replaced my living skin cells.

Feathers in the fall like tree brown leaves as I close my eyes
where it rains down in white outside & inside
my room.

I wrote about this silence in 'the night I stayed asleep'
how I thought the final flow of tears would end
but then I got back from the mortuary yesterday
with the ornament of
loss & remembrance.

10 years gone.

I got up & walked into the living room then said to one one
"I know your out there somewhere."

Then placed the urn on the small coffee table next to
the front door where his kitty litter box
use to be.

Boundaries

Written: 8/5/2023

Back to the old mind set.
More learning, getting stronger in training.
It's my friend's b-day.
I got into an altercation with a skitzo at the end
of the shift.
What more could a man ask for?
Lively christmas trees decorated with the frost
in the air?
It's August, this use to be my favorite
month in the whole year when I was a small child.
4 years old sitting in front of a fan that was
silver and dirty.
Now, every time I take a step to walk up and down
the detox wards it feels like i'm squeezing dead
ghosts out of my souls.
This job is for the passionate and I am not sure
that I have the heart for it.
In a poem I wrote last week
"God please damn the sun"
about how I threw that skitzo against the side of a
door.
I got called into a meeting with the CEO and other managers
and it never came up.
They aren't going to start any investigation.
I'm not a hero just trained well.
Running a full ward by yourself as a BHT is like working
with a hot needle in between the discs of
your spine.
When I got home after the shift I saw online that
I had won 1st place in some poetry contest
and some poet told me
"This is so good I had to read it twice."
so that's gotta count for something.

White Orchids

Written: 10/30/2017

I watched this woman get shoved.
Police sirens rang in my head for jail time
of sleeping on cold steel and the brutal
unknown.
Blood streaked across
the living room floor.
The dos equis felt like wet cardboard
washing over my cotton tongue.
Sinners & apes screamed and jumped
up and down.
Two women we're brandishing brass
knux and a brass
mouth.
A rum filled nightmare with white orchids
poured out of the glass captain
into the hot shot glass.
I sat down and kept to myself as Dan
drilled holes into the quarter inch
thick walls with his palms and
thought:
I gotta work on that sermon
for next weeks
service.

Diaries cut with sparkling ash and razorblades

Written: 7/19/2016

I've known only one woman that could write
She is highly immature. She is irrational, sings to different tunes.
The human condition has become predictable in my studies.
She sent me 6 short stories but I am not to speak of her around my friends because of her promiscuity,
so, here I write for her this eulogy.
I don't know why but I feel I have a connection to crows,
I see one in the distance picking at a plastic cup.

Shackled to a child rapist

written: Feb-20-2023

The light was trying to punch through the sky.
Morning broke and I had to drive down to
relieve the night shift guard.
Got in:
Walked into the hospice with my water jug and my
lunch bag.
"Thank God your here. Any problems
with the government vehicle?"
"No." I said.
He grabbed his things then left.
It was me and the child predator together
in a small room.
He was recovering from hip replacement surgery.
From what I was told a pack of child rapists jumped him in
his room.
8 hours of this standby...
"I'll never run off. I swear to God I will never disrespect you."
He said with a look of worry on his face.
"Alright." I said with no expression as I sat in the
wooden chair next to his bed.
I grabbed his file that laid on the little nightstand.
His paperwork stated that for 5 years he
raped his niece and nephew.
Ages 2 and 3
along with a beastiality charge involving the
family dog
continuously.
The prisoner would roll around and complain about pain
with zero light being shown from his face.
When he needed his daily bath he'd get rolled in with the
big rolling plastic chair.
I heard him screaming at the female tech.
I grabbed the handle on the bathroom door and swung it open;
seeing that once he saw my face he took the
base out of his voice.

I sat and stayed quiet as he kept
trying to talk to me.
I almost cracked.
Thought about throwing my ID tag and quitting the job.
Time rolled around as time tends to do
then in came the guard for the next shift.
Grabbed my things and power walked out of
there to the govt vehicle then hit the gas
not giving this shift
any more
thought.

Plus & Minus

Written: July / 6 / 2023

My mouth kept filling up with blood.
When I went to sharpen my pencil in 1st grade
Mrs. Ace wanted her little students
to learn the math basics.
I got on a wooden chair on my knees to
sharpen it in one of those old silver things
nailed down to the counter.
The chair slipped backwards and I fell
smacking my jaw into the wooden
counter.
My friend Darrel felt concerned.
I couldn't tell if he wanted to tell the
teacher
that there was something wrong but he
stayed quietly at his desk.
No one seemed to notice me or cared,
the teacher didn't even ask me what happened
and I know when I fell and hit
my jaw
it was loud.
A part of my tongue was hanging to the side of my
mouth.
No one, not even my parents suggested that I
get stitches.
I kept filling out the math papers as I kept
getting up to spit blood in the sink.
Maybe the focus wasn't the math problems.
Maybe it was an omen
which came true of most people
in my life
just being indifferent and at an arm's reach
away.
I handed that paper in the next day
wincing at the pain in my mouth and she stamped
on it

'A+'

Hungry at the funeral

Written: 9/7/2023

I rubbed the skin between my eyes out of hunger and
agitation.
Why has this service been so long? Oddly the funeral was
2 services.
One was at the funeral home with her family and they're church,
the second one at the gravesite with her own
personal church.
"Why are they all wearing covid masks when everyone is outside?"
I whispered as I sat in back of my father-in-law's truck.
Once the church members drove off we got out.
Walked through the small grass and laid flowers on the
grave of Nicolasa.
Being around groups of people always made me nervous.
I was happy that we were the last and it was my best way of
showing respect.
My girl was tearing up as she said goodbye and not knowing
what to do I laid my palm on her shoulder.
A year prior was the first and last time I had met the cornerstone
of my girl's family.
Fast forward a year later at the family funeral lunch
and the house was packed.
There wasn't any alcohol for me to dump down my throat
so I stayed quiet.
I could hardly eat being that I hardly knew anyone there.
I stuck my hand out and she grabbed it before I could say
'hello my name is Sean'
and she began speaking spanish.
My girl teared up just as she did at the grave site a year later.
"She's blessing you." My girl whispered.
"Gracias." I said in a low tone.
After the funeral lunch we ended up leaving and driving in the
fields knowing that the little spark of Nicolasa's Godly divinity
will be felt through our family's generations.

I'm ready to get sucked off by the wings

Written: July/9/2017

Doing this derby with hooves pelting the
dirt.
  Inner muscle pains,
  bands that look into the core
and make you think, like a physician
they try and heal you.

While we're getting bet on
        we are the horses in the
    race of life.

I wrote in high school in my old poetry
  note book:
      "Cry for the heart that still exists."

What did I mean?
What could I have meant?

                                Fingers brought the bible I bought
her in her purse for the hang out
at
  the park.

Is it her?
  Should I cry for people like that?

I don't think that's what I meant.

Holland's 12 black rainbows

Written: 4/3/2019

The 12 black rainbows, they hid but covered the clouds.
My father was behind the wheel.
He told me as he was dropping me off Friday night
he was sanding down a chipped tooth with his tongue.

You ready to fight 1 vs 1? Mike & I grabbed our controllers
& headed out on the virtual land on the television.
He hit level select for Holland & on the old t.m 2 games.
He beat me relentlessly.

12 black rainbows shining as a beam from my mother's eyes.
Makes me think how I should've snuck into happy hour
when I was in middle school.
I always lost & both Mike & my mother made sure of that.

For every saturday & sunday in the span of 10 years,
Michael would show no mercy in beating me in every game.
Once I beat him & his dad in anything ever at that pirate bar on
vacation in billiards, I knew I had something.

The holiday waltz

Written: Oct/6/2024

The fight of the century!
Me vs. HR again,
this time it's personal.
Some shitbag robbed me on the
cyber web of my entire paycheck
through their payment processor!
At my job, no one cares that this happened to me.
If I showed up to HR's office or my kid's hospital
job wielding a rifle then I'd get
the first-class treatment.
Yet was I with a drink in my hand?
I was holding a small trash can
while the youth danced the night away
and the old kick-back with
sparkling apple cider on their holiday waltz.
I was in the back of an ambulance assisting the
EMT with treating a strapped-down
mental patient.
You tell me about your love,
you're exorbitant means of comfort
and I'll show you from the sheet of the
desert midnight recesses the torn-off face of
a madman.
Arizona holds many wicked secrets,
The country cool drive you take has your
wheels unknowingly roll over pure bones
and shed innocent blood.
If you call during your leisure I'll pick you up.
With a stressed smile: "Here...
chew this aspirin, I'll take your blood pressure.
Close your eyes...
Slow your breathing..."

Sunnyside ward

Written: 2/18/2018

I had this dream this morning where the woman I use to be best friends with was wearing a red dress & I could see most of her legs and she had on black rimmed glasses with red lipstick. We were on a cruise ship at the dock of some sea. My boss was instructing the tour and for what I don't know. She had hundreds if not thousands of razor blade slits all over her legs. She spelled:
(Appeal / Attack)
on her left leg & I felt so bad for my old best friend. I asked:
(Did you slit your legs?) While I wore a white face.
She giggled.
She touched my hand while she smiled & said:
"Let me fix this."
This girl has stopped talking to me and this took place around 5 months ago. I believe I know why.
I wanted to get up and leave thinking she wanted out of the friend zone but I couldn't do it. I told her:
"You can't be trusted."
She giggled.
She placed her hand on mine and scooted closer. Scooted closer as the men aboard scooted & the sea lapsed over itself. I tried getting up from the seat again but her allure was too much.
She giggled.
"Let me hold your hand." She said with a smile
on her face.
You can only take so much away from me before I have to be placed in the sunnyside asylum.

Don't forget who your real friends are

Written: 8/27/2021

The school days we're like toaster sparks of insanity, much of my life has been like this.
I could never trust any of my school friends whether it be getting jumped, one selling me metal CD's for coke money, or another finding out his gf cheated and tried committing suicide by jumping off the English class building into a pile of bushes.
Once around the end of senior year my 'friend' Anton & I we're pacing around my backyard.
"Everyone I know thinks you're gonna murder me with an axe, they just don't get that I like BAD BOYS\" said Karma thru text.
Anton was pacing around the opposite side of the backyard while he was speaking to our friend's cousin on the phone:
"He's emulating his life off of that wrestler that lost all his matches... no.. no not him.. The Undertaker threw his doughy ass off the hell in a cell.
The chaos lasted for years.
Once I skated by with my HS diploma I had plans on flying out of the Bay Area for X-mas to Tucson to meet my online girlfriend.
Anyways, Anton & I continued being passive aggressive towards each other until we decided to make our way down to Chacko's house.
He was watching 'white men can't jump' in his living room while his parents we're at work.
Chock was a gang banger and considered a close friend.
He was upfront, had a unique personality, vicious, always looking to run into someone's fist.
"You shoot a lot of cum if you freeze your balls." Chacko said as he held an exposed ice pack to his crotch.
"So why the fuck are you leaving? What? You think we're bullying you? Your not the victim in this, your hella gay." Anton said while he took a hit from his soco & coke while sitting at the kitchen table.
"I want to try something different."
"Eeeewwwwww Tucson? Your gf probably lives in a cactus and gets fucked by cactus jack."
"Mhm." I hummed as I ignored him.
Chacko began to pull down his saggy blue pants and began urinating on the pile of hashbrowns I was eating before getting up off the couch. He stayed quiet with his mouth slightly opened as he stared at me.

"What the Fuck!" I yelled.
"Don't yell in my house!" He yelled back as he still had his pants down.
1 year had passed since that movie afternoon & it was time to get on that flight.
The night before I walked over to see Anton, he was playing a game at his parents house.
I expected with this trip to walk into a calm environment for the first time, expecting my then gf at the time to help me find a life of luxury.
Awaited the drive for the airport the next morning which a 1 week vacation turned into 5 months of hell.
"I know your coming back just don't forget who your real friends are."
"Yea sure." I said as I sat in his computer chair.
He was playing whatever call of duty game & mowing down everyone with a sub machine gun at an airport.
He turned around after the floor became a sea of bodies then asked me: "Did that make you nervous?"

Kitchen confidential enveloped on the couch

Written: 6/19/2018

I watched him.
It was late at night and we didn't know
whether my fiance's mother was coming home from work sober or
coming home from Mexico with tracks on her arms.
I watched him,,
Sitting on the brown couch that stole my wallet.
He was high.
He told me about how he was high.
My ex-fiance was in the kitchen.
She was inspired to cook on her mother's stove because we watched
'No Reservations'
religiously.
I pretended to like it and I don't know why but I remember
him being high while I watched him.

The lone ranger

Written: 4/9/2024

Polar conditions, my friend will still sell his solar,
Stopwords don't work when life's river is awkward,
Spigot cracks led to a doctor's visit on this train's unwanted ticket,
Yellowtail Mountain, now I'm infected with dank blue thumbnails.

Anchor? Is my friend an accredited workhorse or an opium taker?
Hairnets for years with headphones and cassettes,
Digest, so no food. The physician knew exactly what to express.
Would run, and my shellac heart quivered though I thought it was strong wood.

Kingdom's disdain, my prince's mentality with low basic income,
Lexis with phrases but I understand him, left in time for breakfast.
Turbid blood flow, to sustain from his list a diet I have to forbid,
Through me, he saw the lone ranger and then walked under clouds gloomy.

Homely, like my mother; in a large house untrusting and lonely,
Sketched my friend's instructions but my base was outstretched.
Rewrite this life, I have to restart tonight,
Frozen then freed with this medical note I'm now singing Ambrosian.

She put peas and carrots in a quesadilla

Written: 6/25/2023

How in the hell did she do that and think it was a good idea?
It was 2004.
I was at a sleep over with 2 of my friends and his mother was
such a horrible cook.
I was always tightly wound with anxiety and never talked to his parents.
One time she tried reading to me and her son out of a book about how paper money is made and we started to walk off out of boredom.
It was the only time I saw his dad get mad so we had to sit there while she read to us about how the govt makes paper money.
We sat on his bed, watching god knows what and I took a bite after not really eating the entire weekend.
My old friend who came with me let out a big sigh.
I took a bite and taste the peas and carrots and said
'mmmmmmmmmmm.. ass.'
The son became very angry and started yelling at me as my other friend couldn't stop laughing.
'come on dude like why the fuck did your mom put this shit in here?! It's just suppose to be cheese.'
'You don't know anything! My mom is a great chef! Your only acting up because your friend is here you gotta look cool in front of him!'
and my friend just kept on laughing.
My father ended up picking me up from his house and the whole car ride he also couldn't stop laughing at how horrible the food was.
I knew my own mother wouldn't cook for me unless it was a dollar store pizza or cup-o-noodles because she was too busy doing nothing so
I had to sit there and be thankful.

I'll kick your clipped-winged ass

Written: June/22/2019

Maybe this is something I want the wind of.
After we kissed
'index fingers'
she creeped slowing to the sunset.
Jordan Peterson says: "And that's why cupid has arrows."
What's of nature bores the birth of passion then comfortability then dull misery.
Without God to correct my wicked heart,
like dark flames or the panting mouth of a jackal.
Cupid is like the greek leaders of stoicism.
He expects you to avoid the pitfalls of placing both feet into the quick running
stream love is like a spell from a wiccan witch.
All hexes & powers eventually fall off.
Or, if the good ones won't then I guess your not really in
'love'
now are you?
Though, she's my galaxy on the pin of nightshade,
you have to do what the pilgrim did & pick up a shield.
Not just any shield.
Don't pick up the shield of (video-games) or (weed) or
(forced loneliness) because that wooden shield will
break & tear under the strikes from cupid's arrows.
Do what the book of Ephesians says
but don't swallow the fog.
Every single person on this earth deserves the blade of the trash
heap.
Repent / Forgive / Try again.

West of history

Written: May/1/2018

The state of the monster radiates live on televisions
In talks with wands & unconscious split decisions
Reaching in myself but to walk is like building a home on water
The purple landscapes quickly clean from the mouth of Ithobaal's daughter.

My wishes turn to prayers when I want to smash glass
Poison rises up my ankles when exploring in witches grass
Chains pop my cuffs & movements within David Lynch paintings
Laced with white lies which turns blue to drained fadings

I view at the Issac in myself & the animals west of history
How God does not kill us again is my life's greatest mystery
Our withered sails have sunk as I invite the inevitable war hawk
Placing faith in people is like Socrates forced to drink the hem-lock.

We all feel the sting of the master's lock

Written: July/2/2021

Sitting here,
in a large amount of pain.
My eyes are spacing out as I look at the t.v.
It hurts my wrist to write this poem
but who else can?
My wife said I was "full of myself"
When I asked her last week: "what's it like living with the greatest living poet?"
That is the protection bind that I wrap myself in being that
I lack self confidence.
2 ibuprofen's last night before driving to pick up the
bloated car battery at the autoparts store on McDowell st.
The pills didn't work.
After grinding my teeth all day from the lower back pain I think
on the master's padlock to the cashier's drawer.
We can't use the battery even though it's charged.
We need a new one with bolt clamps.
O'rielly's made us spent 125$
& now I'm sitting here.
Pondering on how I can now drive to work and not have to use
a taxi again.
What dangers await me at the madhouse at 3pm?
Do the crazy teens care that i'm in pain?
Some do.
Some don't.
The ones that don't hate me because they see my security costume
& they see what I saw at the O'rielly's,
another lock you can't break off.

Bees playing golf

Written: 3/13/2017

I watched a video on some science channel with bees clinging to balls filled with pollen. A scientist would use a device to drop liquid on these tiny balls then the bees would lead the tiny orange balls to get the 'hole in one.'
"That's crazy and it's cool." Buck pressed the button twice and that golf ball went flying. It was my turn and I knocked that fireball up into the heavens but fell into the sandy rough. "How was your shift?" Buck asked. It's a call center. There is no need to explain the hardship and the dreg feeling of having ran track mentally for miles. All the information, all the misinformation, all the work sheets, electrical work, mechanic work, all for 11.25$ an hour. I wrote on a piece of paper and handed it to the beautiful disgrace sitting next to me. A folded note asking what she's doing this weekend. She laughed as she said "Nothing." She walked to the front door, threw my paper away and walked out with her friends and I couldn't respond any other way but with chuckles and laughs. She flirts but now I know she sees me as some death stare in the moon. "There's

nothing to tell. Just more bullshit."
I told Buck. The next day at work she
said 'Hi' to me and told me how upset
she was from me forgetting the potato
salad for our last days potluck. On
lunch break I drove to the closest frys
and bought 14$ dollars worth of potato
salad with mustard, sporks, plastic
knives. That was the last day I worked.
At least me and my brother can agree that
those bees must've been having
a blast.

Moths give off the gold dust during the flight of eternity

Written: 3/5/2017

I don't understand what the director was thinking.
Begging for mercy for these poor dogs, walking the line
of what is the worst in this world.
This is understandable but the walt Disney eyes that we're placed
on my face gives me no hardened heart.

The shadow of the crucifix turns in my head
as I'm too scared to pray on the utter misery some animals
or more to write most animals experience.

To want to kiss their foreheads and place a healing God hand
on their heads to return them to normal and
have them know that they are loved.

Why are their internal ships hinted at getting shipwrecked?
Why do these tortured dogs not find the garden of Eden that
they're looking for?
Bury bullets like pierced red crosses into the fox and a
death from the other side of the fence.
I'm rendered cold and emotionless laying on the mattress.

The film has the title 'Plague' in it, is this symbolic of the
demons that plague like blood sucking purple ticks with hour
glass sketches on their bellies sucking the life out
of the viewer?
I took into the consideration of Kurt Vonnegut by torturing
the reader by torturing the main character but...
damn..

I get up, put on a pot of coffee, turn on a podcast and move
on with my day.

But, if you read my previous books,
we both know,
There was no moving on.

My Sunday was shot, out of breath,
holding it's liver and shit I just remembered,
I have to work in the
morning.

Day of Yahweh

Written: 5/28/2019

Sometimes you should think really hard on making big
decisions.
But then again sometimes, maybe you shouldn't.
I'm driving on this hot concrete path with crystal eyes open.
She has penetrated my easy going armor to the chest.
The sun was about to set but was still aflame in the blue
orange sky.
School boy was playing on the dvd player I used as a
cd player riding passenger.
I was somewhere on the I-10,
orange grove or oracle or somewhere.
I was pounding on the steering wheel when sliding into the far side
lane while screaming
'Yes!'
Entering the highway entrance.
Or even the time where I cleaned my apartment for hours
on end as I waited for Lily.
I've cleaned my apartment to let Lilith come in with her
drugged breath.
I let these women breath dark green poisons into me.
This time, Yahweh provided the woman I've so
surely been looking for.
Like in 'The night has past' poem I dream on breaking away
to go off to a different place to do different things.
That's another prayer in my journal for another day.
The only times I feel the most alive are when i'm studying
and preparing and teaching the word,
don't happen much though.

In my summer veins I deny you

Written: April / 19 / 2023

I've denied you in my repetition
due to me not really knowing
what to tell you.
I stand there, I sit here within
contentment like frost;
with dull yells behind my mind to
activate motion.
I walk then you ask me
'where's the closest mental hospital?'
my stale eyes and hollow words point and
give direction as if a gust of wind
moved my arm.
My statement about taking the bus is too
confusing;
you stand there like a scarecrow and I stand
there like a scarecrow.
Both of us warn down to the nub, tired and broken.
I hear you begging for help to avoid the invisible dark kingdom
you'll be thrust into if you die of a drug overdose.
We both know it's a coffin lid you lightly tap your finger on.
These boots are blistering my feet as we stand in
this.
The outside of this ER feeling like a torrid cornfield.
I'm reluctant to care which became the cost.
Your schizophrenia says 'nevermind'
so you'll risk death and
you crucify me on your cross of indignation
with a hammer and nails your abusive parents and the foster ones
from CPS shoved into your brittle palms.
So I renounce my Christian duty and sit on the bench
outside the ER

and watch you walk away
pretending in your distraught mind that we both
aren't wearing straw,
and feeling the hay leaking due to the wind
lightly but powerfully removing
the dust from our veins.

Purple-ish Pink

Written: 4/4/2019

This is a poem about the sun dripped dew in the Wednesday morning
back when unemployment knew my name &
knew it very well.
The insomnia breaks my concentration on trying to remember that
old poem I wrote back in 2012.
'Electric April'
Only if the light was true in that sense but not in a biblical one.
I cannot keep my eyes or mind focused.
We got 4 rooms going on and it's 4:00 pm, 7 years after the
fact.
Ok, here's the closest I can give on what I wrote:
The fire gates of heaven lays at her feet.
7 times the switch, 7 pulls to turn on 7 lights,
7 light bugs floating around the greener than green tree
in the backyard of my old cousin's house back in L.A.
where his parents saw sad gruesome deaths
15 years later.
The electricity now flows in the air and cuts thru the fat.
Cutting away all the ground & the sky & the cars, the sun, houses, blocks, potted
plants, the neighbors cat, highway signs, people, animals, sins & all until everything
turns
Purple-Ish Pink.
Her red conscious tries to sever my stem, by this wench I refer to as the insomnia
caused by hundreds of things.
It feels like living inside the skull of a hydra.
Fuck purgatory because living to see 30 years of age is
one god-damned hell.

The iron asylum

Written: Dec/26/2022

The fearful tears stay in my face outside the mental
asylum on cold winder mornings.
Patient's blood covering the inside of the padded room.
Here at the madhouse the techs clean that up.
James told me that.
Once I clock out at 2pm I walk to the gym
downtown and use the
conditioning and supersets to cleanse my mind
being the pride won't allow me to ask God
to heal me.
As I pull up a dumbbell in the
iron asylum
I see in the distance what no one else can see:
a long shadow of the unknown of me potentially dying
In the back of my brain an omen I believe to
come true in the future is my blood in that padded room
where I watched a woman attempt to commit suicide
by swallowing the screws from the soap dispenser.
I'm exuding confidence as I
push on the cold sterile door to start
my shift.

Dark night of the soul

Written: 1/14/2025

It's the miserable life of a depressed hypochondriac.
15 years and the shadow hands stretch
out to torment me.
I was in bed crying out to God, this is my
suffering on a plate with abundance.

I feel like my soul is sick.
The thought came to mind while sobbing:
"This is a dark night"
Men who'll pay in the end don't care about sick souls.
As long as they have sports, food, sex & comfort
they'll gladly walk to hell.

Last Thursday I just walked around my apartment
all day trying to sleep to no avail.
Here's to the open page being the best and worst of my grips;
I need another part time job because I can't be
left alone with my thoughts anymore.

Repeating to Yahweh anything I could think of then
once the tears stopped I remembered why I hate praying quietly.
I see the cracks in my rage and run off from
a vivid life of black ashes.
Pulled the covers up and stopped moving in the cold stillness.

I guess these are the notes of a scoundrel but it
can't stay this way, I have to stand face to face with my fear.
It's like one of those antidepressants where going cold turkey
causes pacing in the backyard for a year straight.
Back and forth, back and forth.

T.J the soccer fan

Written: 4/17/2016

Pulling under palm trees in the dead of mid-day twilight
At a stoplight on
"Canondelet & Wilmot"
Where I've waited for more U turns than I can remember.
9-5 without the blessing of a lunch break.
All the workers we're present this morning other than the manager of fresh cut fruit "Derek" who broke his foot last week while summoning up the wind in spinning belief to heave the trash bag into the giant dumpster outback.
The asphalt crack got him and tore away his relentless work ethic.
I hauled box after box on a green cart to the trash compactor and TJ was in the back studying the loads as if he was studying the Sistine chapel bookshelves.
TJ grabbed a big role of tape and asked me why I would dye my hair a golden orange blonde. I had to do it, for Americas next golden journalist
"Milo Yiannopoulos."
I took pictures after the bleaching wearing my old work suit I use to frequent the red cross call center in while holding a gun with the trigger to the camera.
My bosses boss told me how he's getting a red, white, and blue Mohawk before he travels to the big soccer tournament. American born soccer fans still baffle me. I always assumed we we're all alike. Keen for wrestling, fighting, and western style football.
"The Russian ref was decapitated, I saw it. And AND! This was a 3rd tier game! My God! That's like watching a regular baseball game and after the umpire yelled 'You're out!' The hitter's family runs on the field with saws and slashes his head off right then and there!"
I knew of the possible layoffs next month. I know exactly what to tell TJ to solidify my spot in produce at Slaveway.
Tell him back early in high school I trained every lunch period by kicking a regulation NFL football over the goal post on the football field. I'll tell him my old dream of one day playing with Brett Favre on the Green bay Packers.

My arms and legs and back ached with the cries of the ancients, screaming as slaves in torment for rest. Drove off and pulled up to that stop on Carondelet with a sandwich sitting passenger and a green ice tea in the cup holder.
The unbeatable traffic congested my body and gave me a reason to belt out this poem. In my mind's eye
I see myself cowered in blood while standing outside the driver's seat door,
On the corner with hands outwards from my sides to a cross sky with the Father and Jesus waving to come back in the clouds as I try leaving the faith
In this heat
In my thoughts.
Esophagus, My poker buddy of unprotected virginity,
I'll hurt and make you ill again with a bottle of cheap red
Wine but this time I'll let you
Dance the night away.

The sculptor in pitch black

Written: 9/11/2023

I was possessed and an exorcism was preformed
on me by a group of house christians in 2010.
'Ruttmus & rigor mortis'
are the voices that came out of my mouth as
the walls tilted to the right in the dead of night
wishing to God almighty that I didn't keep making my
own homemade ouija boards.
I would hear different voices telling me to kill myself,
'go out and kidnap a pretty girl'
'grab the kitchen knife and end your mom'
when you become possessed you become schizophrenic.
You gain desires to want to drink blood and take part in
satanic love magick rituals.
What was inside me was something that looked like a bald man,
pale skin,
black eyes,
sculpting my thoughts while I lie awake on my brother's bed at
2 in the morning to it's liking.

Love is a pain

Written: June/22/2023

Love is a pain that's extracted from the hand of what you think love is.
Never too relinquish from the man you call your
king as your beastly waits are
heard from the torture rack.
Regulated for the jewel case when you drop
in all the money from the church plate
into the wooden box with an inverted cross
instead of giving to the people that you think need it the most
but would probably use the money you intend for them to
get a pair of clothes, a nice meal, and a job
to snort fentanyl or smoke meth and continue losing
all health and hope.
I've been told by The Walking Dead that I
'don't know shit' & 'we the real victims' &
'you'd never understand my struggle'
apparently 5 years prior when I was about to become homeless
for the 7th time due to alcohol addiction that
wasn't
struggle
enough.
I get looked at because of my badge and things get assumed.
Maybe that's why my dead grandpa said the cops and the criminals
come from the same side of the street.
Love may fall asleep one night then wake up 20 years later
when the girl grows up and has a girl of her own
and both of them are sharing a crackpipe,
plucked from their lips after hitting like a long cigarette and
they hold their teeth together in their hands
like blossomed roses.
Our human love has bonds.
It doesn't fly to staggering feats.

It can be sold.
It can pull your strings conducting your limbs to
make awful music for a wicked orchestra.
God's love, the God of all seasons for all humans
has a love that's everlasting
and though we corrupt ourselves each day with our
love
the undertaker gets us ready with embalming
in the lye,
and it's always at a loss because we we're never meant
to die.

Slumming it towards Sunday

Written: 3/30/2025

Goodbye Phoenix.
A tale I almost didn't escape from.
Most hated and annoying city.
Now i'm in a time of transition.
There's nothing to be angry about anymore.
Been unemployed for the last 2 weeks and it feels nice.
I've inherited back the earth.
It's not ideal starting but when you
Restart your life nothing is.
You'll end up taking 6 months to get familiar,
Like your in the witness protection agency.
It's going to take time but in my situation
It seems I can take all the time in the
World.

Beyond your friends

Written: 4/10/2021

I picked up a book entitled: "Hurt 2.0"
A book about high school students and the 'hurt' they've gone thru.
She looks at the 32 year old me and thinks i'm beyond her
comprehension.
Classes all day, though from her perspective she turned my head into sound.
It's a mind-state of being in the 'now'
it's like an aspect of worship & every 'truth' they think they know is like
gliding their fingers a-top the clouds.
Friends or friend,
what they hold like a rosary,
believing in the end that it's all gonna be alright,
but the stressors, the pain drugs, death at parties, this is all:
beyond your friends.
Everything is this pale grey life where thru the eyes of a teenager everything is a
paint chipped wall.
The walls of a boring life so they make the extremes a livable fantasy.
She says:
"I put my heart against a wall of my confinement."
What am I suppose to say but shrug my shoulders.

Winged Engine

Written: 9/25/2021

The obtuse music note swaying at the top of the breeze,
middle of the blue sky over cinderella green fields,
courses of shadow tint from the thick sun-dust.

A teenage boy is inside the farmer's house with a
kitchen knife stuck in the refrigerator door.

The phobia of night like coiled tan yarn; explodes
the portals of the wrath,

eerie note hangs up there like a medieval noose,
he dials 911,
for the cow to pick up the phone from the barn
and say 'moo'

Dancing on the corpse's ashes

Jan/1/2017

These cacti are my arctic doom. 6
The editor is the colossus worm with brittle
suns that are chewed in the mouth of belial.
Life leaks from the party into excrement, crushing
steel bones and slits the throats of supposed
phantoms.
Then they throw a ball,
dancing on the corpses ashes.
We aimed shots with silver bullets at the lair of
the vampire.
Her hearse is waiting,
Give up, you're dead.

Passage to the slave grind

Written: Oct/19/2020

I have been transferred to an impound lot.
You need a special card to compete in the car
auction they said.
My boss didn't tell me anything about this job let alone the hourly pay.
The people say 'We've had enough'
No more quarantine, no more walking in circles inside their apartments.
I still continue to get emails.
The post office won't stop bothering me about becoming a mail sorter.
Buk did that job and same goes for my fiance Lily for years & they
both seemed pretty miserable doing it.
I still haven't signed up for medical benefits with the security company.
HR is as useless as Kentucky horse piss.
My boss then got fired for not responding to a call so he got shipped to Seattle.
They'll need plenty guards up there when the mayor allows civil war in the streets.
One of the guards here died in a car wreck 2 weeks ago
so they brought me in.
At this job there's a lot of yelling and screaming; I get why Craig quit.
Like feeling pain in the veil of the scarlet;
like being given over to the features of wicked games.
"What's the vin #?"
"Is this your first day or sumthin'?!"
"Whaddaya mean the car is a push start, it's from 1991!"
You see everything in as the dorsal view after
making the 30 minute passage off the I-10 to the
slave grind & now I got a new boss followed by a
new one of his bosses.
HR, managers, directors, presidents, hell; even the king has sinned in the Lord's eyes
but he ain't as bad as his wild bullshit of a father.
The veil painted in black; you got:
2 asherah poles that stand for perpetrators, drawing them into the restaurant with
music of child-like memories.

Criminals dancing with the anthropomorphic human wolves.
Catastrophe over there shuffling that good shuffle with a
nice calming drink in his dark hand.
At the start of June I was dancing like Albert Camus;
allowing the expressionless absurdism to happily
engulf me but now I'm moving like Virginia Woolf with
rockets in my pockets,
uneasy in being unsure.

Factotum Pt. 2

Written: July/1/2016

Bureaucratic dictators create living wage
Nailed onto the cross of lonesome nothingness
Heaven only one touch away

They were on sale

Written: 7/28/2024

Little things sat on shelves
at the nature museum and I'd have a
better time for my brother's 21st birthday
if pain wasn't shooting into my jaw and
lower back just as it had been
yesterday when I was standing and walking
for 7 hours at the community hospital event.
When you work as a security guard it's either
you're treated as the king's guard or the
the hospital treats you like trash.
This security job has struck my heel
and the emt school has stuck my energy reserves.
I feel like I'm on 24/7 medication that
makes you tired, exhausted, and sleepy.
The more you age the more difficult and sadder
your life gets.
You don't have that youthful exuberance to
work with when trying to obtain your goals in your
mid-30s.
My sweat drips like drops
of blood on the concrete in the horrid
Phoenix's torrid heat.
I keep rubbing my eyes
because the sweat covers my eyeballs.
I write in my little notebook behind the hospital
while trying to hide from the bosses and cameras:
'There is an ember
that stays lit in the grey stale forest.
A statement
where enjoyment cannot abound
due to the work and trials of life.

I refuse to admit to myself
that the ember is fine flickering
with no life
and my desires won't become a
surrounding fire.'
then I walk inside and my boss for the day asks as
I'm drenched in sweat:
'Hot enough for ya?'

The Boa Constriction

Written: 11/26/2019

' A marti Gras of elephant horrors '
$$$ constriction until veins collapse $$$
The - Slow
A giant wasp forever /// over your head then ???
This demon as you try to sleep in a metaphorical sense.

The slow mold
• Crawling up like THOUSANDS of
Little cobras =

(%
The blackes (%) t of red eyes)
_ opened from a lid of an oil pool _
@ the bottom <> ^^^
<> ^^^ of the well.

A more # in the middle of a s w a m p
Let your (thoughts) and the vision sink in.
=
/ The ! retinue !w a l k s behind you to >
The slaughter den.

Forest of neon tubes

Written: 4/13/2021

Fragments of skull
with some brain loosely attached
with the skill on one piece of remembering math equations,
some drenched with the pink super ego,
1 with the muscle memory of lifting a barbell with the last
skull bit
of the fear center; as the goo on what the person thought would happen happened.

1 bull tusk threw the jaw upwards in a
rushed stabbing motion with Earnest Hemmingway throwing up his popcorn out of
shock in the stands.

The beauty of the poor matador's brain, neurons firing -
like a forest of neon tubes illuminating a rainbow.
Thru his genetics with a good gallon of blood
left,
awakening the living bull-fighter's death.

The crowd is hushed with a stand-still wind.
As Earnie stands to run out of the stadium in fear;
the skull
half-awake with 1 minatory eye looks in the writer's
direction.

Add lightning to ice

Written: 5/5/2018

My father is somewhat of a complicated man.
He reminds me of that soulless tube I almost married when
he yammers on about Job Biden & BLM &
the like.
We have intellectual conversations until he brings up
President Trump by his own will and then
proceeds to yell and scream until even the moths stuck in
the wooden panels couldn't bear.
I would be sitting on the chair in his living room while my mother
would be sitting in the back room watching westerns on the
old people network.
My brother, sitting next to my father on the couch would
say things like:
"Why would the students at Sandy Hook run back
into the school if they knew a killer was inside?"
Then Father would yell: "SHOW ME THE PROOF!"
"There are sky videos you can watch onli…."
"CODY! THERE IS NO PROOF! WHEN I ASK FOR THE
PROOF YOU DON'T PROVIDE IT!"
"The father was laughing when supposedly his child
was murdered but he didn't know the camera's we're recording."
"ONE DAY, WHEN WE WILL APPEAR BEFORE
OUR MORMON GOD! YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE RESPONCIBILITY
AND TELL ELOHIM YOU KNEW THOSE KIDS WERN'T
MASSACERED AND YOU DIDN'T SUPPORT THE BANNING OF
ALL SEMI-AUTOMATIC GUNS!"
I would be squirming in my seat trying to pay attention to something that
Showed no interest on my phone.
"I can show you the foota…" Cody would say before Father started yelling again –
"THERE IS NO PROOF I KEEP SAYING THAT! YOU AYN RAND MOTHERFUCKER!"
There had been many times where I jumped in my avalon and drove off

In a hurry from being so upset and angry after a family argument over
Barack Obama or the Antifa fucks or George Soros when almost 1% I
Brought these people up.
My Father loves to hear himself push the boundaries of what is appropriate in our
household then cross the line just to fight.
I would come back and my Father would apologize for his outbursts then
throw 20$ in my wallet or hand or even bring KFC for the
family but even though we have our political & religious differences I
know that we can all gather around the t.v. and enjoy without
argument Dr. Salem
Preach.

Def con shit

Written: 6/23/2018

Clean cubes in your eyes.
Like the basin washed.
Stained dust handle moves with skull debris.
Deepen in dirt,
you can't really cope with a writer that has a huge bank account
when your down here in the trenches,
running around with a voodoo war mask strapped to your face.
Where God is not the devil is.
Def comedy jam plays in my head like a far off distant radio as the shit needs to be
cleaned & the gore needs to be gotten rid of while I make good again in my hazmat
suit.
I cannot clean out my eyes and soul with a new David
Sedaris book.
He can't grow hands in the dark and sow me back up
after getting sliced long ways with the invisible scythe
of this fatal disease we call life.
My job is this life and i'm blood and fragments like fine
tipped erasers against the tips of the pages.
After work I escape into the unknown,
like darkness,
to lay down in brown pastures and be aware of the fiend known
As mother nature.
I cover my eyes with my palms as I lay in her but this gives
the same effect as if I cover my eyes during my opponent's
turn in chess.
I clean the gore at work then go home to the gore of my thoughts.
Pray that the wrath stays at the mountain top with bent bows and wide tipped
arrows.
Osiris, Seth, Isis & Horus will appreciate it.

Cloaked in the promise of the arc

Written: 1/16/2022

Carbonated sweat on the rainbow's forehead.
Laying down on the pillow slipping into second life:
A prism door with a rainbow door knob, walking out leads to the ocean.
Curved kaleidoscope trashing in a 326 million ton washing machine.
Swallowed by the machiavellian throat, shocked awake.

Poem for Liz

Written: June/9/2021

Walked up the staircase before my friend Pro
found the motivation he needed,
to move out of that apartment and into a giant house.
She was on the couch,
on her phone,
checking the gram and tiktok with black long hair covering the
screen &
her face.
The surgery center was taking every piece of my time.
Pro had no idea what I was talking about.
He worked 48 hours in 2 days with most of his
time spent playing the wii fit whatever the
hell that things called.
He was reluctant to give me her # but
then again I was reluctant to care being that
every time I spoke to a new girl and once hearing them
talking I would lose interest.
Cars, trucks, firetrucks, weight lifting, emo-core
bands.
That's what our texts consisted of.
I asked if she wanted to have breakfast saturday morning
at a cafe I knew wouldn't have horrible tasting food and
in Tucson most everything taste terrible.
She made an excuse:
'my friend is flying in from Germany and staying for 7 days,
can we reschedule?'
I really didn't want to but knew that this was
going no where fast.
I said 'sure, that's fine'
then she sent me pictures of her brother & her standing next
to old fashion cars at some car show.

'I find it really hot when a man knows how to change a truck's engine.'
'oh yaa?' I texted.
Gave out a sigh, shook my head, deleted her # then
put on my jacket and walked out down the stairs to the car.
Today is another ornament that hangs on a lifeless shelf.

Connect the Separation Pt. 2 (The Jager years)

Written: 4/27/2019

Yeah, yeah doing this one unplugged /
Gotta move on from Breezy out today, it's /
finally time.
Time to stop reminiscing on /
the jager bomb years.

Talk about this (lets)
A phone call (heal)

Pass out the jager bombs like playing cards /
They are all royal flushes.

Why does God take people away? /
to separate,
Back when I was trippin' over some girl /
On 4 records but I saw her last night /
I'm just fine with the separation /

God callin' my old friends to hell & paradise /
Calling ov all records to die in the past.

Connecting the separation with someone /
to take the sheet away,

30 /

God will explain everything in the torrents of /
the end.

I'm now asking a question laced with every tragedy /
So here's a shot to so much grief.

So I have made the choice to make the jump on the last /
Phone call /
With her /
Cuz the last 15 years all I did was stall /
Drowned out the paradise birds of my future /
the jager years /
Laying on a broken couch with a broken arm rest /
unemployed /
Maybe it's time to jump and stay in the air and stay with the /
risk cuz God might be callin' me next.

Did it give you pleasure to steal her soul?

Written: 2/5/2019

Untethered,
unchained,
at the park next to the 76 while the guys are hanging at the basketball courts.
This is where I escaped to the other day when everyone was asking for everything at work,
this little place inside my head.
I took out the scratch card I got from SPD,
a pen from the house keeper's office & I wrote.
Every time I write a poem it's like removing the venom from a snake bite.
I take the syringe & stab it into my head then pull back & suck the venom out.
I wish I could suck the venom out of these doctors I work for.
My friend, Nikki, hurt her wrist while moving the buckets holding surgical tools for Dr. Mixon's totals yesterday morning.
These people will pay for being so Allah-damned inefficient.
We meet up at the surgery center & fill the requiem for our lost ambitions.
Another car or another house is always needed, worked off the expense of us who're considered souls to break.
Mayhem like this is inexcusable.
I see these same as running Unit 731 if they we're asked to & had no good God.
At night, I looked up into the sky where my meditation takes me & see a variation of myself peering back at me
on the other side of the black sun.

Could've been His footstool

Written: Jan/14/2024

With all the tragedies I laid friends and family under,
With hurt by mirrored renderings,
attention-seeking; a way to satisfy my own gluttonous hunger.
"Feel sympathy for me and look as I yank off my face!"
Gladly I walked with the lord of the flies under a bloodied
moonlight; treading with shoes made out of the victim's
bones on the pavement of skulls that shed concrete
tears. In 2009 a true rejuvenation came.
Unseen angels plucked at my heartstrings
like strumming an unpleasant harp.
Due to Christ's grace, I was the eggplant buried and
growing in the dried soil of Gehenna
and He reached down and plucked me out.
In my early years, I easily and readily could have continued
on my old path and became a cult leader or something
else nefarious and took whispered directions by the lord of
the flies but Jesus who died a criminal's death on
the cross for an unwanted criminal like me;
transformed my disposition and gave me new eyes.
And though my old father leads me to temptation:
The new Father took me by My hair and flew me to the
the soil of the new Jerusalem and for that,
I cannot be thankful enough.

Jester's court, Camp Lowell

Written: 8/11/2023

Sean do this, Sean do that.
At the surgery center just like this job at the Valley Hospital
I'm treated like a used up
clown.
The old chief nurse at the old
surgery center
said that staff are treated like
IV's.
Drained until there's nothing but plastic and
hopelessness
then thrown back to the street and
expected to go find another
job.
This is the fear of not knowing.
The feeling in the gut of getting fired or let go for
any reason.
Corporate thinks I'm the perfect juggler.
Someone who abstract thought doesn't deserve to
have to work at such a bastardized
job.
Here's the thing most people don't know or don't
care to know:
Most people are being exploited by their employers.
When you don't make good decisions
like investing
then your forced into labor for some
low life corporate entity.
I believe in the strong american work ethic for 8 hours a day
but not like this.
I got grinded in Camp Lowell's meat grinder
and for what?

I knew 2 months into being an OR assistant
I wouldn't like it and this new job as a BHT?
My heart isn't into getting grinded out then shoved back
into my chest.

The broken tooth

Written: 10/14/2021

She drilled into me,
Hurrying as fast as she could.
"There's too much blood, we cannot continue."

I was so angry that I wanted to
Take out that bite block & spit blood in
That dentist's face.

"These are temporary crowns. Be careful with them they are very fragile."

If they're 'very fragile' why the fuck did you put them in my mouth?

These women at this office we're wary of me.
My account stated that I was a homeless man from 'cass'
I wasn't homeless just unemployed when I tried to fix this tooth problem at the time.

The dental assistant was speaking gibberish then wrote a series of #'s where my name is suppose to be on the back of the reminder card.

"They can't proceed with your permanent crowns until you get a teeth cleaning."

I didn't see how that made any sense but I said ok because I was so weak after surgery I swayed forward for a moment thinking I was gonna pass out.

"This will be your new monthly charge. 12, 000$ for the teeth cleaning and permanents."

"Ok"

She handed me the card then looked away as if I had turned into a burden before her, cold shoulder.

Walked outside and took off that face shield as I saw my wife plowing thru traffic driving that red Jurassic park jeep like she was

On a mission.

She gave birth only to the wind

Written: 3/23/2025

Years lost.
An uncaring pastor
led my path
to chains of the
alcoholic mask.
Friends gifted ornaments
like weightless shadows,
the church gifted ointment
in melancholic bottles
both as gestures as
tokens of love.
Lamentations,
famine with grief.
Family of stone and companions
of dead wheat; she gave birth
only to the wind.
Locust, grasshoppers and the
destroyer termites feasted until
there was nothing left.
I rejected the pastor's words and
ate scripture as I laid
on my side.

Dark Romanticism

Written: Oct/14/2023

What a horrible bucket of guts this life has been.
I sit & sit with nothing to do at this job but sweat in the October heat.
My brother told me last week that my life has been absurd
and as I wipe the sweat off my face I'm
inclined to believe him.
When my idiotic boss opens her mouth her hooked tongue shoots out; like a chain bolt from a latched wall.
From others working here do I hear the outreach of music from brave new worlds?
No.
All I hear is the chain rattling of backwoods country stupidity.
And I'm not saying just because my knuckles are like diamond rocks that she and the administration should fear me.
Not saying she should be stripped of her silver dignity because she didn't place a golden crown on the top of my head.
All I'm saying is questions mean nothing when your viewed not as a human but as a stock option.
And what would you do if you felt what I felt? Would you get in touch with your bad side and flirt with a little dark romanticism
when you imagine wiping the souls of your boots on the souls of All HR, All supervisors, All boot licking coworkers, stock brokers and shareholders?
Treating their dignities like filth-ridden doormats?
Force her nerve endings down past her tongue with your boot on her chest and force to chew it like sitting outside a war-torn house covering yourself in coal ash.
Like Jesse Bernstein covering his ears with pillows so as to not listen to construction workers outside his window fixing nothing for 24 hours all day every day?
So what happens if I get up and throw my trash can out the window and hit one?
It's your own fault that you're watching your own blood flow.
As they say: things just have to go this way.
I tried to get away from your wiles into the forest darkness but the All-mighty dollar keeps forcing me to retreat and come on back.

What kind of God-fearing man would this make me if I saw my supervisors roped to
the I-10 highway during the endless rush hour?
'you can't do that! It's unethical! That's inhumane!'
but according to the corporate American structure, the boss is supposed to verbally
and physically hit me then after 8 to 10 to 12 to 16 hours of this I get to go home to
my shit apartment that I cannot afford,
look in the mirror, reenact the trauma by punching the twin version of myself leaving
the bathroom mirror shattered on the floor and my fist bloodied all because I have to
pay bills!
The term comes when the worm does
and my own indignation makes my bank account become undone.
Then my wife & I look at each other and the screaming ensues like a terrible
orchestra.
The trumpets blare to break eardrums and break health and when it's time for the
conductor to take a bow in the undeniable silence I get
online and apply all over again.
Who knew other than my own predictable gluttony for wage labor punishment that
the opener for my third book stated:
"Damn this world of flies and dust"
would still hold true in my garden sanctuary of
words.

Company nothing

Written: Feb/4/2024

And so it comes to the turning
of another street corner.
Due to the afternoon vertigo, you think about
calling out sick again,
which forces your foot on the verge
of selling your belongings
because you think you may be fired so
that becomes a null option.
It doesn't pay to be a man and have boundaries
when corporate culture pollutes everything with
vicious clouds filled with venom so their
door handles and necklaces can be adorned with
golden serpents.
Because the big investor Henry Ford wrote his 9-5 thesis
down like octane sin,
and they say it just
'has to be'
or you'll go without
so I put on my uniform and leave.
Deep into the graveyard shifts I get bogged down by
Henry's sentiment so I pray for a whirlwind of white feathers.
I pray that the dove comes and flys out of my chest
in this cyclonic icy night and brushes me up against the
walls of eternity.
Your family and friends take the backseat again
as you say:
'I have to make the money'
Billionaires see your sacrifice like a fun drunken ball game
played to the tune of the puppet-master corporate heads
because financial gain is never gain enough.
So like an unusual child I walk side by side with the unknown of

the night
then melatonin becomes the specter of half-awake
dreams.

2 PM is still beating

Written: 6/22/2017

The summer solstice has gotten to me.
Giving bags of denim jeans and boots and shoes

To the woman pushing the cart out of the back
Of the goodwill

I told Felix I was going to apply for jobs today
And apply to be a pastor for some churches around town.

None of this came to pass.
I got dizzy in the heat driving up the street and back.

Had to cancel on Fingers and this ripped my heart.

I just couldn't sit in that park again and watch the kids
Play baseball with her and talk of things of the bible because
Of the damning.

Every Thursday for the last 5 weeks has been pure magic.
Nothing laced it's just pure.

I laid in my mothers bed and checked the phone every
5 minutes for roughly 3 hours.

Looked deep into the pool in the back yard and the
Doves picked at the grass and small rocks.

I was so depressed.
Walking to and from the living room as I did back when I
Lived in California.

No money and no where to go again.
Mother watched the movie 'It' in the living room.

Had to go to the bathroom but nothing came out
And for the 3rd day in a row I'm considering picking up smoking.

I drove to my brothers after cancelling on Fingers.
I asked if I could bring my crystal ball for us to see in the future
And she told me she'd break it in thousands of pieces.

I told her I taught her well.

Whipped my car around the whole foods later and found
No exits to get to the subway.

I parked the car on top of the hill behind a couple of
Businesses and I laughed hysterically into the hot driving wheel.

Lick the golden sky like rain

Written: Feb/1/2018

Walking out of work
with peering lyrics hot on my phone
like purple candle wax burning every inch of my
flesh.

I read the lyrics over and over again after I
sit in the driver's nest as CO2
sprays into the yellow darkness

"Put my boss on the cross,
put my boss on the cross."

A perfect song for the next record I hope to record.
A second no wave record as I drive
into the mcdonalds drive thru.

My boss is at the drive thru window covered
in sweat & cheap cologne.
He sees me
"Are you off the shift already? Is it already 10:30?"
I pulled out a gat and shot him right
thru the

face.

Above the upper tooth with
1 bullet.

I need to open that fuckin' church

Written: Feb/2/2018

Last Thursday night,
I screamed to the walls of my skull.
Screamed to have 2 hands rip my face vertically
like the jaws of life ripping a soup can.
My Mexican bird is lost and this new novel
will not allow any yards on the field.
It's like when I read 'Last exit to Brooklyn' when I
should've sold system units.
Mentally, I left the lowes and escaped into
a perverted world of cold darkness.
And I scream through bloody tears because I
pray over the patients at my job while the men
treat me as prey.
I spit as hard as I can at the hospital's patriarchy.
Those nurses need easy nights in Buenos aires,
they need a clean cut needle of destruction,
and a surrogate junkie
pregnant with all the things they hate to
starve to death.
I need the bone cutters to stop running with infidels,
I need to recommit to Gabriel & stop recommitting to Abaddon.
I need trent reznor to make another good record.
This fly will not seize & let me watch torture porn.
I cannot bask in deception as my white cross was planted like
a shovel in the grounds of the clouds,
I have to put down my sham computer & open
that fucking
church.

I covered my mouth and began to laugh

Written: 8/22/2020

I had just graduated high school & my mother was already on the war-path. She threatened to kick me out of my Dad's house if I didn't look for work.

The year was 2006. I used my Dad's printer to print out an application. Took a pencil and filled it out to become a waiter at this bum hut called Carol's.

"Go change your clothes! You won't get hired lookin' like that!" Mother yelled. I dressed up in business clothes that I graduated high school in with dirty white sneakers.

I was walking to the other side of town with a job application riddled with spelling errors.

It was a cloudy day, the cars did what cars do. Noticed there was something off with the patch of grass next to the front door to the restaurant. Dimly lit, I closed the door behind me and walked into the cool darkness.

The manager stood behind the waiting pulpit. A white middle aged old hag with thick glasses & boring brown hair wrapped in a bun walked over to me. It was like the clay in the dirt said I don't want this on the ground lying here with me; this dirt is too boring. So the dirt rose up and became the manager of Carol's.

"Warts this?' She asked.
"I'm sorry?" I replied.
"Boy, yous gots any experience being a waiter?"
"No?"
"Does you want full or part waiting tables."
"Ok?"

As she looked me up and down I thought her teeth we're gonna fall out.

She placed my application on a stack of papers 10 inches high.
"Come back some other time." The clay said. I walked out and headed back home.

My mother was upset and over reacting & my father went from indifferent to angry.
The local news man said police found a dead body behind the restaurant I applied at.

A serial killer was on the loose lurking in Castro Valley, CA. I did my due diligence & applied for some scummy capitalist job.

When I heard my father yell: "IT'S JUST LIKE WHEN I COULDN'T GO TRICK OR TREATING BECAUSE OF THE ZODIAC KILLER!"
I covered my mouth & began to laugh.

I walked into my brother's room and shut the door.

Sat down at the comp way in the corner, pulled up the program for Sonic CD and put my headphones on to use Burzum to drown out the pale world.

Ghosts in the waves of morning

Written: May/8/2020

Last night when I couldn't fall asleep I thought on all of my
31 years of a past & I thought on the writer Bukowski.
I thought on that day when I was on my hands & knees together
in prayer.
Heard Jesus tell me to throw away every book of his that I bought.
Anyways, the churches have been closed, sport stadiums, movie theaters.
It's strange that an unpredictable virus that's plaguing us has taken away everything that we perceive as fun.
We're hopefully at the end of this outbreak & now I'm going in tomorrow to send off for my security guard license, doing the same job Jack Kerouac did in 'On the road' except they aren't putting a pistol popper on my belt buckle.
Almost everything of significant culture became a verboten object of desire which means: 2020 has been a helluva year.
At-least in Arizona your allowed to walk around & drive around without the police state threatening you with a fine.
I had to take my fiancee's car to buy a money order but the Goldlink oldie record was a great companion. I promised myself I wouldn't write about covid19 but it consumes my life, we are the walking bored.
The God of wrath gave us a little taste of the rapture & it's pretty clear to me most people are ok with being Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's piano keys.
All they do is stand in line to shop, blindly obey the government, having no clues about the unfolding of the end times.
The morning in ocean waves touching the shore is a symbol of the eternity we're all going to crawl into. Well, crying & screaming for most.
All I do is sit & watch t.v. Arguing with random people online about the validity of the Bible, forbidden things & the like.
Just like what I did 15 years back while on the group-chats with goth girls on the old yahoo messenger, just sitting all day in my brother's room getting up randomly to head-bang as I'm yelling because you could yell in the house when dad was at work & mom was out shopping: 'yelling: Born as ghosts!'

As the rage against the machine song says: We are the children born as ghosts. We are the ghosts in the waves of morning, or mourning. Whichever one, you the reader, think sounds better.
Jesus has a massive atomic curse for us all in the form of holy retribution.
All of us are politely walking, touching the blades of grass & lapping up sand with our palms waiting on doom in a waiting room like it's a dentist appointment.
But, as to be not such a doomer about the dousing of all, including with us creeping things, the chapter did also teach about why the rainbow exists in the clouds.
I drove down to one of those big boxes on the side of the fry's for book donations & I threw away 60 books with that man's name on it.
After throwing them out I wrote my first sermon in 3 years when I got back home.
Drove to the big heart coffee joint & preached a damn good sermon while only 1 teenager paid attention.

Unicorn's Blood

Written: 2/20/2022

I'm lying here.
Unreserved.
Starting off 2022 with what the critics will call the
'old man Stucki poems where he lays in bed and wrote about what he saw outside.'
'Call me when Sean writes a good book.'
Jokes on you because that'll never happen.
At the age of 33 i've for the first time been stricken with vertigo.
Bubble guts,
holding my stomach while an airplane was cutting thru the blue sky past the palm tree overhead next to the red brick chimney next door.
I called off work which was unusual for this job but I had to do it.
In my childhood years my father maybe called off 1 sick day a year and
I ended up being the same kind of person.
Industrious though he hated working.
It's been 4 days and i'm still feeling vertigo.
My cat whom was one of my best friends died a month ago, I got
rejected from joining the police academy and last night for the first time
in 9 months I got so nervous on a 'code grey' I almost fainted.
Got called to the ward because some teen got punched in the face and the
perpetrators tried hiding it from the techs and nurses but they
always get caught.
I can't tell if working as a security officer at the madhouse is giving me the dizzy spells
or PTSD.
One time I accidentally snapped a kid's neck.
The following day when it was time to get all the dinner trays none of the teens
wanted to be around me and they're criminally insane.
They think i'm out at dutch bros drinking unicorn's blood with 4 shots of red bull then
at night as I leave at 11 I snap a horse's neck and drink it's blood.
It's always bothered me of what people think of me.
They don't know that i've helped with keeping church's lights on,

paid people's AC bills,
i've helped pay for surgeries and given away my entire closet of clothes.
Even the people that had shoes while in wheelchairs; i've
prayed for them to walk.
But a lot of people look at me and see a cold blooded monster.
I'm lying here.
Can't scare anyone at the hospital or neighborhood, my head won't
let me walk around.
I can hear a jet outside but can't see it.
If I had a horse in the room he'd be lying here next to me.
In 30 years; the critic that's gonna judge this with a red ball point pen
in his or her hand
not sure whether to tear this poem to shreds or bless someone by dumping this into
a books donation box;
I can tell you this:
You weren't bored reading this...
we're you?

Clothed in the mask of His grace

Written: 2/5/2019

The ultimate investment.
The hell critical,
the preexisting condition of sin wrapping the body
in unholy chains.
Giving into the will of God,
a global market to fight back against hate.
The letter to the small fighters whom share their faith.
Wrapped in the ultimate bond -
to share with all & complete dignity.
Whom gives an unlimited amount of clemency,
ask & He will give to you, ask & protection will come.
By the reason of feeling pain / sorrow / loss /
dismissal in any way.
The mask of Him to give unto a cloak,
when it will be His will,
His children will not be murdered.
With Jesus, you can divide the scopes of impossibility.
Giving out your last sliver of love to remove a soul from hellfire,
to travel where the bound hits the rubber in the dirt.
To give all transparency with His blessing only.
With a fly-by of geese or the gentle breeze of the butterflies wings,
you'll know His presence.
Angels on high under mettlesome horses within the
spirit realm.
His hand will not let you sit in the frozen requiem
of the tomb.
On the day of days, Satan will be plunged into abandon.

Darkness feeding darkness

Written July/1/2017

The devil's blood drowns the heart,
his black sheep of fire won't depart,
He stays and works deathly magic to spring your
family's tongue,
by the end your body is wrapped with pain,
like skin of cigarette ash and coughing from
coal miner's lung.
You turn to the arms of a brittle woman with red
beady eyes,
with rosaries of santa ana around her neck and
disguised as some enchanted butterfly.
No real authority or power, he'll lead you to Richard
Brautigan's final mass,
with your dignity torn like a buzz saw's wrath,
you viewed from behind a stained glass.
Grab hold of eternity and let go of addictions -
and quail voices of contradictions.

Cut my sky out

Written: 9/2/2012

3:00 p.m. - our holy hour
3:00 a.m. - their witching hour
Formless and forms they're stealth I cannot see,
they have cut my sky out.

Victorian house in darkness cloaked,
dream state, the occult floating in my veins.
Supernatural gloom, dreary dark tomb,
they have cut my sky out.

Inside the dwelling, inside my mind,
I walk down the stairway leading to the basement.
Upon my stop I see a dusty black coffin,
they have cut my sky out.

75% blueish grey - 25% dark red,
this liberation is significant.
Levitation and feeling exceeded, floating over my corpse -
They've removed my human sky.

It would make me comfortable if everyone was dead

June/9/2019

If I opened my front door & I saw
fire / rubble / ugliess
bodies /
so many to step over -
I'd feel re-leafed

No need to be friendly, no regrets on if I was
standing wrongly or being
socially awkward.
No college/
no need to climb fictional corporate ladders.
Walk to the bench next to green
trees,
with a cup of coffee / (
- Relax -

I'd tell my mind (no more eating but release those
endorphins regardless)
or
I'll stab you to death.
Smile If I I I (feel) like smiling.

no need to feverishly stare at my watch -
(worring is erased)
Jesus allowed the fire ball meteor /
&
truly
I cannot be more grateful my shining host.

I'd ask the corpse sitting next to me:
Tea?

Imaginary baseball with the depressed

Written: May/1/2017

"Look at me!" As Dan pointed to his own eye: "I'm so depressed!" then we all laughed and giggled and yelled slogans as I laid in the back of my car and Project sat in the front passenger.

My friend Pro ended up breaking a game system and left the love letters from another cheating man to his gf on the mess lying on her bed.

I was dating a woman myself, I was happy with her for a moment before finding wiccan magic books and Anton Lavey's satanic verses in the bookshelf in her living room.

Daniel, who drove the car I took to hell and back rode that thing down to the baseball fields off Jessica st. The burgers we're a nice touch even after having full plates of wings. We pulled into the dark parking lot. Only ones on the east side of it with teenagers on the west end hanging and smoking weed on the jungle gym.

Parked and got out talking about how I should've brought a 6 pack.
"6 pack? Drinking at a park? Oh my God..." more laughs.
We kicked the fence holding the bullpen and pretended to throw invisible white baseballs down the line like a cut of fire while we'd beam the homeruns.

"Hey Stucki, you gonna write about this for your new book?"
"Yea, probably."
"Watcha gonna call this short story?"
"I don't know yet. Darkness in the outfield maybe."

After walking around with Dan playing rap music on his phone we grabbed the top of the soccer goalie and tried doing chin-ups. I couldn't do one.
"Your too fat, i'm too fat, and depressed."
I pretended I was Ken Shamrock in 1995 and we began shooting on each other in wrestling lock ups and reversals. Wrestling drills just like back 9 years ago. We tried

lock ups and counters but i'm so rusty I couldn't find the sweet spot. Pro lifted me in a fireman's carry then dropped me hard on my lower back.

That was the end of Jessica park for that night of no money and tires screeching to go nowhere.

I dropped the boys off then drove back to my parents where the refrigerator was as dry as the gusty Tucson air.

Audience, give me a standing ovation, I showed up for work today

Written: 10/1/2016

Back to the tank cannon and this pen is my only speck of light.
The tightest of dog collars like dead rotting viles, the shackles of the soul staring with red eyes into my mind's heaven where I venture and gleefully climbing trees.
I will never call this pathetic call center my home away from home.
The leviathan of doubt is like the dust of fossil bones soffocating my happiness, this is my guts that I bring with me, my lovely pet of horrors.
My dog that growls in the dirt lot and chained up around the neck but he's so angry he's unable to move.
My friend and I are in the clouds on friday and saturday nights, nothing but arguing and bickering and fighting with myself after being attacked by my best friend. 13 drinks taken with his stretched hand off the clouds and for him 13 drinks was too much to consume and maybe too much for my kindred spirit. God wants me to fly so I pour beer on my angel wings.
Got back to my post with the large shells and the white printer paper reel that never ends and I wish I could give a damn.
Clocking in today was one of the hardest things I ever had to do and to fall from grace to the seas of sand feels the most appropriate period to put on my mid-life sentence.
Give me some supplies and the world's biggest smile to aid my military march to the walkway of heaven, in dreams I thank you and an ode to the thorns I will never feel again.
Give me a needle and a straight line of heat and in return i'll give you poems like drugs for you to get through your nightmarish years.

The buffalo with my short stories in it's watery jaws

Written: 9/6/2024

September 21st eyes me with blinding rays
and I scream as I drop all my short stories.
My sight returns then I see water buffalo
as I float in a tube past them on the salt river.
Whatever, goodbye. I think in this rough current
as I squirt banana boat on my head and neck.

Cockroaches and ladybugs

Written: 3/4/2024

You should give into people that are wise
even if they are young.
But if it's a man your age and he's your boss
and he's threatening you with a can of rat poison
then hang up the phone and walk off that job.
Ladybugs, though beautiful
are in a world where people hate to watch
them walk on strawberries in ripe
fields.
"If you speak to your supervisor or anyone for that
matter I'll make sure this doesn't go well
for you."
that cockroach of a boy told me
over the phone.
I'm a cockroach in his eyes.
I look like that guy who took his girlfriend in high school.
Shoved him into lockers and forced him to
give up his lunch money when in all reality
I explained my own childhood upbringing.
Ok Pear, we'll see
when I meet you in public.
This supposed cockroach will paintbrush you and
we'll see if you can bring back that talk
when you thought you were a tyrant over the
phone.
This ladybug who's putting pen to this poem
has implemented his shadow side;
and though my wife lost her mind and almost
came to blows in the parking lot being my pride
and dignity is worth more than 18$ an hour;
you still have to go to your apartment and live with

yourself.
Me and my ladybug friend picked up a couple
beers while his daughter was screaming her head
off in the bathtub and I peeled back the skin
on my arm revealing a
cockroaches arm.

A moment thinking on the preservation and daybreak of saints

written: 4/23/2025

To be called "One of God's children".
Leaving in me a menace; these
ghost hands grabbing alcohol & marijuana
stretching out of my chest.

The walking wounded and walking pleasant
baptized in brilliant rainbow fires,
blinding lights like sunshine in dead living rooms.

Writing Spurgeon's copies one day then copying
Raymond Carver's poems from hell the next.

The air re-enters the room
once the horse fly's rage expires.
I puff out, looking 10 years back and
wonder on life taxing me as the fly
takes it's fear and haunting with it.

Hypocrisy

Written: 8/14/2019

I was walking at a normal pace.
Taking the steps I needed to take in order not to slip
in the far off fog with the heat trapping us inside.
Walking with floaty toys and sandles.

As we walked Dan asked about a death metal
band he began listening to.
This came from a man that listened to nothing but
Hawaii island rock.
Interesting.

A 2016 whirlwind where I only saw my ex thru
sick eyes.
Like the time death took me 12 rounds with me
making many tap outs but the ref was Satan and
there was no way I could've lead a rope-a-dope.

It made sure to add a cup of much sorrow with the
weed and the rum swimming in.

Which then leads into this dream-state: Black subconscious –
Dark rooms with black walls & long black hair with bouncy
horror riffs and insane dizzing drum blasts.
Black / brown hair, guitars, clothes, rings, drums, bass
everything looked to be sitting under the darkest shade.

Walked out of that plane state into her apartment.

Kingdom temple priests

Written:1/4/2024

It was daytime.
My old raggedy cat Presley skulked when he saw a stray cat at my brother's old window.
It was his apt and my parents would send me there most days of the week back when I was unemployed and living with them in 2017.
While sitting at his kitchen table by myself while he was at work I closed my eyes and made believe it was night.
That then fell into daydreams and I imagined myself at 18 again at my old friend Evan's house with a dream cast controller in my hand.
Feeling on the white plastic as I focused on his t.v. and nothing more.
My mind was like a castle built by Sega.
This kingdom in my head had temple priests who were also knights.
just like the catholic crusaders, I was told this was a legit legion when in reality it was a boy army.
With 1 knee bowing to my internal fears and one hand on the sword handle of insecurities; listening for the attack order from the only adult captain: Vacillation.
Dressed up as video game characters these priests would march in circles on my brain while waving flags and blowing little trumpets.
What I was doing back then on the keyboard is what I'm doing now:
Lost in a daydream writing a poem.
One of the little priests was splashing around in a pool of uncertainty and I became disturbed.
Presley hissed and screamed and I shot up off that chair and grabbed him.
For whatever reason my cat wasn't allowed to live with me at my parent's house but thankfully Buck adopted him for a time.
I gave him and the other cat kitty treats.
The day was running into the late afternoon and I knew I had to get back 'home'
to watch 'who wants to be a millionaire' & 'jeopardy' back when Trebek was alive.
Got my car keys and headed to the car.

When I shoved the stick into drive and headed back to the parents
the little priests were marching around blowing kazoos and trumpets and one of
them was hoping that I would get out of this
someday.

Slouching into a lilac evening

Written: Dec/11/2023

Sitting behind an elementary school
by myself in the dark after kicking a flat soccer ball
while listening to an interview with
the sister of H.P. Lovecraft.
My new security partner Gonzolo, he suggested
I start listening to audiobooks on some app
because working all night can play tricks on you
after it's been hours and you haven't
seen any vehicles on the bare streets.
Manyville has this little thing it does.
It acts like a transformative proverb;
you walk into a middle school
to do your little patrol check
while the sun is covering your world then once
done 15 minutes later I walk out to a
lilac evening with the pitter-patter of gunshots
like light rain
and the wafting air that
smells like dirty motor oil.
Next to the chainlink fence, a cat with
big eyes
sees me and then darts off.
I check my watch,
see that it's 1:30 am
then shut off the interview thinking to myself
I've learned enough about Lovecraft as
I make my way back
to the security car.

Diamonds hanging from my balcony

Written: 8/12/2020

Back in Tucson when I put on the echoed footsteps with fierce
squawks like the sound of whip-crack from a broken receiver.

The small peasant of birds croaks; I put down 'Screams from the balcony. 81 to 83'
as I whipped into the parking space at the buffalo wings restaurant.

The whiplash tethered cable; like walking on a tight rope.
Tip-toed goes my secret-self from the ear head to the cell phone.

My spirit radiates like a little blue 'glow in the dark' light with wayward
tarnished steps. I enter the phone where there are yells from the bottom

My dreams are alleviated when the Thursday morning check clears,
but the ancient transcriptions are confusing & it tells me things.

The half-naked buffalo wing waitress walked up with the dial tone
stringing a springy chord: "Honey, it's the phantom of the red kingdom."

He asked: "Are we in a failed state of things?" I responded:
"Never forget how the pit is unmistakable." Then I hung up on him.

There was a noose hanging from my door way when I got home
when I thought it was diamonds dripping from the balcony.

Teen titans

Written: Dec/4/2023

Back in the 90's I really couldn't tell genuinely if there were any low points.
I'm 35 now and sitting at 1:30 am in a security car watching
the outside of an elementary school.
Thinking back while I was listening to the radio; looking back to a
time when I was hanging out at Cole's house
Before we became teenagers the realities of
Childhood trauma, living in the ghetto, and social pressures
Made our friendship complicated.
On a lot of weekends, I'd sleep over at his house when
I was in elementary school.
He had this plastic peanut jar on his large brown dresser.
It was filled with 1's, 10's & 20's with change.
A piece of paper was taped to the front that said in sharpie:
"Saving up for a PS2".
On one of those sleepover nights, there was a premiere on Cartoon Network.
Something with Teen Titans where beast boy had fallen in love
With a girl with blonde hair.
She may have died in the episode I don't remember but we ran from
His bedroom to his living room to watch the story unfold.
The unlikely dumb goofy character had the most compelling
Love episode as our eyes were on that old television set.
Without smartphones, without the internet removing the idea of local legends,
And without having to carve out some path in this sterile corporate existence:
The evening was set.
Tried falling asleep in Cole's living room with the sound of hundreds of rats walking
Around on the ceiling.
Once the sun came back up I grabbed my pillow & sleeping bag then walked back
To my house. I don't know if kids still have sleepovers or get compelled by cartoon
Love stories but either way the light from that moon
Up there is bouncing off of our sun crescent hearts.

Unjustly fucked yet again

Written: 12/21/2023

Lugged two bags of laundry bullshit
down the hall as the maintenance man was talking about how there's nothing
better than smearing butter on bread.
What the fuck.
I press the button and the elevator is broken yet again.
"Oh! It's not moving!"
I look at him trying not to have disdain in my eyes.
The door opens and some old fuck walks out.
I walk in with 2 other men and it's uncomfortable as all hell.
Unnecessary bullshit at the complex I keep being told by
my wife, I should be
'grateful for'
paying 1, 425$
a month for this claptrap of an annoying existence.
How about when 2 tweakers tried to break into our apt last
Saturday night.
Am I supposed to just sit and be grateful?
That every aspect of living at this complex has been one long
and unending headache?
I can just hear the landlord in my head
"I know we inconvenienced you hundreds of times in the last 2 years you've been
living here but can you still just pay the money!? Make sure you pay that money we
agreed to even though your own parents pay 300$ less a month to live in a
3-bedroom house with a pool in the nice part of the city."
I'm sorry I can't just live with a globalist and feminist alter.
I get fucked and I react accordingly.
The quarter won't fit into the washing machine and the card reader is broken
AGAIN
So I yell and throw the quarter against the machine.
Stupid bullshit at this stupid complex.
I recall Mao hanging all the landlords in China for fucking over the poor residents.

As an American society, why did these landlords and politicians that fuck kids and smoke their blood not get crucified in the town square?
In America, if there is heavy inflation your just expected to work 80 hours a week, be a cog in the wheel and just be happy about it.
Look! I'm so happy that I keep getting fucked!
Damn this world of flies and dust dude.
Damn this world of sodom and gomorrah.
I have to sit and read the bible and pray every day because of this filth that I live in.
I can't sit there with a dunce cap on and 'be a good boy'
I'm a man among degenerate low IQ children in this society.

The cats as alarm clocks

Written: March/1/2021

One cat meowing at the door.
One cat meowing from the neighbors window.
I stayed up last night with my eyes peeled to the laptop watching people insane on meth get shot to death.
Rather of had the 2 extra hours.
I was crafting a painting last night that will be a new secret book I'm writing which will consist of 100 poems or the (m I d n i g h t poems)
Called: The day it snowed in Tucson.
I got it: it's a rip off of the hidden book by Charles Bukowski but I'm like Socrates in a way where I listen and act upon my subconscious.
Anyways, I slowly got up.
It took 20 minutes to put my clothes and my shoes on.
Another day treading away at the gym but being that I have heart problems I'm taking a break from the B12 shot to the gut today.
My neck is stiff and my body is just not cooperating but I have to be here.
I have to put up with this or there is no change

Bob Newhart everybody!

Written: Jan/4/2025

Sunset sunrise I suppose thought alright I could use a couple cigs,
Maclure pawns off spouting: "The comedy style of Bob Newhart!"
In center of a tombstone stating: "I'll see ya real soon kids!"
Tried whispering my displeasure hoping he's found a new heart.
A flamed up plane crash they thought sealed the clown's fate,
I'm waiting for the wake after not even paid a wage.
Troy, who and what is the late and great?
I told you you bastard I don't wanna go up on stage.
One minute you're at charity's door then they take away your bus pass!
Night before Bart said "If it makes you feel better punch me in the face."
Even during Bob's monologue he knew the pressure wouldn't last.
Assumed under a new name with a boat for a home space.
The funny looking wreath fell in the wind
at the end of the funeral's pass,
the microphone crackles with the trotting of the hind
then exiting off with old footprints indenting bent grass.
And I didn't know him nor waited for the orchestras sad hymn,
sat the man who saw an alien, didn't have 1 but 10 beers,
hopefully Bob was saved, I pray in 24' God met him,
in an awkward audience all was heard was the drip of 1 tear.

On the wheat field fence

Written: 3/7/2022

Determinism is my philosophy and
it gives no chances.
No dreams or star wandering without pre-
knowledge.
That's the fence I lie next to.
Stages of under currents below it,
weather above and touching it with
history not moving it.
I slowly age with the fence I lie next to.
A herd of buffalo
down the field with the calm wind licking my body.
This board post states
'The Will'
and dripping from the sky
like an invisible waterfall dripping on the
fence, falling either way.
Tapping the wheat i'm lying
next to.
A plague lays in the depths of my mind
wondering over again and again,
I sit up to see if this wheat field is
a labyrinth the devil leads me through
as I sit next to the fence.
What I believe is and isn't.
I was determined though I ran,
I lay back down set in this belief
even as years pass by.
I look to 'The Will' then lightly touch the
sign
and accept it with the fence I lie
next to.

Razored Spirit, Wrath of the Mother-Goddess

Written: 3/2/2021

She cuts thru the frost like the top schick blade,
With unholy hands commanding her movements through magic.
She's the mailman and her spirit the gazette of the changing season,
Her bedsheet arms evaporate the crisp's bastard wing,
The frozen pigeons and bunnies resurrect thru their offspring,
And then comes spring; in a watery force:
Like the motion of a hand or an unleashed wish.
She's a crystal floating as a symbol
With discernment it's possible to dodge her blackberry frost-bitten kiss.
Yahweh's words shaped tall-grass prairies and agrostis,
Though most men believe 'she' ends the winter solstice.

If my former life kept up in 2021

Written: 9/7/2021

"Where are you going?! Don't skip across 3 lanes!" My fiance said as our 2 kids we're in the back.
"Uh oh! Dad's in trouble again!" The 11 year old yelled.
"Yeh, he never knows where he's going." The 7 year old said as he held a bowl filled with toys.
We we're driving to her mother's funeral, fentanyl O.D.
One of those kinds nobody shows up to being that she burnt every bridge but for some reason we're driving there.
2021 has been a hard one, stuck in a small house in the ghetto for the last 2 years. Only leaving to shop for groceries & work at a car auction call center with cubicles surrounded by glass boxes.
My fiance is a hardcore leftist & all these rules she imposed on me under the the cloak of 'keeping the kids safe.'
My headset for taking calls gets dunked into a bucket of soap then i'm expected to try & hear the yelling customer as I wear it while wet.
"We're gonna take little Aiden tonight again, my best friend has way too much on her plate with her 8 kids."
"What?!" I snapped as I gripped the steering wheel out of anger.
Me just saying 'what' triggered my fiance of 8 years to become a blubbering mess.
She pounded the glove compartment until she was out of breath.
The rusty black gates we're falling apart as I drove up to the graveyard.
Karma, my fiance, grabbed the steering wheel as i'm turning into the site.
"What the hell are you doing?!"
Then like a busted dam an outflow of thousands of words came gushing out of her of complaint after complaint because I showed how I didn't want nor was excited to have someone else's kid living in my tiny rent house for the 5th day in a row.
"You ever gonna leave the YMCA and get an actual job to help pay the bills or are you still trying to 'find yourself'?
The hearse behind us honked, Karma continued sulking.
Few vehicles passed us on this strange dirt road.
"Can we buy blueberries when we get down?" one of the kids asked.

"First it was my daddy dying from getting bit by an orange bug and now my mother is dead!!!"
"What was the name of that bug mom?"
"Meth." I said without hesitation.
Karma began punching the side of her door with her right hand.
"Look i'm sorry. I'm just very stressed out and..." Karma got out of the car before I had a chance to find a parking spot.
I was wearing an all grey suit my mother bought for me for the latest job interview. I ended up wearing it every day to work.
A partitioner gave a letter to the pastor as we found open seats in front of the casket, he took it while confused.
The pastor glared over the front of the letter that read: please read at funeral.
Opened it, scanned it with his eyes, closed them hard then slid the letter into his back pocket.
Someone had told him the truth about my 'soon-to-be' dead mother in law.
He gave a short speech to the few of us and it wasn't very good.
I was sliding my hands together as my bible fell out of my lap and hit the dirt.
"I know your a talented writer but that gives you no right to be a dead beat dad." said Karma.
"You probably think Sherwood Anderson is a dead beat dad."
She jumped up off the folding chair and grabbed my oldest son's hand then rushed to the car.
"I don't like you. There's a club at school called 'The No Glenn's Club."
my youngest son told me.
Threw a twig then stared forward as the pastor rushed to shove finger foods into his mouth.

Grip the sand like a curtain

Written: 4/10/2019

I gripped on tight.
Almost losing it all to my boot my ex in the face.
She sat crying when no one ever shed tears for me.
I got raped by earth & so many of her inhabitants.

We didn't have money for anything.
Only time with pencils, a sharpener & paper out of a book
from her recent high school days.
I wrote 1 page with drawings all over every night.

Writing a book back in the lame leg days.
GF is at ihop after getting off her shift at the Y.
Put my boots on I bought with my last check in the bay and kick sand.
Got to page 80 before leaving.

One afternoon when everyone was gone I took that book I wrote,
lit up a log with gasoline and I threw my book into the fire place.
At the time I felt it didn't reflect the holy characteristics
I pulled that curtain down hard to try and end the show.

Squeezing water from stone - my paradise lab

Written: 3/17/2018

Punching my mattress to get off,
what spills over is pieces of heart arteries &
dead flesh.
This feeding for an escape has my phone glocked,
Sunday lazily floats until it's kite string pops.
My right knee cap won't quit throbbing as flies
make a pound on top the
crown of my head.
Tomorrow I'm expected to move patients &
Goya's black goat man lures in the corners.
I am positively not happy and want to turn
back the clock,
with prayers all week instead of poems.
Typing away sermons with cigarette ash padding
my pants
with digable planets playing on a record in the
back.
I wouldn't suggest working for unwanted money
but being homeless might not be
as bad as living
inside the prison of your job,
but after much observation,
I now understand why everyone at my occupation
plays the lottery.

They think I am a hero

Written: May/19/2023

I walked in with my lunch bag and a thermal
full of nasty tap water.
The knots inside my back are getting bigger
and I don't know how
to release the pressure.

"Close the door." My boss said
after he got done speaking to the
VBX worker.

"Guys, bad news. We're losing the contract.
Ok, so the security company is going away in 3 months.
Glenn? You and the rest of the team is
getting demoted by 3$ dollars
an hour."

My friend who works mornings with
the boss told me yesterday over the phone
this information already so I had to
act surprised.

A kid in bay 2 yesterday spread beg bugs
to the entire ER
and this somehow is to equate to making
16$ an hour which is
a nothing payout.

After he explained this to me I immediately
started getting diarrhea.

"Listen Glenn, if you want my job and be the next

bossman i'll start training you monday.
I'm quitting because this healthcare company
is crooked. Me and the heads don't get
along."
My boss said.

We hugged and he walked out.
My security partner said he's already putting in
applications to other jobs.
When I sat down to think this over I saw that my
boss left his captian america kids lunch pale
with a strap of colored pens on it.

As my partner was telling me how much
of a joke this job is I ran out of the office with the
lunch pale hoping to catch my boss driving off.

I ran out to the lot with his pale and the
colorful pens with people in the waiting lobby staring
at me.
He was no where to be found.

I'll take the offer.
I'm the hero of this story I suppose but I now
don't have the choice to scream at the walls
or scream at the window of my car or at my wife
about how terrible and idiotic the boss is
being that i'll now have to scream
at myself.

She's a caregiver

Written: March/2/2021

I'm 15 mins early to pick up my dinner on Camelback road.
There is a young woman sitting next to me cussing and swearing about what sounds like a client.
The anxiety has been on top of me today with the possible warning signs of permanent mental fog.
I had to park across the street at the
"Cherry blossom noodle shop"
Because the snow birds refuse to leave.
The mask on my face continuously blinds me being that my own breath appears on my glasses and this park bench is beating the shit out of my hemorrhoids.
There is an old woman here in the parking lot wobbling to her car as if she's being electrocuted in both legs.
What a life in Phoenix it has been.

The hour glass is a tick

Written: Feb/20/2017

I wake up and have a hang over.
The mornings are always brutal and the sun that tries to peek through
is completely unwarranted.
I am a camel jockey in the desert
all the poets write about.
They write about all the pretty cacti in cracked
broken light.
It's mostly horrible in the paper yet I can't quite get my foot in
the door.
I turn the shower on as I slip off my basketball gym shorts.
It's got damn 6:30 am and I am doing this once again.
At the grocery store I had to get up at 4 to be there by 5
to throw boxes and rotate fruits.
I hate working stupid jobs but also hate not working.
Hate not feeling that lack of sense and purpose.
I wish that days only lasted 6 hours where the day
begins at twilight around 5 p.m. and i'm awake,
energized,
refreshed,
sensible with no skipping heart beats.
Drive around at 5:30 p.m. around east Tucson taking
in the scenery of the small dust town with it's tire centers
and restaurants and bookstores.
To have maybe 1, 000$ in my bank account,
just enough for:
rent,
electric,
internet &
alcohol.
Have time for doing chores & write & walk around under the
moon.

If I had a chance i'd wipe those 18 hours out of existence.
What do you think?

I'd like to think the tomb

Haiku written: June/17/2018

Better for when courage flies
Back when I wrote the first stage
dream in butterflies golden nest

Pray you catch a whisper

Written: 5/1/2017

Mr. Welch, why did you have to die on my birthday? Why is your video of poems and pigeons the saddest video i've ever seen? What wear and tear has your eyes been through in Kearney, Mr. Welch? My 28th has to be one of my better birthdays with a love so grand as to have bought me a Malcome Gladwell book and a friend making me a poster with all my favorite wrestlers. Can we toast to Aug 6th. with the angels removing your earthly sinful shackles? Or another weary damning like the rest of them to hell Mr. Welch? My old girlfriend whom lived up in Phoenix took me to Prescott for a short vacation. She put on some song about praying to catch a whisper but as I sat in the back and thought on you I realized we cannot pray for your recovery Mr. Welch. Those catholic priests do this during funerals and the mormons also swing the chalice and get on their knees in penance before God trying to create a difference. You lived as comfortably as possible and this memory of you is now almost ruined. A statue with shoes that you kicked up some dirt with and this disastrous story your peers find as beautiful peel the fabric off the split of a grain of sand then falls into the infinite ocean. You sir wrote a poem about a woman you visited in the hospital throwing up into a cut off pepsi cup, and I thought to myself the disease of earth took another one of us.

The squirrels on Christmas morning

Written: 2/14/2025

Aimlessly wandering around
the neighborhood Christmas morning.

I never wore pajamas back in 2011, the
same street clothes covering me from the
eve.

My father snapped and lost it on my mom.
His insomnia and unwillingness to treat it
got the better of him.

I had no where to go, no jobs, no car, no hope.
Saw on the lawn of some poor bastard
a couple squirrels playing.
There was no one else in the cul-de-sac.

On that crisp morning,
I rushed out without a leather jacket.

Every Sunday morning that year I walked to church
in payless shoes, a salvation army suit
and a beginner's bible.

Even on all those walks I had never
seen this before.

3 squirrels just
jumping and playing on this man's
lawn.

My father said when I came back

"This was the merry Christmas that almost
wasn't."

14 years later I find myself in the same situations.
Screaming at my wife from the sidewalk
just like that year when I screamed my head
off at my ex on the house phone
until the sun came up.

As I stood there on the sidewalk
with my wife honking the horn and people
staring
I realized all over again that my anger
is much worse than my
fathers.

The saddest point of this is
after his words I don't remember opening gifts
once I got back home that morning.
Like the fate of so many
there is no ending and no memory
without sounds and
without words.

Faith, anger and purity

original writing: 4/29/2014
Remastered: 3/1/2022

Mexico has many faces.
Nogales is without a face.
Over there they have beggars and vendors that
won't take no for an answer.
A flavor of culture that engulfs you with the
volcano
spout of the aroma of great tasting food.
One of the first things I saw on my first trip
was a toddler.
He smiled, stood up in his stroller then as he reached
out towards me from a distance he flipped forward out
of his poorly buckled seat belt then
smacked his head on the concrete.
He began to cry as his teenage mother ran over
to put him back in the stroller.
She then proceeded to try and sell us wristbands.
A large man who looked like
Bob Hoskins as mario sold my friend a bong
shaped like a penis.
He tried selling me an obscene shirt
with naked men holding beer cans that said
'it's easier in Nogales'
As I looked intently at the shirt he shoved another
one in my face with the harley davidson logo on it.
I closed my eyes then thought on 2 things.
1. I would rather be sitting on a broken brown chair listening to
a woman turn the pages of a book while my coffee sits on the end table.
The other thought?
2. Grab one of the sin cara luchador masks, slid it on then give mario
a vicious elbow drop from the second rope for not just allowing us to

walk around without being asked to buy his things
hundreds of times over.
Other than the threat of death lingering in the back of my
mind from everything I heard and read about the cartels,
I enjoyed Mexico's simplicity.
Enjoyed the precious time of my youth vacationing there and
wearing a misfit wristband I bought from that
teenage mother.

Julie

Written: 2/5/2022

She bought a built house, Tucson's nook in shadows,
she said these poor things 'I had those'
let me leave Julie but I'll try to understand.

In the heat of night with dreams trampled away,
my grandmother gave birth to her in Tampa Bay,
never identifying with more than she was given.
Her potential scribbled in her book her family shelved,
Try to obey the writings etched in Exodus Ch:20 Vs:12
Grandpa refused to teach and instead cursed your ambitions.

She bought a built house, Tucson's nook in shadows,
she said these poor things 'I had those'
let me leave Julie but I'll try to understand.

My shortcomings caused both of us grief
never felt forgiven, caused my first steps of faith disbelief.
At 32 with a green cross in my palm I sit and reminisce.
My childhood to adulthood was a disenchanted chronicle,
heaven was just south of banner hospital,
Lily & the Lord dragged me out of the tar pits

Phoenix is the city I shoved my stake in,
don't worry Julie my wife and I will see you once again.
You've told me many times how you see signs in hearts and sevens
unknowingly you've build a wall between us made of material possessions.

She bought a built house, Tucson's nook in shadows,
she said these poor things 'I had those'
let me leave Julie but I'll try to understand.

A condom frustration

Written: June/29/2017

Circumstances judge unfairly on art and
fads.
Richard Brautigan was the baby thrown out with
the bath water.
The 60's discarded him like baby diaper
trash and this is the social norm
with writers if you have the unfortunate
condition to give a shit.
I almost took myself out and would've
if I didn't have a bible near
by
but Brautigan wasn't as
sunny-side.

The clouds are parting up there with texas
hold'em and a flush with
only one winner.

Jack Kerouac told his father priest about the
writings of 'On the road'
I asked my pastor "at the time" while writing the
'Circus of pain' if God approves of the darkness that
drips from my pen in letters and lines
on the paper.

I told him I'll be Timothy Keller, R.C. Sproul, or Mark
Driscoll in the poem earth if that's
God's will.
My pastor said I write in a different way,
like Richard,
it's a raw fetus.

We scream and hold on and kick the hands out of the
womb fighting those hands of
the doctor.

He said it's "Raw"
raw don't mean a damn.
I'm the 'self proclaimed' leader of the nu-
beatnik 21st century movement.

Rather be picked up in the spiritual air by Gabriel or
Michael with Azazel pulling me in with his
harp to the wicked waters during the
B I G R A V A G E
from the 4 horsemen
of the apocalypse.

Callous Rich

Written: 8/12/2021

I should've known something was up when I got out of the car and walked
into the undressed air.
My wife unknowingly rented a room where porn's are filmed.

This is the getaway and I need this.
But the thing is that I am rich in a poor man's sense.

Arriving at mission beach for the first time in 2 years with thousands
of people gathering without masks
'which is good'
parking lot is over packed for something called: 'beer fest'
The covid didn't get to me but the sunrays destroyed my legs.

Got hit with waves so many times I couldn't stand up.
My wife dropped me after yelling what the hell.

Then after the fun we got back to the hotel and i'm painfully
wondering to myself why am I covered in cantankerous sores,
i'm on vacation!
Shaking violently after the ocean while holding the bed frame.
The San Diego blue shown millions of wet stars,
though I didn't have my glasses on.

I wrote on the complimentary notepad I planned on scribbling
a poem: "We're not coming back"

Disabled, in the car on the ride home it was almost impossible to use the toilet at the
truck stop.

4 days later i'm back to work with instability looking out from the mental wards with a callow tongue & me walking thru in my officer's uniform I ask: "How are you this morning sir?"

Check out (Haiku)

Written: July/1/2017

If you're so out of it, fading
you can't work a phone, cannot shop without assistance
swallow cyanide, keep some of your dignity.

Mao off the lips of the landlord

Written: 11/12/2021

Red kite,
Flying high,
Off the back of the newly placed Hitler.
Child's fingers:
Letting go,
As the landlord is about to drop.
The hallow time,
Rinse and rise,
At the prison house next to the gallows.
Schools are full,
With papers in a basket stating in Chinese what will I be?
The state decides,
Except the landlords where all that was
Lingering on the edge of his tongue:
The word 'Mao'
The politician and the executioner shake hands,
The crowd can't cheer for lack of energy from lack of food so they look on as
The red balloon pops in the atmosphere at the exact time the floor drops under the landlord.

Who the fuck like Seattle?

Written: 10/25/2021

The colors are the colors of sewage
and it's not a rock or the place to be;
or the place where Kurt Cobain took his last deep breaths in.
But the mirror is a mirage when it comes to the throwing from
the quarter back.
This is one gotdamn awful place.
This is one gotdamn awful ant hill hell hole that these people have
to endure;
and the fans have to suffer thru seahawks.
These are the seahawks.
The men the women that cheer and scream.
The man who accidentally drops his drink
and the people that would rather watch college football games
than the actual football games.
Now I know i'm not the greatest fan,
and my wife has gotten mad at me when I said
"I've been watching the NFL since I was a fetus."
I heard it from my mother's womb as my dad would sit there
watching the tv;
and even back then
the seahawks we're still shit.
They we're always shit.
And if I make this win and if the Saints win tonight
then I might be paying off my dental medical bills
with a cool crisp 300.00$ dollars put into my hand
by the medical assistant.

The madhouse getting madder under the orange sun

Written: 1/29/2022

Banished, imprisoned, upset, the city's misfits; discontent, the paperwork sediment, cable limit, roaming boring pictures, they touch the tables meticulously, barbarians, a rough everyday world.

Chary

Written: Feb-15-2025

Look
see what's inside?
Cottage.
See everything well placed?
This is
of myself.
In green lushes with
desert settled.
With warm soup
made by my girlfriend.
The living lucky family.
I'm sure
I'll tire of perfection.
Then go
looking
for a dilapidated cottage
then try blaming the
world again.

East bay praying man

Written: 6/27/2024

When will these poems not make me
feel like I'm committing cardinal sins?
When will the pain cease and actions yield
a garden around the callous legs
of this East Bay praying man?
I stand here and expect the angels to reap
the fields of my occupations as my heart
groans out like an injured dying house cat
while the tractors drive by
and the garbage & water trucks move
to and fro.
I sit and watch from this office window
and yell inside my mind the question:
"Where did this all go wrong?!"
Was I born to waste away?
Eat my tears with a spoon out of a cereal bowl?
Though ground down my strength is like 2 blue temple
pillars
with a tongue like a rattlesnake coiled inside
my mouth with guarding teeth like
scaly skin.
So what if I was born to fade into dust?
What of it?
I told my wife last week within my apartment's
hellish heat: "War outside & the war within. A Christian
who's legit hates his flesh, stimulation, and all filthy rags."
All they found on Pastor Prayin' Payson's
funeral was his bruised knees when lowered down.